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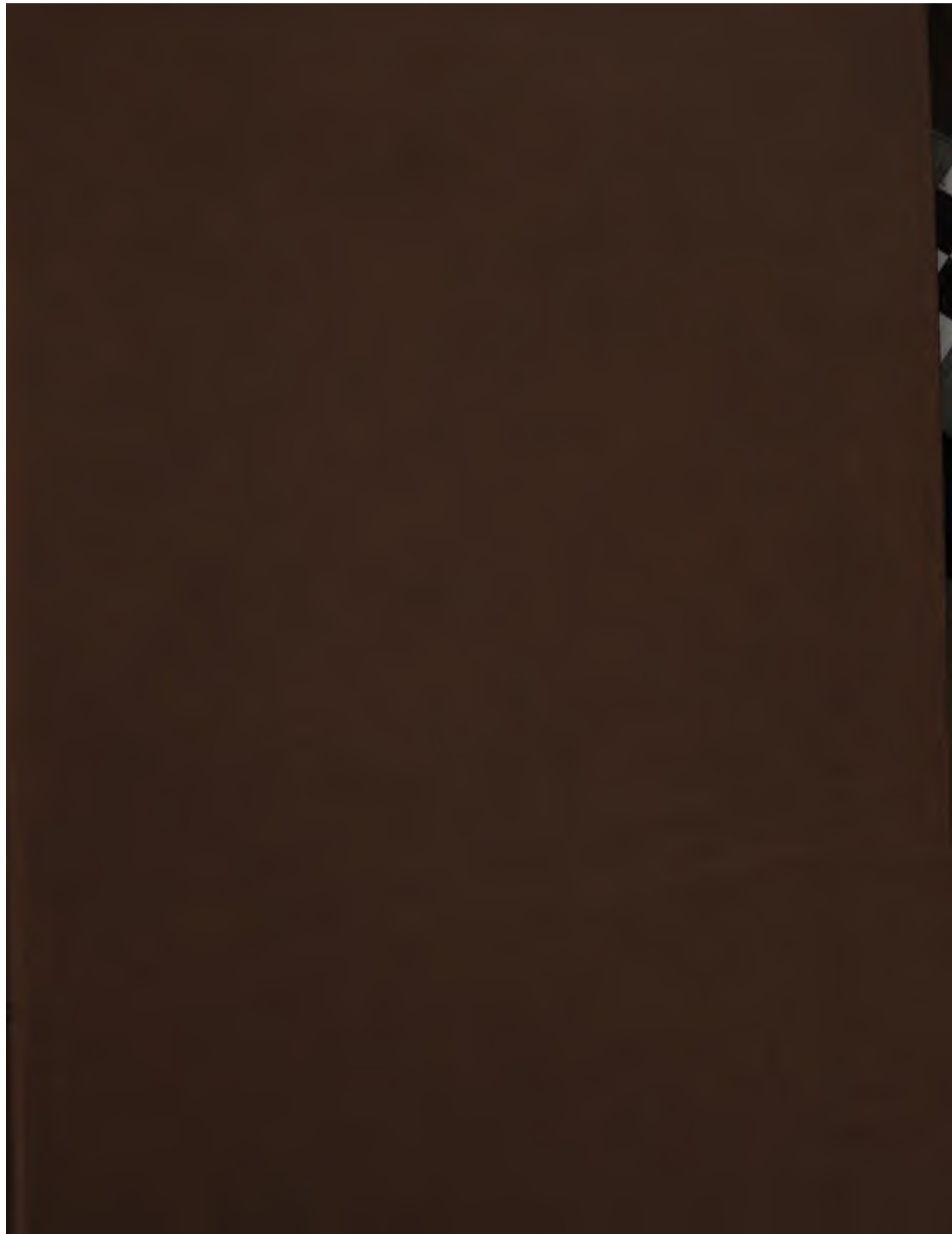
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ILLUSTRATED.

The Gospel Watchman.



LONDON: J. E. HAWKINS, 17, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.; AND 36, BAKER STREET, W.
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THE

OSPEL ATCHMAN.

A Monthly Magazine of Gospel Truth.

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

THE WATCHMAN SAID, THE MORNING COMETH, AND ALSO THE NIGHT; IF YE WILL ENQUIRE, ENQUIRE YE:
RETURN, COME.”

ISAIAH xxi. 12.

“SON OF MAN, I HAVE SET THEE A WATCHMAN UNTO THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL; THEREFORE THOU SHALT HEAR
THE WORD AT MY MOUTH, AND WARN THEM FROM ME.”

EZEKIEL xxxiii. 7.



LONDON:

JAMES E. HAWKINS,

17, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.; AND 36, BAKER STREET, W.

S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1884.



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GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD,
That He gave His only-begotten Son,
THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM
SHOULD NOT PERISH,
BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.

JOHN iii. 16.



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THE DEIST BROKEN DOWN.

HILE standing on the platform of the R—— Railway Station a few months ago, waiting for the train from the North, an old man came up to me, holding out a railway ticket betwixt finger and thumb, saying, "Can you help me, sir? I bought this ticket at C—— this morning for L——, and I should have come out at R—— junction it seems; but being a foreigner (he was a German, but spoke good English) and stranger in these parts, I did not observe when I came there, and so here I am. What must I do?" "Oh," said I, "that is a very simple matter; you must just go back. I am waiting for the train going down that way, which you can get too, of course, and I will be glad if you come into the same carriage, to remind you when you come to R—— this time."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind."

"Oh, not at all. But, friend, what if the train goes over the bank this morning, and is smashed, and you and I get killed? You know there is a railway accident recorded almost daily just now."

"Aye, sir, that's true," said he, shutting his eyes, shaking his head, and groaning slightly; "but we must run the risk, and take our chance, I suppose."

"Yes, so far as the present is concerned, we must just risk it, and trust God with our bodies; but what about the *soul*, I mean? Have you your

ticket for heaven as surely as you have that ticket for L——? For my part, by God's grace, I have mine. See, there is my ticket for P——, where I mean to go to, so that I go past your station, you see; but I may never reach it, but may be in heaven—how solemnising the thought—in half an hour! 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord!' How blessed to be ready!"

My friend didn't seem to enjoy this at all—he had no sympathy with it—but began to scowl and to stamp and to blaspheme, using language not fit for this paper. Among other things, he asked me how I could know that.

I took him aside to the end of the platform, and told him that my ticket for heaven was Christ in my heart, and gave him a few texts, particularly John v. 24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that *heareth* my word, and *believeth* on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life;" and 1 John v. 13, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

This made him worse than ever. He could not bear to hear the name of Jesus mentioned; but stormed and raged fearfully, calling me a fool, a baby, an enthusiast, a fanatic, &c., observing that I had not read the works he had. To all this I replied:

"You say I have not read certain works. Quite true, and *never will*; but I'll tell you what I have read—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John a few times, and if I live I mean to read them a few more times. Man, *they* are grand reading. It was there I found

Jesus. Oh, how happy He has made me! Oh, how thankful I should be that I am not where you are this day—that I have been guided past all the quicksands, and quagmires, and mazes, and meshes that you have got into!

"You call me a fool. Be it so. I am a fool for Christ—a happy fool, because a saved fool. Listen to this." And I read 1 Cor. i. 26–31, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence. But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

"You call me a baby. Be it so. I am a happy baby, because a saved baby." And again I read Matt. xi. 25, 26, "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

By this time our train had arrived, and we were both soon seated side by side, my Bible open on my knee.

An arrow from God's bow had gone home to its place, and done its work so far at least. He became pale, his lips quivered, he sobbed, and seized my hand, and drew me near to his ear, and said, "Sir, to tell the truth, I am not happy. Oh, I wish I were like you! Oh, I wish I had met you fifty years since; but it's too late now, I fear."

"Ah, sir, you don't need to tell me that you are not happy. I knew it. Deep down in your soul there is a want—an empty place which only Jesus can fill up, only Jesus can satisfy. Why, man, if *you* could be happy, I would be an infidel at once; but it's impossible, just because you are a human being. If you were only a brute, without an immortal soul, a conscience, a reason, a will—not accountable, not responsible, no sin to answer for, no death, no judgment, no eternity before you—then you might talk about being happy without

Jesus, as a horse is when out of the yoke, with plenty to eat, for he has only got a belly forsooth. But for *you*, a man, to pretend to be happy in your present state; nay, nay, shame, shame, it cannot be. But, blessed be God, it is *not* too late. *Now* is the time. There was a 'must needs' in you not getting out at the junction this morning, and coming on here and meeting me, depend upon it. God loves you. Jesus died for you. He is here in this train to save you now." And thus I went on a little while.

The people were all looking; but he didn't care. He shook all over, and trembled and wept bitterly, and asked me to pray for him, which I did there and then, with my chin on his shoulder, while he held and pressed my fingers. I observed that he felt most when I mentioned the name of Jesus, and declared that that same Jesus whom he so recently blasphemed would save him *now* if he would only trust Him. Oh, what a commotion was in that poor old sinner's soul, which all his learning could not allay!

We were coming near his station, so I gave him a few little gospel books, and marked some striking gospel texts upon them, and commended him to God again in prayer, pressing him to close *now* with Christ, or at all events to make sure work of it soon, and meet me in heaven.

He thanked me over and over again—did not seem to rest upon Christ at the time—but promised to meet me at the "right hand;" and I have a good hope that he will. He looked after me, and pointed upwards, as far as I could see him, standing on the platform.

God perfect the good work begun in that poor old learned sinner's heart, was my prayer on the way to C— afterwards.

May the Holy Spirit bless this to *your* soul, dear reader.

J. G.

HOW DID WE KNOW OUR NEED?



HOW did we know our need?
How know that we were lost?
But from God's gift of Christ,
Who saved at such a cost.

For why should He provide
One mighty to redeem,
If we were not a prey
To Satan and to sin?

Oh, if there were no need,
No going down to death;
Why should a Saviour groan?
Why yield His suffering breath?

Eternal praise to His,
For His own Spirit given—
Who testifies of Christ,
Who brings us into heaven!

J. DENHAM SMITH.

"OH, HOW DARK! HOW DARK!"



SOME three years ago, just before leaving for——, I had occasion to pass through M——, and whilst there preached the gospel. At the close of the meeting we asked any who were anxious to have a little further conversation with us about their soul's eternal welfare to pass through into an ante-room adjoining. A young woman, apparently about twenty-seven years of age, went in, much broken down under a sense of her wickedness and the weight of her sins, weeping bitterly, and crying out, "*Oh, how dark, how dark all is! oh, my poor soul!*"

Standing for a time by her side, just waiting for a word and opportunity to speak to her, which was granted, I tried to console her by saying that God had sent His Son from heaven purposely that all tears might be wiped away, and that prison doors might be opened, and the captives of Satan set free. (Luke iv. 18.) But still she continued in a most distressed state of soul, saying at last, "Yes, sir, that's all true; but you don't know my past life. Only a short time ago my father and mother turned me out because I would not become like themselves, an atheist. I had to do the best I could, and soon I heard of my brother's death in the house," she said. "I loved my brother, and at once started off to see him. I found my father and mother out, and went upstairs to the chamber where my dead brother lay. The thoughts of ETERNITY pressed in upon me, and the awful thought of my poor brother's lost soul in hell I could not bear. I got a slip of paper, and wrote upon it,

*'Reader! Reader! Stop and think!
Eternity is a reality, and you are on
the brink!'*

"I took that slip of paper and pinned it to the shirt of my dead brother, thinking when my father and mother returned it might catch their eye, and lead them to think about their future. I got myself out of the house as quickly as I could before they returned, and they never even sent for

me to the funeral, nor have I seen them since; and here I am to-night still unsaved," and then again she cried, in agony of soul, "Oh, how dark, how dark all is!"

Dear reader, if you will be honest with your own soul—if you, like that dear young woman, know not the pardon and forgiveness of your sins—like her you must confess that all is dark; and oh, how dark it must be to you indeed, as you look along the stream of time in which you are passing, swiftly passing, at the rate of sixty seconds to the minute, to the great ocean of eternity before you, and an unsaved soul to pass out of that body into that dark ocean. Oh, how solemn, as you think of it—a hell to meet if still unsaved.

Possibly you may be enjoying the pleasures of the world, which are but for a moment, indulging in all sorts of so-called innocent amusements, to satisfy that hungry soul of yours; but still all is dark. You may, on the other hand, shun bad and evil companions, and keep yourself very select; but still all is dark. You may, again (as the writer was), be found a regular attender at church or chapel, a Sunday-school scholar; but still all is dark. You may be everything that the natural eye of man might desire, but if not converted and born again, to you indeed all is dark. You may look at the bright prospects of a future life held out to you by Satan, the god of this world, and see all the glittering tinsel this world can give you up to the grave; but with a shudder comes in the thought that there is an eternity beyond the grave, which you must enter the moment the brittle thread of life is snapped asunder, and you again realize that beyond all is dark. You are indeed in the grasp of Satan, the god of this world, and he has blinded your mind, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto you.

Now to such is this good news told, that Jesus, the Light of life, has come down from heaven to this world of darkness and sin—that on the cross He has been lifted up to the full gaze of every poor, benighted, lost sinner, that through His wounding and bruising the full glare of that light might shine forth, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. And now at Calvary is the Light of life seen in all His fulness and beauty, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace. (Luke i. 79.)

And now, dear unsaved one, fear not, for behold we bring you good tidings of great joy—that there is forgiveness for you, irrespective of nationality or past character, *through that One* who took your place, suffered and died in your room and stead, and paid to the very utmost that which a Holy God in His justice demanded against sin. And now the very thing that kept you in darkness; viz., your sin, has been borne by Himself in His own body on the tree, He has put away sin; and, thank God, He has been careful to tell us how far He has put it away. “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.”

And now, dear unsaved reader, though I never saw you, may I urge you to lay claim to the fact that Christ died for you to put away your sins. As soon as you receive that, and rest upon Christ and the work wrought out for you there upon the cross, you will get peace, and the light will burst in upon your soul. But oh, REMEMBER—

“If you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
‘Too late! too late!’ will be the cry—
‘Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.’”

And then John iii. 19 will be true of you: “This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.”

Oh, then, dear friend, as a parting word of exhortation—

“Take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.”

“He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.” (John i. 11, 12.)

Blessed fact, dear friend, He is waiting to receive you now just as you are, and where you are, this very moment as you read this little paper. But as He spoke the truth when He was down here in the flesh, saying, “Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life,” so it is true to-day. It is not that men cannot come; but the word of censure is, *they will not come*. He again said, on another occasion, “I would, but ye would not.” Do not,

for your own precious soul's sake, spurn that offer of love and mercy any longer; for if unsaved you die, it will be in your sins, which will sink you deep, deep down into the lowest hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched—there for God to mock you in derision. “Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, but no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.” (Prov. i. 24–26.) Oh, then, “beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.” (Job xxxvi. 18.)

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THOSE WHO CIRCULATE THE “GOSPEL WATCHMAN.”

THE following interesting account of the conversion of a young man through the reading of this paper was received a little while ago, and is now inserted for the encouragement of those who seek by means of gospel papers to sow the seed of eternal life. This is one of several instances of blessing that we have lately had brought to our notice, and for which we desire to praise our gracious God:

“Saved at the Eleventh Hour.”

“A young man was sent to Folkestone by a London physician on account of ill health. In the month of September last it was evident that the disease of consumption was hastening him rapidly to his end. Mr. F——, a missionary, visited him for the purpose of talking to him about his soul's need; but this only elicited great opposition. A lady soon afterwards called, and left with him *The Gospel Watchman* of August last. The invalid read attentively the narrative, ‘The Officer's Exchange,’ by J. C. Rainey, which so impressed him that he became awakened to his real condition before God, and very shortly after entered into ‘peace and joy.’ The man's symptoms became so alarmingly worse that the doctor came down from London to bring his patient back. They started by train, but the poor sufferer died in the carriage on reaching Tunbridge. His closing words were, ‘I can now die happy.’”

G. SAUNDERS, M.D.

GOD
COMMEDETH
HIS
LOVE

TOWARD US,
IN THAT,
WHILE WE
WERE YET
SINNERS,

Christ

Died

FOR US.

ROM. v. 8.



THE



WATCHMAN'S



MESSAGE

FOR

1884

NOTHING TO PAY!

NOTHING TO PAY! yes, Nothing to Pay!

Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily, thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor is free!
Now I ask THEE, Lovest thou Me?"

LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, BAKER STREET, W.
AND 21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.

AN AWFUL DECISION.

AN INCIDENT FOR THE NEW YEAR.



I was the last night of December that three young men were sitting in the parlour of a Christian's house, talking of eternal things. Two of them were saved by grace, and rejoiced in the knowledge of it; the other was not, and, moreover, seemed very careless about his soul. His two companions were speaking very plainly to him, but he regarded all with a smile of derision. At last, looking up with defiance at them, he said, "*I don't want to be saved; and if there is a hell I am willing to go to it.*" For a time they could not reply. At last one of them took his watch from his pocket, and holding it in his hand, said, "Do you decide here, in the presence of God, on this last night of December, 187—, at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock, to reject Christ as your Saviour, and choose hell as your eternal portion?" To the astonishment of both he answered boldly, "*I do.*"

As far as the knowledge of the writer goes, he is unsaved still. "What a dreadful choice!" says one of my readers. "I cannot see how any one could be so hardened as to speak in that manner," says another. Yes, dear friend, an awful decision, showing that Satan held the reins. But, let me ask, Have you accepted of Christ as your Saviour? "Well," you say, "I cannot say I have." Then you, too, are a rejecter of Christ, and practically choosing hell as your eternal portion. You have begun a new year on earth, remember, *you may end it in eternity*. How solemn! Thousands began the past year as healthy and hopeful as you are now, but they are now in eternity. Meet God you must; how soon you know not. Are you ready? Be warned in time. Think not that to-morrow will do as well as to-day. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." Trifle not then with the precious moments which God has given you, they will not always be yours. Why then delay? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." (John iii. 33.) "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar." (1 John v. 10.) "*Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?*" (Isaiah xxxiii. 14.)

HOW I GOT SAVED.



THE Lord saved my soul at about eleven o'clock one night, in a farmer's kitchen, in one of the northern counties of Ireland. It was indeed the beginning of months and days to me. My old companions only gave me about two months to last, but praise the Lord nearly eight years have gone by, and I am still happy in the consciousness that my sins are all forgiven.

Previous to my conversion I had been a religious young man, a Sunday-school teacher, a visitor of the sick, a prayer-maker, a church-goer, and had passed my examination in the presence of the minister and elders as a fit person to take the communion, and was allowed to sit down and partake of the bread and wine; but, blessed be God, the day dawned when my eyes were opened to see that I was nothing but a Christless sinner on the way down to an eternal hell. And when I was at this point, I was just in the place where God could meet me and save me. It came about thus, to everybody's surprise in the village where I lived, but mostly to my own surprise. A young man, a companion of my own, who had been a sceptic, got awakened and saved. I had known his life previous to this, and could not but see the mighty change that had been wrought upon him, and this led me to think that all was not right with me. So I began to examine the foundation on which I was resting my soul for eternity, and found it nothing but sinking, shifting sand. The word of God took every prop from me, and I was left without a shred to hide me from a sin-hating God.

Not knowing what to do or where to turn, I was pointed to that verse which has given many a poor lost sinner rest to his weary soul—John iii. 16: "For God so loved THE WORLD, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should NOT PERISH, but HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE." Blessed words. How they fell like balm upon my guilty conscience that night. I saw that I was part of that loved world, therefore loved by God. As the truth dawned into my soul that Jesus, God's love-gift, died in my room and stead, and that through simply believing in Him I was saved, I could hardly contain myself. I jumped to my feet and walked around that farmer's kitchen singing—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,

There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

And now, dear reader, let me ask you, in the light of eternity, Do you know the blessedness of being saved? If not. Why not? Time is fast hurrying you on to eternity, and soon you will cross the boundary line which divides time from eternity.

→* SAFETY IN THE ARK. *←

BY D. L. MOODY.



HUNDRED and twenty years before Noah was warned to enter the ark he had received a message from God; and it was really the most awful tidings that ever came from heaven to earth. It was the most awful communication ever received by any man in this world.

God told Him that He was going to sweep the earth of its iniquity; that all men upon the face of this earth would perish; that His Spirit would not always strive with men; and that at the end of one hundred and twenty years God would sweep away these workers of iniquity. Although less than two thousand years had rolled away, these men had turned away from God their Creator. They did not know Him. God was not in all their thoughts and in none of their deeds. As He looked down from heaven, He could see every conceivable wicked thing done by man. They had forgotten their God; they had forgotten their Creator. They had turned away from Him, and now He caused this warning to be given; and wherever you find a judgment threatened, you will find before the judgment there is always a warning given.

These antediluvians had a warning. God told Noah to build this ark, and all these one hundred and twenty years while the ark was being built it was a warning to them. And you will find, if you will read the Bible carefully, that warnings always precede the judgments. God comes to men first and calls them to Himself. If they will not come, then the blood of their souls must be required of their own hands. There will be no one to blame but themselves.

At that time the world ridiculed Noah. Undoubtedly, when he received that communication he knew how he was to be put to ridicule, how men would scoff at him. I can imagine him walking down the streets, and their calling him "That lunatic!" I suppose this was a common thing for

Noah during those one hundred and twenty years; and if there had been insane asylums at that time, no doubt they would have put him in one, if God had not protected him. No doubt they thought him mad. The great men of that time—their statesmen, their astronomers, their mighty men—all prophesied against Noah, and moreover there was no sign of the coming deluge. I can imagine some of them said: "If this prediction is true, why did not Methuselah, who died a few years ago, tell us of it? Why did not our forefathers tell us of it? How did this man come to know so much of it?" It was the same way with the men who worked on the ark—Noah's carpenters. They were jeering and laughing at him. They would say: "He pays good money, and pays us promptly, we are just as willing to work for him as for anybody. But we do not believe in the lunatic; we do not believe in the coming deluge."

But now the ark is done. The one hundred and twenty years have expired. And Noah moves in, and the door is shut. They are not alarmed. They laugh on; but God gives them seven days' grace. After all is done to that ark, there is no sign of a coming storm. I can imagine one night, as they retired as usual, the sun goes down behind the mountains, and they will never see it again. They have seen that sun for the last time. The last month has gone. The last week has gone. The last day has gone. Yea, the last hour is fast rolling away. Solemn thought! Did you ever stop and think, dear friends, that the last week is coming to you; and the last day is coming; and the last hour; yea, the last minute?

Ah! God shut that door. It had been open one hundred and twenty years. God had pleaded with them. God had invited them. They mocked at the invitation. They scoffed and ridiculed the idea of a deluge. Now it is too late. Now they would enter; but they cannot. My dear friends, you have read in the New Testament of a scene like this. "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days when the Son of Man cometh." They were eating and drinking, and the flood came and took them all away. So shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man. I don't know how you can live on in sin when the old year is passing away. The last few days of the year are very solemn to me. They tell of time passing away and eternity drawing near. Oh, hasten now and enter the ark at once.



THE ENTERING INTO THE ARK.



THE SMITTEN ROCK.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.



WE are in the presence of a vast crowd, and we hear cries of murmuring and anger. It is a story of the desert wanderings of Israel, and the people have come to Rephidim, where there is no water for them to drink. They have forgotten past deliverances—the plagues of Egypt, the mighty overthrow of

their enemies in the Red Sea, the healing of the waters of Marah—and now they believe not in God's help, and are full of rage against His faithful servant. They chide with him, and are almost ready to stone him. They lay it to his charge that he hath brought them up out of Egypt, and that he will kill them and their cattle with thirst.

In his distress Moses turns to the Lord, and puts the whole matter into His hand. Soon comes the promise of help; for no man ever seeks His face in vain. The Lord Himself will stand by His servant on the rock in Horeb. He is bidden to take the rod

wherewith he had smitten the river, and smiting the rock water shall flow forth.

Thus again mercy conquered. When the sin of the people might justly have exposed them to God's wrath, He opens wide His hand and supplies all their need. The rock is smitten, and streams of water burst forth. The thirsty multitude drink and are refreshed, and from that rock flows a river that henceforth tracks their footsteps through many a dreary stage of their wilderness journey. Another proof is given them of God's patience and long-suffering. Truly is He "merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." In the coming centuries of Israel's history, ever was this day remembered as one calling for gratitude and praise. "He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers." (Pa. lxxviii. 15, 16.)

Fifteen hundred years have passed, and we see another crowd. It was the joyous Feast of Tabernacles, and the last and greatest day of all. Great was the joy, loud the cheerful shoutings of the multitudes at the solemn moment when the priest brought forth in golden vessels the water from the pool of Siloam, and poured it upon the altar. Then trumpets were sounded, and the words of the prophet were sung, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." So great was the joy that it used to be said, "Whoever had not witnessed it had never seen joy at all."

Then a voice was heard which was to reach the very ends of the earth. He who came to redeem and save proclaims Himself to be the well spring of all true joy. He speaks to every weary, longing heart. He gives a promise of other water than that which had flowed in Horeb, or that which had just been poured forth on the altar. "Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." (John vii. 37, 38.)

Blessed words! Words of life and hope for every child of man! They reach to every land. They call to every soul that needs peace and consolation. Who in that crowd heard and received the message we know not. Was it some amongst the officers who marvelled at His words? Was it some stricken, guilty one, whose conscience was awakened, and who was craving some balm of healing, some

hope of pardon? Was it even one of the priests or Pharisees, who in later days joined the company of Christ's disciples? We know not; but this we know, the voice still speaks to us out of the book of God, and everlasting salvation and unchanging satisfaction is the portion of all who humbly believe and obey.

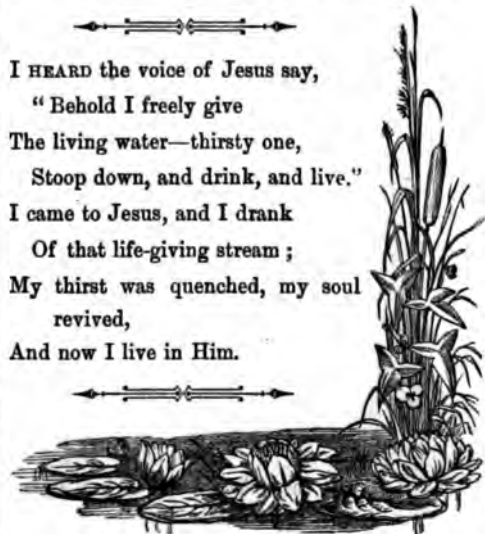
"Yea, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come."

Wouldst thou drink and be satisfied? Come to thy Saviour! Rest nowhere else. Be not content with Bible-reading and church-going; but in all and beyond all, come in thy heart straight to the Saviour, and receive from Him the grace that is needful.

Come to the great Rock. Take shelter within its clefts. Abide beneath its shadow. Drink freely from the blessed stream that ever issues from its recesses. Here is all that you can want: pardon for the past, life and grace for days to come—all is yours if you stoop down and drink and live!

And doubt not for a moment that the blessing is for you. "If any man thirst," said Christ, "let him come unto me, and drink." You long for true peace and rest, you desire some spring of comfort and hope that will not fail you; therefore come. It is for all such, and there is no exception. The wanderer is welcome. The sinner is bidden to come nigh. The backslider may find healing and new life. Only come, and you shall receive abundantly to the everlasting joy and salvation of your soul.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.





THE PENCIL-MARK.

SOME years ago an officer of high rank and his wife thought themselves very good people; they always went to church, and they were very kind to those round about them.

One day, when the lady was in her seat in church, she saw a strange gentleman come in, and, with her usual kindness, made room for him beside her, and gave him a hymn-book. The hymn that was being sung was this—

"Jesus, my Saviour, my Guide."

Before the stranger returned the book and thanked the lady, he took out his pencil and drew a line under the words,

"JESUS MY SAVIOUR,"

and then he walked away without another word.

The lady saw the pencil-mark, and she thought to herself, "I should like to ask the stranger what he did that for," and she told her husband what had been done, and how much she should like to know who the stranger was, and why he had marked that; but no one knew, and so months passed away, and still she often thought and wondered, but with no result.

One day, however, the lady was in a large shop in London, buying some things to take home, when suddenly she saw a gentleman pass quickly along and go into a little room at the end of the shop. It was her stranger of the pencil-mark. "Who is that?" she asked the apprentice who was attending her. "It's the master," he said, "and a good man he is." "Will you go and tell him a lady wants to speak to him a minute?" The young man went at once, and came back with the request that she would go into the little room and speak to him. It was a nice little room, with an open Bible on the table, and books on the shelves, and there, morning and evening, Mr. K——, for that was the stranger's name, used to gather the young men to read God's word, and speak to them. The lady soon told her simple story, and asked her

long-wished-for question, "Why did you make the pencil-mark?"

"Shall I tell you?" he said. "Well, I thought that, though you had been so kind to me, perhaps you did not know Jesus as *your* Saviour. I had just been saved myself, plucked as a brand from the burning, and I thought perhaps I might never see you again. And now may I ask you, Do you know *Jesus* as *your* Saviour? Do you?" and he pressed home the question.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'm not quite sure; I wish I did," she said.

The result of that conversation was, that before she left the little room she did know Jesus as her Saviour; and very soon after her husband was converted too.

Dear reader, do you? Can you say, "Jesus is *my* Saviour"? and if not, why not? He is willing—are not you? Take Him now as your own Saviour. Trust Him, and be able rejoicingly to say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."

M. A. W.

"SALVATION IS FREE."

HARK, sinner, hark! we have tidings so true,
Tidings of pardon and blessing for you;
God, in His word, says that Christ on the tree
Died for the guilty—"Salvation is free!"

Hear the news, sinner—free! free! free!
Why not believe it? 'tis good for thee;
Jesus, the Just One, has died on the tree,
Died for the guilty—"Salvation is free!"

Guilty you are, yet we know very well
Jesus has suffered to save you from hell;
Condemned you are now, justified you may be;
The ransom is paid, and "Salvation is free!"

Trust not in "doing," it cannot avail,
Good resolutions and works can but fail;
"Grace, grace alone," is the saved sinner's plea,
"Not of works," saith the Word, "Salvation is free!"

Trust not in "feelings," your heart is depraved,
Trust "only Jesus," and you shall be saved;
Tears of repentance, though real they may be,
Can ne'er purchase heaven—"Salvation is free!"

Haste! oh, remember if grace you still spurn,
Banished from God, in hell you will burn;
Hark to His word then, which speaks now to thee;
Delay not, but haste while "Salvation is free!"

T. D. W. M.



STRANDED.

→* STRANDED. *←



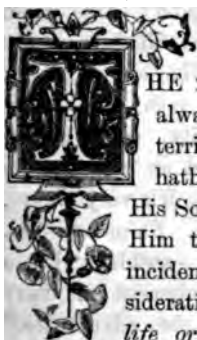
I was a fearful night off the coast of W—. The wind blew terrifically—howling down the chimneys and rattling the doors and casements, so that sleepers were startled in their beds, and breathed a prayer for the poor mariner. The morning dawned, and I hastened to the beach. The gale continued with unabated fury, and the sea lashed the bold cliffs with a magnificence rarely seen. The white foam whirled through the air, and the billows broke high over the pier and lighthouse of the port, in clouds of spray.

The scene was intensely grand and exciting. A vessel in distress was off the coast—no other sail appeared on the horizon. Many an eye was watching her with doubt and anxiety, as she struggled to keep off the rocks and laboured hard to make the port. A glass revealed her condition. The

sails were in shreds but one—and only a portion of that remained—her only hope; her masts were splintered, and her spars dangled among the ropes. For some time we watched her dubious course, as she was beaten nearer and nearer shore. And now on, on she sped, driven by the wind and inward tide! It was a moment of exciting suspense! Will she, *can* she, make the port? Now she stands fair—now—now—she enters! Backward again! *Now!* There! Oh—oh! *Just missed*—and in five minutes more she lay a stranded hulk upon the beach!

Oh, reader, how is it with your soul? *Where* are you bound for? Are you trusting only in the precious blood of Christ? Ah, when it is *too late*, “many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able!” Thousands will miss the port, as it were, by a hair’s breadth. Will you, my friend, be among the *stranded*? Don’t evade the question—it is of the utmost moment that you settle it *at once*. Oh, be wise, and, looking to Jesus, enter through Him into the harbour of safety.

TAKEN AWAY WITH A STROKE.



A SOLEMN WARNING.

HE rejection of the word of God has always been accompanied by results terrible to contemplate, but since God hath spoken in these last days by His Son, it is an awful thing to refuse Him that speaketh. If the following incident should lead to thoughtful consideration, and firmer hold upon the *life or death* views of our ministry, my soul will rejoice, though the recollection is sorrowful indeed.

About two years since, a man named B— resided near my home. He had not long returned from Australia, was well-to-do in circumstances, intelligent, healthy, and of good family; but a drunkard! He frequented a public-house not many yards distant, and having to pass my door to reach his home, I frequently saw him. Many times I spoke to him of his sin, using every argument that I could, sometimes fairly entreating him. In a word, I sought his salvation. He would often speak to me, and several times showed large acquaintance with the word of God, but still he followed the promptings of appetite, and greedily served Satan.

One Saturday morning I saw him staggering along, his sorrowful wife trying to lead him home. I placed my hand on his shoulder, and said, firmly but kindly, "What a monument of God's long-suffering mercy you are! Is this state of things never to alter? If it does not you will perish." He looked at me, and replied by a curse. I retired, and the bitter language again fell upon my ear as he sullenly staggered away.

Not many hours passed ere tidings reached me that he lay in delirium. I hastened to see him. His poor wife welcomed me, and as I mounted the stairs my heart silently sought the guidance of Him whose will I love. Stretched on a bed lay an athletic frame; there was life there, but so disordered—convulsive starts, a glance and unsteady roll of the eye, and a horrible mutter, words chopped up, as it were the gibbering idiotcy of delirium.

I started, and cautiously approached, lest my presence, suddenly realized, should lead to violence. Reassured by his wife, who said my name had been

uttered by him in his ravings, I leaned down and tried to fix his gaze. "You know me," I said; "I have come to speak to you. I want to tell you of Jesus; He died to save the poor guilty sinners. Do, do try to give me your attention. Oh, do listen to me!" Alas! alas! the rolling eye-ball, the void of mind, the unearthly mutter, told me it was too late. I looked up, and prayed, and longed, and watched for consciousness. See! he calls "Wife, dear!" His wife drew near, and we paused, and in a clear, distinct voice he said, "Mind you keep one clear day for the devils."

The awfulness of that scene is before me now. "Is that returning consciousness?" I looked; convulsive motions stronger, the body weaker, the face paler, and reason gone. In vain I waited; prayer was numbed. I had no power; my petitions came back to my own breast. Sentence had gone forth, and the deepening shades of that awful scene were soon to give place to the utter eclipse of the outer darkness. Having prayed for the poor wife, I left, promising to call in the morning. As early as I could I was at the house. The door opened, and I found the wife fallen upon a chair, her face buried in her handkerchief; the hot tears falling fast told me that the end had come. I went upstairs and entered the room above. On that tossed bed, mute and motionless, cooling to the ghastly chill of death, lay the pale corpse—but half-an-hour had passed since the vital spark had fled. The body—still uncovered—how its dread visage haunts me.

Sin, sin, how terrible art thou! How thy withering curse wrecks life and hope. "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" As I followed that spirit hurrying to its place, and marked the deep, dark, irremediable loss of the soul, I remembered the words, "The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever." A rejected gospel, a rejected Christ, is the savour of death unto death.

Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee:
'*The harvest is passing, the summer will end.*'

The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him;
Oh, bow to His sceptre, and make Him thy Friend!
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to adore Him:
'*Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end.*'



"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

BY GEORGE HEFFORD.



AT a recent gospel service an incident was related of a lady who was the subject of a remarkable and impressive dream. She thought she saw an awful thunderstorm, which quickly passed away, and the moon shone forth with great brilliancy upon the then cloudless sky. As she gazed with wonder at the sudden change, the moon appeared to assume a variety of forms, eventually taking the shape of a hand. The hand held a large pen, and wrote upon the face of the heavens—first her name, then the solemn words underlined—

"Prepare to Meet thy God."

Filled with terror, she awoke, glad to find it was only a dream; but though a dream, in the hands of the Holy Spirit of God it became as a "nail in a sure place." Wherever she went the words seemed to stand out before her; she saw and felt God must be met, she knew not how soon, and she was unprepared, but in her distress—as thousands have done before—she fled to Jesus, the one appointed Saviour, and in *Him* found the true preparation for meeting God. Reader,

There is a God.

In these days of scepticism and human reasoning, some are found foolish enough to deny this truth. "How do you know," said one to a poor Arab who had prostrated himself in prayer, "how do you know there is a God?" Very aptly he replied, "How do I know whether a man or a camel passed by my tent last night? would not the footprints show?" So, pointing with his finger around and upward, "I see the footprints of God; truly there is a God. 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork.'" (Psalm xix. 1.) So felt the poet when he wrote—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

YOU must Meet God.

Solemn truth. Are you prepared? One when dying said to his weeping friends, "Hide me, hide me from God. I have to meet Him, and I am not ready." Alas! alas! for that man whose first meeting with God is in eternity, who, having refused to meet Him as a friend on earth, meets Him there as an enemy, bound by His very nature, as well as by His word, to punish. No mercy then, no pardon, no Saviour, no hope—nothing "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, that shall devour the adversaries." (Heb. x. 27.) Such *must* prove that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Reader, may you never meet Him thus. Blessed be His name

He may be Met NOW in Peace!

In the person of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, He has come near to man. "Immanuel, God with us." By and through Him the most guilty, polluted soul may draw nigh. Apart from Christ, the penalty due to sin must have fallen with all its crushing weight upon the one who dare approach; but He has borne the penalty in His own body on the tree, and, standing by that very cross on which His beloved Son poured out His soul unto death, God sends out messages of love to guilty man: "Meet Me here;" "Draw nigh;" "Doubt not;" "Accept my Son;" "Believe on Him;" "Trust Him;" "Build all your hopes on Him." And "while the hope of the hypocrite shall perish," "He that believeth on Him shall never be confounded;" nay, may safely say, "I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; He also is become my salvation." But this should be done at once; delays are solemnly dangerous. This day thy soul may be required of thee. "Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." Haste, reader, haste, for with *you* it may be *now* or *never*.

A NEW YEAR'S INVITATION.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.



"Thou wilt shew me the path of life."

PSALM xvi. 11.

UNDER this title we purpose to write, as the Lord may lead us, a series of papers, designed more especially for young believers, or, more correctly speaking, for the instruction and edification of those who have recently been brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are frequently brought into contact with such; and although we can heartily rejoice together because of the great things the Lord has done for them by giving them to know the blessedness of a full and free salvation, it is still to be observed that they have much to learn of the purposes of God in grace concerning them. These papers will, therefore, be a humble and prayerful effort to place before the young convert some of the high privileges and corresponding responsibilities of the present glorious position in which he has been placed as a member of Christ, a child of God, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven. But when we remark that we often meet with those who know nothing beyond the grand fact that they have been saved from the wrath to come, and even now can

"Read a title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

it must not for one moment be understood that we desire in the least degree to disparage the importance and blessedness of such a position. Nevertheless, grand and glorious as it is when a poor lost sinner, ruined and undone, can triumph because God in sovereign grace has made known to him His salvation, it is also grand and glorious for him to discover, not only what he has been saved from, but also what he has been saved to and saved for.

Our object and desire, therefore, will be to bring these things out as they are unfolded to us in the Scriptures; and in this view we have chosen as our heading a quotation from Psalm xvi. 11—"The Path of Life."

We shall look at the believer as one who is tread-

ing a narrow path which leads him up to God. It is a path which mere human intelligence, however keen and vigorous, is unable to discover. Even as the patriarch Job so beautifully expresses it: "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it." This is the path of true wisdom, which every follower of the Lord Jesus Christ is treading. The unbeliever and the unconverted are not to be found there. They are to be found in the company of those who are hurrying along the "broad way that leadeth to destruction." "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. xiv. 12.)

The New Birth.


In order to take the first step in this heavenly journey there must be divine life, but we must never confuse life with intelligence. The new-born babe has life just as truly as the mature man. Intelligence follows. It is quite possible to possess life without intelligence, but in the nature of things there cannot be any intelligence without life. It is even so as regards the new birth. We must be born again to possess divine life. After this, by "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," the child of God grows in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is spiritual intelligence. It is essential that there should be a new birth (read John iii. 1-7), because it is to a *new* life that God is calling Christians. It is not a question of taking some new steps in life, nor of turning over a new leaf. It is not merely the laying aside of some bad habits and substituting better ones; it is not only giving up old opinions, and entertaining new ones instead. It is an entirely *new* life. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new *creation*: old things are passed away; and, behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God." (2 Cor. v. 17, 18.) This new creation is begun by the new birth, manifests its existence by a newness of spirit (Rom. vii. 6), develops into a new man (Eph. iv. 24), and finds its completion in the new song (Rev. v. 9) and in the new Jerusalem. (Rev. xxi. 2.) We must be equally dogmatic that it is not a question of a higher life developed out of an inferior or lower life. It is the very opposite. It is life wrought out of death. To accomplish this it was necessary that the eternal Son of God, who is the "Prince of life," should

take flesh, die, be buried, rise again, and ascend into heaven. Nothing short of His *death* would suffice. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." (John xii. 24.)

After the ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ the Holy Ghost descended with power on the day of Pentecost, in order that He might dwell in men and bring forth the new life. The believer who has entered upon the new life is still the same individual. His features and frame are the same, his natural capacities are still the same; but yet old things have passed away. The old man is reckoned dead, the new man lives. It is not the old life repaired, like a broken marble; nor defects struck out and retouched, like an old picture. It is more than all this, or God would not call it a "new creation." How true then are the words of the Lord Jesus, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

W. H. F. C.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

E take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

The number for January is specially suitable for circulation at the commencement of the New Year; and we ask the prayers of the Lord's people that it may be used to arouse many from the sleep of death, and lead them to Him who is "THE LIFE."


Sample Packets of Twenty or more back numbers *gratis* and *post-free*, to those who will seek to aid us by getting fresh subscribers.

A friend writes, on December 14th, 1883: "It is an exceedingly nice paper. I hardly know of one I like so well; the tone throughout is *good, very good*, simple, and purely evangelical, and calculated to carry a message home to many souls. I am thankful it ever came under my notice, and I shall continue to circulate it as long as it continues as it is."

FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

We have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the amount.

A CROWN FOR JESUS.

H, how sweet, when morning dawns,
And the shadows all are flown
Through the "pearly gates" to enter,
And to stand before the throne!
Then the prickly thorn and briar,
That beset our earthly road,
Will reveal their *hidden* blossoms
In the paradise of God.

Many tears that we've forgotten
God has registered above.
(It may be He keeps them treasured
Till we view in them His love.)
Many that we shed for sorrow,
That had seemed a needless pain,
Will be there, as bright reminders
That the sorrow was our gain.

Low we'll cast the crown before Him,
And with hallelujahs tell
"It was good we were afflicted!"
Yea, "He hath done all things well."
And with joy we'll give the Saviour
That for which He waited long,
The repining changed to praising,
And the sighing into song.

It is good we are afflicted—
Good!—oh, can we say it *now*?
Would we wait to "crown the Saviour"
Till before His throne we bow?
Though we find the chastening grievous,
And the needs-be cannot tell,
If we look above the trial
Surely we will see 'tis well.

For our good all things are working,
Every gladness, every load.
Oh, we praise Him for the sunshine,
Let us praise Him for the cloud!
Lord, we only see but darkly;
Open Thou our eyes so dim;
Help us now to crown Thee Saviour,
Help us raise the victor's hymn.

Resting in Him, patient waiting,
Till He rend the "silvered cloud;"
If the help we crave for tarry,
Judge Him faithful to His word.
Oh, how many tears of sorrow
God on earth would wipe away,
If we trusted in the darkness,
And we praised before the day!

Let us seek that in the glory,
Mid the praises, He will hear
That our earthly hallelujahs
Are no strangers to His ear.
Then mayhap, when we shall see Him,
Fall before Him and adore,
That we'll hear the Saviour whisper,
"Ye have crowned me long before."

A. F. P.



LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 86, Baker Street, W.;
and 21, Paternoster Square, E.C.

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"THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME."

A HOSPITAL STORY.

LADY lately told me that she was visiting the patients in Guy's Hospital, seeking to cheer those who loved the Lord Jesus by speaking together of Him and reading God's word, with prayer; also trying to lead those who had never trusted that mighty, loving Saviour to cast themselves on Him for what they so needed—the salvation of their souls.

It was a sultry August day, and she felt very tired, but was upheld in her labour of love by the sense of the wonderful opportunity of doing the Master's will.

Coming to one of the beds in the ward she saw a woman lying apparently much afflicted in body. After making inquiry about her illness and sympathizing with her, she proceeded to ask her if she was a saved woman, having already concluded in her own mind that she was not. To her surprise she found that she was a very bright, earnest Christian, but very ignorant, being unable to read or write. On quoting some texts to her, she replied that she only knew one text, and said emphatically, "That's enough for me. Listen to it: '*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.*'"

The lady upon this turned to Isaiah, and read the first chapter. The woman made no remark, nor did she appear to understand or evince much interest

until the eighteenth verse was read: "COME NOW, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Then her whole face lighted up and her eyes brightened, and she said:

"Oh, isn't it lovely! isn't it lovely! It is fifteen years since that turned my heart to God."

Being much interested, the lady asked her the means of her conversion, upon which she related how that she was hard at work in her house at Westminster when a London city missionary knocked at the door. On answering the knock, she told him she had no time to attend to these things, and tried to get rid of him; but he spoke to her for some time at the door, and then insisted on coming in and praying with her. During his prayer she was deeply convicted of sin, but let him go away without telling him; and for three weeks she was in misery, and thought she had committed sin past all forgiveness. At the end of this time she happened one Sunday to go to a neighbouring church, where, as she expressed herself, "the text was, '*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.*'" The moment she heard it she felt as if she could "leap over the pew with joy;" for then and there she found peace to her sin-laden soul. She believed the message—that it was *from God*, that it was *to her*, and that it was *just what she needed*; and for the fifteen years that had elapsed between that day, and this relation of the events of it, she had never had a doubt as to her salvation.

Reader, have you ever been "convicted of sin"?

Have you ever read or heard the wonderful message, "*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow*"? Have you ever believed, and received it as "from God" and "to you"? And can you say "emphatically," "That's enough for me"? Is your heart "turned to God"? If so, you will join with the one you have been reading about, and say "Isn't it lovely!" that word, "*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.*" Yes, and you will go on and say of Him who shed the precious, cleansing blood, "*He is altogether lovely.*" (Song of Sol. v. 16.)

The lady then asked her, "Have you ever been the means of anyone's conversion?" to which she replied as follows:

"I hope that my mother found peace before her death through my prayer. I went to see her one Sunday, and found her not feeling well and very much distressed at not being able, as she expressed it, to take the sacrament that day, and thus not being ready to die. I did not know what to say. I knew she was all wrong in thinking the sacrament could take away her sins, but did not know how to explain; so I asked her if I should pray for her. In my prayer I mentioned that the blood of Jesus Christ was enough to save her, and to wash away all her sins, and make her as white as snow. On my rising from my knees she kissed me, and asked if I thought that was all that was needed to save her soul. I told her, 'Yes; it was all I was resting upon, and it was enough.' I returned to my large family, and in about six weeks I got a letter from my sister stating that my mother had died, but that she had received perfect peace from the time of my visit, resting entirely on the blood of Christ."

The lady went away much cheered by this wonderful instance of God's grace and power, and on visiting in the hospital the following week found all the patients in the ward full of the "wonderful Sunday" they had had; how No. 13 had prayed for them and sung to them, and sought to lead them to Jesus. And it seemed as if her efforts were not in vain.

Reader, here is one of the unlearned and ignorant ones, as man would say; yet made wise unto salvation by one solitary fragment of God's holy word received in simple trust, and able to be a blessing to others in spite of the hindrance of want of instruction. But you who know so much, how is it with you? Have you so trusted Christ that you have proved Him, and can say, "He is enough for me"?

and can you, do you, seek to lead others to Him? Once more let your eyes rest upon and your heart take in, "*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow*;" for "*the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*" And may your record be "emphatically,"

"That is Enough for Me."

H. A. M.

"AND SO HE IS TO ME."



H! tell me, Why was Jesus there?
Why stooped He down our sins to bear?
God's love provided such a Lamb
To die for ruined, guilty man;
'Twas love in Jesus' heart that burned,
Which took the wages we had earned;
And paid the mighty debt we owed,
Thus lifting from our souls the load;
Which, if not taken off, must be
The source of endless misery.
'Twas love that made the Shepherd go
Down to Calvary's depth of woe;
'Twas love that drank the cup of wrath,
'Twas love that saved the sheep He bought;
'Tis love that comes and speaks to you
In still small voice, "Come, sinner, do,
To Jesus now, for he can hear
Your coming feet to Him draw near;
And He will make you white and clean,
His blood it cleanses from ALL sin."
Yes, Jesus died that you might share
His home above—that home, how fair!
Where He is gone to wait until
There are enough that home to fill.
"Yet there is room"—yes, room for thee.
Oh, come to Jesus while you may!
Did He ever, when below,
Tell a sinner back to go?
No, oh, never! Jesus said,
"Ask of Me, I freely give.
I am the door, oh! enter in,
I came to put away your sin;
God's justice is well satisfied,
You cannot, will not, be denied.
If in my Name you come alone,
YOURSELF a lost one fully own;
Then plead my dying in your stead,
Who now am risen, as I said."
"It is finished," Jesus cried,
He was dead, is now alive
(Yea, more than that, He's glorified).
For God raised Him up to show,
All was paid which we did owe;
Now He's on His glorious throne,
Ever pleading for His own,
Who by faith in Him do tread,
The desert by His Spirit led;
Waiting till He come again,
When they'll rise with Him to reign.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

A GENTLEMAN went one day to see one of those lighthouses which, placed sometimes at the mouths of harbours, sometimes on sands, and sometimes on rocks near the coast, which blessings to the sailor. Everything he saw heard interested him deeply—the lamps, the aids employed to increase to the utmost their illuminating power, the evident care that was taken to give the highest possible polish to the reflectors, to keep the light clear and bright, the distance which the light could be seen, and the general arrangements of the establishment. But what,” the gentleman asked the chief officer of the lighthouse as he was descending, “if the lights should fail—what would happen?”

“The light to fail!” he exclaimed, “the light is impossible! If such a thing were to happen, you should hear every next day of terrible shipwrecks; of ships

from India, ships from Australia, ships from every part of the world, broken in pieces on the rocks, and their crews and passengers all perishing! No, no, sir; it would be impossible!”

But what the man meant was, not that the thing was impossible, but that he had such a strong sense of duty, and that he had before his mind such a clear picture of the terrible consequences of its neglect, that he could not look upon it as possible that he should let the light fail.

Now, reader, let me ask, Have you received “the light of life”?

Need you be told that the life thus spoken of is a divine life—the life of salvation, the life of pardon, and of renewal through the power of the Holy Spirit; life which, begun on earth, will be perfected in heaven—everlasting life! that it is life which can be quickened and maintained only by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

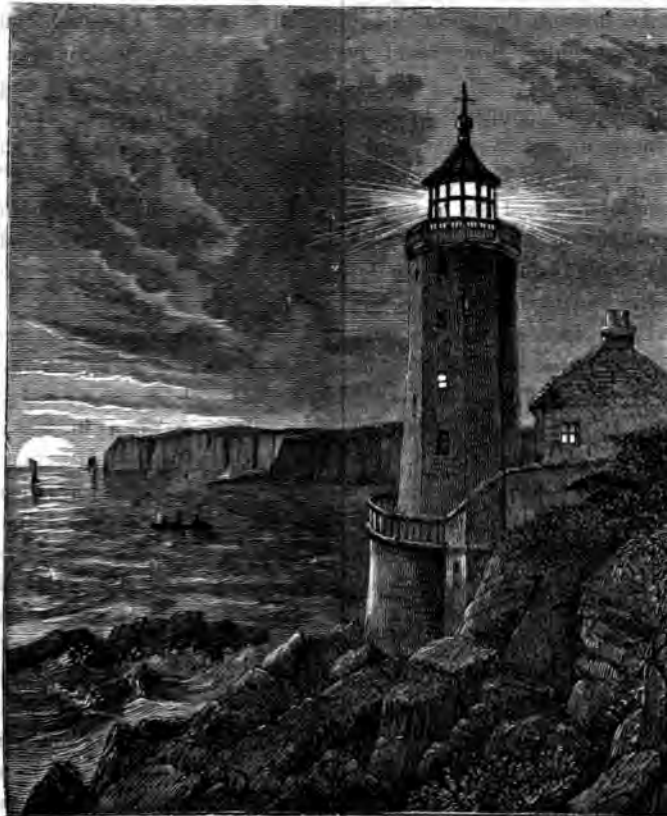
In all the world there is no other “light of life” than the gospel; and there is no other Saviour than Christ.

Then we repeat the question—Have you received this light, and have you found it in life? Has it shown you that you were dead in trespasses and sins? have you, in consequence of this, grieved on account of sin? and have you resolved, by God’s help, to forsake it? Have you believed, do you believe, in the Lord Jesus Christ?

If not, make no delay. Let it be your first, your immediate concern to make sure that the life thus made manifest is your own.

Jesus said, “I am the light of the world;” and you must look to Him,

and Him alone, if you would know the joy of having your sins forgiven. There are such things as *false lights*, raised by wreckers upon a rocky coast in order to plunder the wrecks. My reader, beware lest the devil allure you by a false light in the form of godliness, where the power is denied, or in quieting your conscience by saying, “Peace, peace, when there is no peace.” “Look unto Me, and be ye saved.” The mariner *looks to the light* and steers for the harbour; so, my reader, do not look at yourself, for you will find nothing good in yourself; but look to Christ, and He will save you.



GOD—ETERNITY—REDEMPTION;

OR,

THE INFIDEL CRIPPLE'S CONFESSION.

Without God.



UNDER one of the arches of the Great Eastern Railway we once met with a man in a very miserable condition. He was emaciated and paralysed; but, more sad still, was living in the practical denial of God. Not a ray of hope broke through the midnight of his cheerless soul. How could it when God was shut out?

The poor fellow had been "religiously" brought up, received a fair education, and possessed some natural ability. Several years ago he came up to London in search of employment. Here he sought to improve leisure time, amongst other ways, by attending lectures and discussions. Unhappily, however, he fell into the society of men who had no respect for the word of God. Familiarity with evil soon bred contempt for what in early days he had been taught to regard as sacred. The seed sown had taken no deep root, and so it "withered away."

He readily drank in the poisonous teaching of sceptics and infidels; and so successful was he in mastering their stock arguments that he soon came to be looked upon as a kind of authority amongst them. Thus for years, upon the platform and in the open air, he spent the strength of his manhood in seeking to ridicule the Bible and its teachings, and was successful in persuading others to follow his example.

Oh that men would use their eyes to look around and above them! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy work." (Ps. xix. 1.) Only "the fool hath said in his heart, *There is no God.*" (Ps. xiv. 1.) He does not want God; he foolishly wishes there was no such Being, and therefore he blindly says in his heart, "*No God.*" But they who refuse the evidences of nature around and above them, even if they had never heard of Jesus and the love of God, *are without excuse.* (Rom. i. 20.)

The forbearance of God allowed this miserable fellow to pursue his course for a time unchecked; but profligacy and sin bear their fruit in due season, and bitter indeed was his experience. Downward

he sank to the level of a helpless, friendless pauper, and found it only too true that "the way of transgressors is hard"—very, very hard!

When we first saw him he was the very picture of remorseful misery, and reminded us forcibly of Mephibosheth, of whom we read that he lived in Lodebar (a place without pasture), that he regarded himself as nothing better than "a dead dog;" and, moreover, like this poor fellow, he was "lame on both his feet." (2 Sam. ix.)

Hunger had brought him to where we were assisting a devoted Christian barrister, and an equally devoted Christian official of the Great Eastern Railway, in giving a free meal to some 200 famishing men. He crept into an obscure corner at the back of the arch, but found he could not hide himself away from the Lord—"The eyes of the Lord are in every place." (Prov. xv. 3.)

It was after the gospel address which followed the meal that we first spoke to him. The arrows of conviction had been flying around, and some had pierced his heart—praise the Lord! Remorse as to the past, anguish as to the present, and the deep gloom of despair as to the future, seemed written upon his pale and anxious countenance. The former lecturer upon infidelity was now shaking like an autumn leaf hanging upon its last fibre, ready to drop and be trodden under foot. Who can withstand the power of the Lord!

Seemingly in vain did we speak to him of the love of God in sending His beloved Son, of mercy *now* for the chief of sinners, and of precious blood that cleanseth from "all sin." He believed and trembled; *i.e.* he believed in the existence of God now, and believed there was salvation for "some," but *not for him*. For some time he lay moaning upon the form, and refused to utter a word. When at last he did speak it was but to utter this bitter cry, "No, no, there can be no mercy for *me*! God cannot love *me*! You do not know the dreadful things I have done, and the awful state I am in, or you would not talk of love and mercy and a Saviour for *me*. *I do not believe Christ could save me!* I have publicly denied His name, blasphemed Him, and led many others astray." Poor fellow! Little did he know of the power of the grace of God that "bringeth salvation" to lost sinners, of that Jesus who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) He knew not the loving-kindness and mercy of the Lord, who delighteth to extend His pardoning love to every sinner who truly repents

and believes in His Son. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." (1 Sam. ii. 8.)

Earnest prayers went up, and more simple gospel was whispered in his ear, but he did not see his salvation that night; and so at last we had to wish him good-night and leave him, to return once more to the miserable den, which was all he had for a lodging. He was still "without God and without hope in the world."

The Great Change.

In deep exercise of soul he one night attended a gospel meeting in the Home of Industry, Spital-fields (Miss Macpherson's), when the Spirit of the Lord led him into liberty and peace through simply believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

When we next saw him all was bright. The burden of sin was gone; the dark cloud had gone down behind the cross. A beam from the face of Jesus now lit up his long dark soul. He saw that God loved him; that Christ, whom he had despised, could save, and did save—even him. He could now sing—

"Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

"*Raise me on my crutches,*" said he, at the end of the meeting; "let me tell the people what God has done for me." This was done; and never shall we forget the burning words in which he besought the unsaved to "flee from the wrath to come," to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Oh, how he pictured the *hollowness and deception* of infidelity; how solemnly he testified to the reality of God, whom he had so oft and long denied; and of hell, which is to be the everlasting portion of the unsaved! The bright hope of heaven now filled his soul. Yea, this poor cripple, once infidel and blasphemer, now hoped and prayed, in the presence of many who knew him and the wild life he had led, that, by the grace of God, during the little time that remained for him below, he might never cease testifying of the love of God, and of the Saviour whom he had found able and so willing to save him—even him. We believe he shortly afterwards fell asleep in Jesus, and from the workhouse went up to be "for ever with the Lord."

Was not this "a brand plucked from the fire?" Oh, how this case illustrates the precious words of Jesus, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out!" The moment we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ we come to Him, and His precious "blood cleanseth us from all sin."

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away."

But, alas! how many refuse the light and die in their sins! "If ye believe not that I AM" (said Jesus), "ye shall die in your sins." (John viii. 24.) "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.) "After this the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27.) What then? Oh, unsaved reader, listen with the ears of your inmost soul to these awfully solemn words: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God!" (Ps. ix. 17.) We once saw a double murderer, who was a sceptic, standing in the dock, sullen and callous as to his fate. But we afterwards learned that when the executioner was making him ready for the scaffold, and there was nothing but the gibbet between him and eternity, his lips quivered, his knees smote each other, and his powerful frame trembled. As a sceptical reporter described him, "He was brave *nearly* to the last, but he died a coward." Why did he tremble? Ah! his former bravado was only assumed. In a few moments he would die; but what of that? *Then he must meet God*, whom he had so long persisted in denying, and whose mercy he had so often scoffed at.

Reader, there is one momentous question which has never yet been answered or attempted. It is this, "How shall we escape, if we **NEGLECT** so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

Eternity.

These thoughts lead us to say something about *eternity*, that most solemn word in the Bible. Many wish there were no such word, and vainly try to persuade themselves into believing that what they wish is true. Oh, how little such people can know of God, of His righteousness, of His absolutely unchangeable character, and His entire consistency with Himself. In the eternal state everything is fixed. Good continues; evil also continues (Rev. xxii. 11, R.V.), and therefore there must coexist the eternal punishment of it.

How awfully solemn are these words—

Everlasting fire. (Matt. xviii. 8.)

Everlasting punishment. (Matt. xxv. 46.)

Everlasting destruction. (2 Thess. i. 9.)

All are on their way to eternity. How soon, how suddenly may we be swept into it! Eternity in heaven with Jesus, or eternity in hell with demons. That is the choice. Which is to be yours? You cannot change places after death. Then there is a great and impassable gulf fixed for ever. (Luke xvi. 26.) *Now* is the day of salvation. To-morrow you may be in eternity, where the message of salvation never can come. Oh, believe the devil's lies no longer! Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ *now*, and be saved for eternity.

Redemption.

"The whole world lieth in the evil one." (1 John v. 19, R.V.) Unbelievers are "dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. ii. 1.) They are under condemnation, and the devil claims them as his property. The Lord Jesus Christ came and redeemed us to God by His precious blood (Eph. i. 7); but those only who believe in Him will be saved by His great work upon the cross. He has there accomplished our redemption; but if we reject Him we reject the redemption too, and there remains for us that terrible doom—"the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.) Now while God commandeth all men everywhere to repent (Acts xvii. 30), will you repent—you—and will you do so now? I beseech you, delay no longer.

Look away to Jesus. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all." (Isa. liii. 5, 6.) To all who believe on Him the Lord hath said, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions." (Isa. xlii. 25.) "And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.) Then look up in faith and *see Jesus*, risen from the dead, and seated at the right hand of God (Heb. i. 3)—all powerful, and ready to help you in every time of need if you will only ask Him. Yes, and in a little while "He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation." (Heb. ix. 28.) He will come again and receive you unto Himself, that where He is, there ye may be also. (John xiv. 3.)

BUT—

"THE LORD JESUS SHALL BE REVEALED FROM HEAVEN WITH HIS MIGHTY ANGELS, IN FLAMING FIRE TAKING VENGEANCE ON THEM THAT KNOW NOT GOD, AND THAT OBEY NOT THE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: WHO SHALL BE PUNISHED WITH EVERLASTING DESTRUCTION FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD, AND FROM THE GLORY OF HIS POWER." (2 Thess. i. 7-9.)

W. C. M.

—Loco. Series. Stirling Tract Depot.

"IT IS FINISHED!"



INNER, why that look of sadness?

Why thus weep, and sigh, and groan?

All thy unbelief is madness,

All thy griefs could not atone.

It is finished! Halleluiah!

Jesus saves, and He alone.

Why such *longing* for salvation?

Why not take Him at His word?

There is now no condemnation

To the soul that trusts the Lord.

It is finished! Halleluiah!

Oh, what joy it doth afford!

See! for sin, what bitter anguish

Jesus bore upon the tree;

See Him left by God to languish

In atoning agony!

It is finished! Halleluiah!

Jesus died from wrath to free!

'Tis thyself thou art discerning,

Not the dying Lamb of God;

Weeping, striving, never learning

How He bore sin's heavy load.

It is finished! Halleluiah!

God is satisfied through blood.

At the cross is now thy station;

Lo! without thy grief or prayer,

What a full, a free salvation

God has waiting for thee there.

It is finished! Halleluiah!

Frees from all thy anxious care.

Now begin thy hallelujah,

God Himself delights to hear.

Jesus, Saviour! Halleluiah!

Sweetest song that greets His ear.

It is finished! Halleluiah!

Perfect love hath cast out fear.

J. DEAN SMITH.

The Watchman's Message.



THE SONG IN THE STORM.

THE SONG IN THE STORM.

A HOMEWARD-BOUND vessel of small size, when off the Cornish coast, suddenly encountered a gale of such tremendous fury, accompanied by heavy seas, that in a very short time she became a complete wreck.

Only two living beings were left of the crew which, a few hours before, manned the vessel. The others, one by one, had, during the continuance of the storm, been swept from the deck, or hurled from the rigging into the raging abyss of waters, to be heard of no more until, as the Bible tells us, "the sea shall give up the dead that are in it." Of the two exhausted mariners who still in desperation

clung to some portion of the wrecked vessel, one was her captain.

This captain was one of those men whom some would laugh at, for he believed in the Bible, and loved it. He had sought pardon and peace through the atoning blood of Christ. Now, then, was the time to test the value of the religion which he professed. With death staring him in the face—and such a death—would his faith support him?

Well, he felt certain that an hour or two probably, and more likely a few minutes, would end his life. Black night was around him, lit up now and again with the lightning flashes. The howling of the wind and roaring of the waves were striking on his ears; the seas were dashing over the deck of the defenceless ship. Under these circumstances, and

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

clinging to his frail support, from which at any moment he might be washed, this is what the seaman did.

He stood as firmly as he could, holding on with a powerful grip; and sang loudly and lustily, so as, if possible, his voice might rise above the tumult around him, and that the words he sang might reach the ears of his companion, and convey comfort and hope to his soul.

These were the words of the song that he sang—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!"

A moment's pause, an upward glance towards the dark, starless, and tempestuous sky overhead; a downward look at the "raging billows" below, which were so soon, as he felt certain, to be his grave; a momentary swelling of the heart at the thought of the nearness of death, probably, and then the strain was continued—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Then another pause, while the voice and lungs of the singer obtained a little rest; and presently he sang again—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and feed the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace."

As he paused at intervals to recover his failing strength, such thoughts as these passed through his mind: "Troubled! I am no longer troubled. 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' if it were not so, my Saviour would have told me. He was troubled, that I might not be; and I hear Him saying now, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'" And then the song recommenced—

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;

Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

In the sequel, the captain and his partner in peril were providentially and most unexpectedly rescued. They were saved, and lived to tell of the deliverance here recorded.

Reader, do you say that having Christ is a delusion? But did you ever know or hear of—can you imagine—any instance in which a man has triumphed in death looking onward into eternity, resting on such a *no-faith* as that of the rejecters of the gospel? When *you* come to die, especially if you should have to face a terrific and unexpected termination of life while in full health and vigour, would you not like to have such a support as this captain had? "O, taste and see that the Lord is good." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

A CHRISTIAN SAILOR-SONG.



HAVE an Anchor sure,
Cabled within the veil;
Strong to life's strain endure,
And weather death's dark gale.
The love of God coiled round the soul,
Holds fast while endless ages roll.

Upon the Rock I stand,
Insured by changeless grace;
Safe if on sea or land,
In Christ my righteousness.
No saint aloft more safe with God,
Than sinner washed in Jesus' blood!

All sail is spread for home,
God's Word our compass true;
While, o'er the billow's foam,
Faith keeps the land in view.
Through Jordan's mists we'll clear the bar,
Since Jesus shines our "Morning Star!"

Where Christ our Captain stands,
We'll make the shining shore—
Thanks to His pierced hands—
And cross the surf no more.
The log aloft each tack will show,
His mercy shaped our course below!

Then moored at Jesus' feet,
High on the golden strand,
We'll join the ransomed fleet,
That sings in glory-land;
There swell with white-robed crews above
The wonders of redeeming love!

W. C. M.

GOD LOVES ME.



GENTLEMAN of intelligence attended some of our meetings in L—, Canada; at first merely to gratify his curiosity.

Previous to this he had made no profession of religion. Outwardly, he was a strictly moral man, and many wondered that he did not connect himself with a church; but he knew that he was not "born again," and that only those who are "born again" have any place at the Lord's table.

After attending a few of the meetings, he was convicted of sin, and became alarmed lest he should die in unbelief. When in this state of mind, he invited us to his house, that we might talk freely of the salvation that is in Christ Jesus. Then he laid open his heart and its anxieties. Having lived fifty years in sin, he supposed that he had much to do before he could be accepted of God. He was like a man that dreamed when he heard that he had nothing to do but to rest in a work already accomplished for sinners, and that, by virtue of that work, a sinner is accepted the moment he believes the record that God has given of

His Son. This truth engrossed his thoughts for many days. Still he had not found peace in believing. He sought for an extraordinary glow of feeling as an evidence, instead of looking to Jesus, as the Israelites looked to the brazen serpent.

Returning from meeting one night, he sat in his room absorbed by this momentous subject. His wife, a Christian, moved the Bible toward him. He understood her meaning, and read a chapter aloud. By a significant look she intimated her desire that they might kneel down together and implore the divine blessing. But he could not be a hypocrite, and say "Our Father" when he knew that he was not yet born again. He rose and paced the room,

and at length went to his chamber with thoughts of his own condition, bordering on despair.

Now the blessed moment arrives when the captive is to be delivered; and the light of the knowledge of the glory of God to shine into his dark mind. He had spent a sleepless night, and about four o'clock in the morning, his mind reverted to the discourse of the previous evening, which had made an impression on him. The text was, "For God so loved the world." "God so loved the world," he repeated; "God *loved*—so *LOVED*!" Here his thoughts became occupied with God, and he lost sight of self. Abandoning all his efforts to awaken

love to God in his own heart, he still dwelt on the blessed theme, "God loved the world—God sent His Son—Jesus Christ came into the world—into the world—that *whosoever* believeth on Him—*BELIEVETH ON HIM—should not perish.*" The burden was gone. He thought again, "*Who-soever* believeth," and exclaimed with joy, "I have it now; I see it all. Thanks be to God!" Then awaking his wife, he told her it was all clear. Yes, he was saved. With tears of joy he began to bless God, repeating over and over the comforting

words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." With a countenance beaming with joy, he told me the next day, "I am born again."


Reader, are you born again? If not, remember that we are born again by the word of truth, in setting our seal to its truth, and looking from self to Christ lifted up. Look now. Only believe.

"Cease from doing—all was done
Long, long ago."



"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)


G. C. N.





GOD commendeth
His love toward us,
in that, while we
were yet sin-
ners, Christ
died for
US. 
ROM. v. 8.

HEREIN is love,
not that we loved
God, but that
He loved us,
and sent
His Son.
1 JOHN iv. 10.

FOR

FOR


SO LOVED THE WORLD,
THAT HE GAVE
HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON,
THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH ON HIM
SHOULD NOT PERISH,
WHEN
we were
yet without
strength, in
due time Christ
died for the un-
godly. 
ROM. v. 6.

BUT HAVE
Everlasting Life.
JOHN III. 16.


THE
SON OF
GOD, who
loved me, and
gave Himself
for me. 
GAL. ii. 20.



"I'LL BEAR IT AS WELL AS THEY DO."
BY GEORGE HEFFORD.

"If you could spare the time," said a devoted servant of Christ, "I should like you to visit a man residing a few streets distant. His life has been a notoriously wicked one; he is now within a very few hours of death, but utterly careless and indifferent as to his soul's eternal interests. Many Christian friends have visited him, but hitherto their labours, prayers, and entreaties have had no apparent effect. It may be God will bless your visit in awakening him to a sense of his true condition; and he may, even at the eleventh hour, "be a brand plucked from the burning." Taking a Bible in my hand, I at once went to the place indicated. No one answering to my knock I lifted the latch, opened the door, and stepped inside. What a scene presented itself! A small room, extremely dirty; the light nearly excluded by rags and papers stuffed in the broken window; its only furniture—a chair, a broken table, and an old bedstead, with a few filthy rags lying upon it, from off which the sick man was rising. He took no notice of me—seemed scarcely aware of my presence—but walked to the chair, turned it round to the empty, cheerless fireplace, and sat down.

"You appear very ill, friend," I said, by way of introducing myself and arresting his attention. Without lifting his eyes to me, he replied, "I have been ill for some time, but am better now; I feel quite strong to-day, and shall soon be all right again."

After an apology for intruding myself upon him, I said, "Are you not deceiving yourself in reference to your state? The strength you feel now is *not* the strength of returning health, but of death; your time here is very, very short. Are you prepared for this solemn change?"

"I am not going to die yet," he replied, adding, after a pause, "and if I do it is of no consequence. I shall be as well off as many others."

"If you are not better off than many others yours will be a sad, sad case; for undoubtedly many will be found with Satan and his angels in the bottomless pit, 'where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' Surely you are not content to spend an eternity *there with them.*"

"I don't believe there is such a place," was his reply.

"Your unbelief does not alter the fact. The Bible—which is the word of God—distinctly states that such a place exists, and that 'unbelievers,' of which you confess yourself to be, will have their part there." (Rev. xxi. 8.)

Looking up now into my face, he replied, "Well you need not trouble about me, I don't care where I go. If there is, as you say, such a place, and I get there, there'll be lots of others beside me, and I'll bear it as well as they do."

For a moment or two I endeavoured to show him the folly of this kind of reasoning; but feeling his time was short, I set before him the fearful position in which he stood before God, as a guilty, condemned sinner. That he was standing on the threshold of eternity, only a step, a breath between himself and hell—that if that terrible doom was to be escaped, there must be no trifling or delay. The past, with all its guilt had gone up before God—could not be recalled; yet still God waited to be gracious. And if now realizing his condition, his danger, the sinner's place was taken, sins honestly confessed, an interest in Christ and His salvation sought, His precious blood pleaded, God would say, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom."

As passage after passage of scripture was read and quoted, without any interruption on his part, I was led to hope some impression had been made, and waited for a reply, when, all at once, a change came over his face, the eyes closed, his head dropped, and he would have fallen from the chair had I not supported

him. Taking him in my arms, I gently laid him on the bed of rags. By this time his little daughter and a neighbour had come in. For a time it seemed as if his last moments had come. We spoke, but he was evidently unconscious; and after offering prayer I left, the last words he uttered still ringing in my ears, "I'll bear it as well as they do." Visiting the house the next day, I was told he never spoke again, and in the night had passed away to render his account to God.

Reader, thousands are putting off the acceptance of Christ and His salvation with the hope that on a bed of sickness, or in a dying hour, they will have more *inclination* for spiritual things than now. Are you one of these? Take warning by this awful case. Affliction and the prospect of death, in some cases, appear to harden the heart, instead of softening it. The Holy Spirit so long resisted may cease to strive; or the heart become so hard, the conscience so seared and past feeling, that death, judgment, eternity, and hell, have no terrors. Oh, be wise! Now you may be saved. God loves you; Christ invites you; the Holy Spirit pleads with you. Flee at once to Jesus; take Him to be your Saviour, your Lord, your pardon, your peace, your life, your joy, your salvation, your all in all; then and there only are you

Safe for Ever.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

JOHN xiv. 6.



THOU art the *Way*, O Lord,
The *Way*—there is but one;
No man can to the Father come,
But by the living Son.

Thou art the *Truth*, O Lord,
The Word of power and might;
Thou cuttest as a two-edged sword,
And, entering, givest light.

Thou art the *Life*, O Lord,
And I am hid with Thee,
For ever in the eternal God,
Where loss nor harm can be.

Thou art my All in All,
Help me none else to see,
None else to serve, none else to fear,
But follow only Thee—

Walking along the *Way*,
Till I shall reach my home;
Led by the *Truth* from day to day,
Forbidding me to roam;

Looking my *Life* to see,
My Light, my Star, my Sun,
To dwell with Him eternally,
When my pilgrimage is done.



WHAT IS YOUR RELIGION WORTH?

GENTLEMAN was travelling from Cambridge to York, and as a true servant of the Lord Jesus he sought ever to be about his divine Master's business, and when opportunity offered, to speak a word of love to those he came in contact with. Ere he started he furnished himself with a pocketful of tracts, and as the train glided out of Cambridge station he began to hand them round. One of the passengers refused, and taking a race-card out of his pocket, he held it up, saying:

"You see this; that's *my religion*."

"Is it, my friend?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I suppose you have a good many of those cards?"

"Oh yes, I have them pinned all over my mantelpiece."

"Well then, go on and collect as many more as you can, pin them all round your room, and when the doctor tells you that you have only ten minutes to live, take them all down, count them over, and see what your religion is worth."

They sat quiet, the one in silent prayer and the other in anxious thought. When the gentleman opened the door to alight, the man said, "I say, you can give me one of those papers if you will!" The tract was immediately given, but the result is known to Him who will not let His word return void, but will make it accomplish His purposes.

Dear reader, I would ask you. What is your religion? Nearly every one has a religion of some sort or another, for man's nature is to worship and make a god of *something or somebody*.

A young man said the other day, "There are so many religions, I don't know which is the right one." Perhaps you say the same, but I would tell you there are only two kinds, that which is of God, and that which is of Satan, for that which is not of the Father is of the world, and the whole world lieth in the evil one, therefore I would advise you to *try* your religion, put it to the test, and see whether it is of God or of the devil. The gospel according to Satan is a treacherous thing, it ensnares the unwary, and captivates the sinner.

Some are caught in the meshes of worldliness;

the pleasures of sin entice them on, and with their eyes blinded to the consequences, they rush madly on in pursuit of fading pleasures. They serve the world and worship its god. It is their religion, and why? It is because they have a *sinful nature*; the heart is corrupt, and if sin is in the very core of a man, it is not surprising that he should follow in the path of the ungodly. But what about the future? Many have lived for pleasure and died in misery, for they found a mirage and not the reality, and delighted in a shadow which was without the substance. If you drink the cup of worldly pleasure, you must not forget there are the dregs to drink also; there is no escape from it; if you have the one you must have the other; if you rejoice in your youth, and walk in the ways of your heart, and in the sight of your eyes, REMEMBER that for all these things GOD will bring thee into judgment. (Eccles. xi.) When you are on your death-bed, and know for certain that you cannot live many minutes, then read your diary, count up the races you have attended, the plays you have seen, the evil pursuits you have followed; think over them—but tell me, Will they give you joy, or cause a heavenly smile to rest upon your face as you cross the threshold of time into eternity? Nay, you must reply “No.” If not, what then is your religion worth? The rich man in hell was bidden to remember his lifetime, and as he recalled his pleasures, and joys, and sins, it only added torment to his reflections as he thought of his opportunities neglected, and salvation rejected and despised.

There are also some whose religion consists in the worship of idols. I do not now refer to the heathen who worship images of wood and stone, but I would come nearer home, even to our so-called *enlightened* land, and to our own door.

“I hope you do not think I am a heathen,” said a person the other day, who was offended because she was offered a tract, and it may be you say the same.

I would ask, Who are heathen?”

“Oh,” you say, “those who worship idols.”

Just so, and an idol is that which *takes the place* of God, and is not this seen on every hand? Some make idols of others, or make idols of their gold or their possessions. How often another takes the place belonging to God, like that man who made his wife his excuse for stopping away from the feast. (Luke xiv. 20.)

Wives and children, companions and friends, have

a place in the heart, while the heavenly Guest has to stand outside knocking, and very often has to turn sorrowfully away because the door has been barred; idols have filled the heart, and there was no room found for the Lord Jesus. If such has been the case with you, may you say—

“Enter, enter, heavenly Guest,
Welcome, welcome to my breast;
I have long withstood Thy knocking,
For my heart was full of sin;
But Thy love has overcome me,
Blessed Jesus! oh, come in!”

Thus opening your heart to the Lord Jesus will not in any way lessen your love to your friends but the rather increase it; for love is of God.

The religion of the rich fool was to worship what he possessed, but he wanted more, and so men who make idols of their wealth never have enough to satisfy the cravings of their heart. They are not satisfied until they have a little more than it is possible for them to get. Barn was added to barn, but while there was a little more to be gained, there was a resolve to build larger barns, until God came upon the scene and said, “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall these be that thou hast?” “But they are my gods, I worship my granaries, I love my possessions, can I not keep them?” The answer comes: “No, you brought nothing into this world, and it is certain you can carry nothing out.” (1 Tim. vi. 7.)

A short time ago a man was dying. You could have seen by his appearance that he had one foot in the grave, but being a lovely day he slowly walked into the garden supported by two sticks.

“Well, Mr. —, how do you feel this morning?” asked a neighbour.

“Oh, thank you,” he replied, “I feel much better to-day. I think I shall get well now. I see the stocks are up.”

But the stocks going up did not keep him out of the grave, and a day or two after the drawn blinds told their tale, his spirit had passed into eternity, and his religion was left behind at the Stock Exchange, and I leave you to judge its value.

There is another class of people which form a large company, and whose religion consists in *good works*. They *do* all they think to be good and right, and plod on day after day *saying* prayers, keeping ordinances, and attending to the injunctions of *their* minister, so long as he is “liberal-minded;” and as touching their *outward* religious life they are blameless, but you must look *inside* a whitened sepul-

share to see the filthiness of the corrupt sinful nature.

Look at Saul of Tarsus, as man saw him he was a zealous and blameless Pharisee, who would not break the Sabbath-day by plucking an ear of corn, not he, he would rather fast two days; nor would he forget to let everybody know that he said long prayers, as he unrolled his piece of carpet and took off his shoes at the street corners before he began. That was how man saw him, but God saw differently. He looked upon him and saw a blasphemer, a persecutor, an injurious person to His chosen few, yea, even the chief of sinners. There was the form of godliness but the power was denied; a deal of outward show, but no inward vital reality; plenty of profession, but without the root of the matter in the heart.

Oh, my reader, if this is a picture of your case, I pray of you to consider what will all your so-called "good works" profit you on your dying-bed? or what aid will they afford you at the bar of God? As you stand before that great white throne, where everything will be spotless holiness, what a spectacle you will make as you there appear clothed in the filthy garments of your own self-righteousness, and there hear that dreaded sentence, "Depart, I never knew you."

"But, Lord, we were church members, honest, zealous, industrious, charitable."

"I NEVER KNEW YOU."

"We were Sunday-school teachers, tract-distributors; we spoke often in thy name."

"I NEVER KNEW YOU."

"We knew about you, your death and resurrection, and that you would come again."

"I NEVER KNEW YOU."

What, then, is such a religion worth?

Be wise in time, test your religion *now*, do not leave it until you are without the ability of changing your mind and altering your ways. The religion of Jesus Christ is *first* to take of the salvation, and after that to let good works follow. Satan delights to reverse God's order, and to whisper in the ears of poor sinners, "You must do something to be saved;" but God says we are first to look at what *is done*, and then we shall see what *to do*. If I look at what is done, I see that Jesus has died and risen for me; I believe that and I *am saved*; then I see what I am to do, for I am not my own, for I am bought with a price, even with blood, therefore I am to glorify God in my body and spirit, which are His.

Death may test this religion, but the *sting is gone*, there is nothing to fear; to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord, and if laid upon a couch with the death sweat upon the brow, it is with perfect assurance that *He is with me*, and has given His word that He will never leave nor forsake me.

The three might be put into the furnace, and Daniel in the lions' den, but with such a divine Protector the fire could not singe a hair of their heads; it only burnt their bands and allowed them to *walk* in the furnace; nor could the lions bite. God was the strong One, and the golden image could not keep its worshippers from being burnt to death if they went near. It was a fiery test to their religion, and yours too must be tested; will it stand the fire? May you choose this day whom you will serve, and the Lord help you to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all this world can boast of; then you will have that which alone can give true pleasure in your lifetime, solid comfort on your death-bed, and boldness in the day of judgment. The Lord grant it may be so. F. H. D.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

Ps. xxxiv. 8.

TRUST in the *Loving One*,
Jesus, thy Friend,
Who loveth thee always,
And loves to the end.

Trust in the *Dying One*:
Atonement He made;
The wrath He has borne,
Thy debt He has paid.

Trust in the *Risen One*,
Mighty to save;
For He will destroy
Both death and the grave.

Trust the *Ascended Son*,
Seated on high;
Through Him to the Father
Alone we draw nigh.

Trust in the *Living One*:
None can thee sever
From Him who was dead,
But now liveth ever.

Trust in the *Coming One*,
Coming for thee;
Soon with Him in glory
Safe home thou shalt be.

Trust in the *Beigning One*,
Never to fall;
Trust, love, and praise Him,
Christ, All in All.



The Finished Work of Christ.

AN aged Christian on her death-bed, when told by a friend that she was sinking, exclaimed, with a bright smile upon her face, "How can I sink when my feet are on a rock?" What a beautiful reply this was to give to one who was anxious to elicit from her some expression as to the state of her mind when eternity was drawing very near. And yet this is perfectly true of the humblest believer and weakest saint. He, who is resting in simple faith upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ is standing upon a sure foundation, which nothing can shake. It is well for the youngest believer thoroughly to grasp this great fact. If the vision of faith be in the least degree diverted from the person and work of the Son of God as the ground of the believer's confidence, there will never be the full enjoyment of settled peace in the soul. If frames and feelings are taken into account as regards salvation, there cannot be the full assurance of faith. Frames and feelings fluctuate; but the Lord is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Generally, if not always, the joy of a newly-born soul is very great—frequently it is unbounded, or, as Scripture beautifully expresses it, "exceeding joy;" but, sooner or later, from varied causes, this is sure to wane; and doubts and fears are certain to arise if anything short of the infinite value of the death and blood-shedding of the Lamb of God is clung to.

"My love is oftentimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with God remains the same—
No change Jehovah knows."

The word of God presents to us *two* distinct sides to the finished work of redemption. Too often one side only is insisted upon in the preaching of the Gospel. In the death of the Lord Jesus we have the human side and the divine side. We have that which fully meets the need of the sinner, we have also that which fully satisfies the righteous

claims of a sin-hating and sin-punishing God. There was not only man's sin to be atoned for, but also God's holiness to be vindicated. In this world God had been dishonoured by man; and in this scene none could be found who could glorify God with regard to His righteous judgment about sin. The Lord Jesus alone could say, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. A body hast thou prepared me." Then Jehovah could lay upon Him, the willing victim, the iniquity of us all. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him." Who can doubt the sufficiency of the sacrifice, when the atoning One could say, "Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn?" When bearing sin's heavy load, He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" The sacrifice being accepted, He, the holy Son of God, could say, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Well then may the apostle Paul triumphantly exclaim—and every believer is privileged to take up the challenge—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, who is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

The Unfinished Work of Christ.

A servant of God, whilst preaching the gospel, once put the following question to his hearers, "What proof have I that God is well pleased with the work of His dear Son?" Scarcely were the words uttered when an attentive listener exclaimed, "A risen Saviour, sir! a risen Saviour!" Blessed be God, this is so. In a risen and glorified Saviour, at God's right hand in heaven, we have an indisputable proof that the work has been well done; the victory truly won, and our righteousness completed. Let us be very clear and distinct as to this. The Lord Jesus Christ was "delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." As someone has strikingly said, "Jesus Christ died to purchase redemption for the believer, and He lives to see that he gets it." This thought has been recorded, in lines with which God's people everywhere are familiar—

"The Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives—our Head—enthroned on high;
He lives our mansions to prepare;
He lives to bring us safely there."

This is what we have called "the unfinished work

of Christ." Like the High Priest of old, He bears our names upon His breast. His heart in the glory is unchanged. He loves and cares for His own. He is deeply interested in all that concerns them while passing through this world. He intercedes for them. He is preparing a place for them. All these things He is doing now, and will continue to do for them, until the desire of His heart has been attained—that where He is there they may be also. Praise the Saviour!

The importance of the truth conveyed by the foregoing remarks may be more clearly brought out by the following illustration. We will suppose a debtor has been cast into prison, not to be released until his debt has been paid. He has many creditors, but nothing to pay. Suppose, further, that a friend, hearing of the trouble he is in, pays the debt for him, and that he is liberated. He is then free; but if he has nothing to go on with, and his necessities are not provided for, he will only get into debt again. It is not so with the believer; he has not been left to do the best he can for himself. In a risen Saviour he has a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." His loving heart is tender and compassionate to those who have trusted in Him. He knows His own and all their circumstances, whether of joy or sorrow. He knows how to deliver them in the hour of trial and temptation; He is pledged to preserve them, and to what? Unto His heavenly kingdom. Christians are kept for heaven—the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled is theirs—because Christ is theirs. The knowledge of this imparts power, confidence, and courage. The Lord is able both to deliver and to preserve. From every evil work the risen Lord will deliver His own who trust in Him and cry to Him, even if they have for a moment fallen; for He delights to cheer the fainting heart. His mighty arm is equal to every emergency, if the heart is turned to Him for help in the hour of danger. The finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ has perfectly met all our need as sinners under the condemnation of wrath, and thereby our peace is made. In the resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ we behold a Person for our hearts' affections. This is what the renewed nature requires, and He has given us Himself as an object for love and adoration. In Him alone can true rest of heart be found. Thus in the finished work of Calvary, and in the unfinished work of the glory, the portion of the believer is secured to him for ever by Jesus Christ—

"He signed the deed Himself
By His atoning blood,
And ever lives to make the payment good.
Should death and sin or law come in
To urge a second claim,
They all retire at mention of His name."

W. H. F. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Gospel in Hosea. By J. Denham Smith. London: J. E. Hawkins.

The minor prophets have failed to receive the same share of exposition as other parts of the scriptures of truth. We are, therefore, glad to welcome this volume from the ready pen of this well-known author. He has done his work well, and has given us a sound and profitable unfolding of the book of Hosea. He has treated his subject doctrinally and practically, while its prophetic bearing on the ancient people of God has not been lost sight of. We trust it will find its way into the hands of many.

Footsteps of Truth. Edited by C. Russell Hurditch. Vol. I. London: Shaw and Co.

This is the first volume of our friend's (Mr. C. R. Hurditch) new magazine. It contains a great variety of sound and spiritual unfoldings of the word of God, and will be read with much interest and profit. It is well got up, and is a very welcome addition to our bookshelves. In the number for January of this year is commenced a very interesting memoir of our late valued friend, Lord Congleton, which will be continued in succeeding months. We cordially commend it to the notice of our readers.

→* HIDING. *

IN her first hour of need my soul was blest,
Jesus, my Lord, in Thee;
Faith's deep, unbroken ecstasy of rest
Was Thy rich gift to me.

I only knew my life was bought with blood,
That precious blood of Thine:
Thy soul had passed beneath the fiery flood
Of judgment-wrath for mine.

My fetters all were gone: I only knew
I was redeemed and free;
I only felt Thy love, so strong and true,
In all its strength for me.

I thought not, as I grasped the gift divine,
How poor I was, how lost!
The joy, the song of victory was mine—
Thine the unmeasured cost!

Within the rising of corruption's tide;
The sin-blight all around:
Still from myself, dear Saviour, let me hide
Where first my rest I found.

Still in the sunshine of Thy blessed face
Let me my heaven see;
And, empty, in the riches of Thy grace,
I shall be rich in Thee! A. E. W.



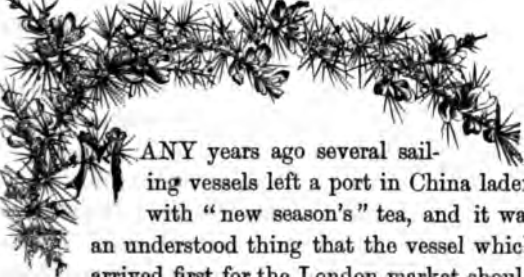
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THE TRUSTY WEATHER-GLASS;

OR, THE WARNING HEEDED.



ANY years ago several sailing vessels left a port in China laden with "new season's" tea, and it was an understood thing that the vessel which arrived first for the London market should receive a sum of money to be divided proportionately among the captain, officers, and crew.

With an inducement of this substantial character we can easily perceive that each man would be more eager than the other to make a speedy and successful passage home.

As one only of these vessels specially concerns the story, we shall now proceed to give a faithful narration of what transpired upon it.

For a few days everything went well; the weather was all that could be desired, and a prosperous voyage seemed to be before them.

But one morning the captain, who had been on deck, returned to his cabin, and as he was about to seat himself for a rest, his eye caught the weather-glass. To his surprise it indicated a storm, and he hurried on deck to scan the horizon. Carefully and patiently he watched the sky, but failed to observe the slightest confirmation of the warning he had received. No clouds were apparent, and the sea was calm. What should he do? "Perhaps," he

thought, "something has happened to the glass. I can see no symptoms of a storm, and I can't afford to waste time." Thus musing to himself, he made up his mind to wait a little, which he did.

An hour or so afterwards he returned to the cabin, and this time the glass spoke more significantly than before—*Storm*. More perplexed than ever, again he went on deck and narrowly watched the sky. Still no signs there, nothing to indicate the disturbing elements which assuredly existed. The captain hesitated, a conflict began in his mind. Should he be guided by the old glass and prepare for the storm, or trust to mere appearances?

The gold awaiting the first arrival was surely tempting at this moment, and a spirit of covetousness said, "Never mind the glass, it's not to be relied upon to-day; is not everything bright and fair?"

On the other hand, his better judgment whispered, "Be careful; that old glass has never been wrong in the past; you had better trust it now, it's the safe course." And this he decided to do.

Immediately afterwards he shouted out, "Take every stitch of canvas in; there's a storm coming!" In an instant every eye on board was turned upward, and the men, like their captain previously, looked in vain to see any sign of it.

Surprised at the absence of any warning where they most expected it, and regarding the captain's order as unreasonable, the sailors began to murmur.

Presently (as they remembered their share in the prize money should they arrive first, murmuring ceased, giving place to a spirit of intense anger, and this showed itself by their terrible language. Oaths

and swearing began to be heard, and for a few moments all was in an uproar.

The captain, fearing an open mutiny, pleaded with the men, and, partly by expostulation and partly by his authority, they, reluctantly enough, proceeded to obey his commands.

Scarcely were the sails taken down, when quite suddenly the heavens became overcast with the densest clouds, the wind blew a hurricane, and they experienced a storm concerning which the captain afterwards remarked, "I never witnessed the like of it, either before or after, in all my experience."

Had he not heeded the warning, in all human probability all would have perished. In fact, strange and unaccountable as it is, his was the only vessel which ever reached England out of those which had left China on the occasion to which we have referred. We do not linger to draw any inferences as to the probable reasons explaining the loss of these vessels, but we pass on at once to remark that the lessons which may be derived from this incident are both obvious and striking. If the reader of this paper is unsaved, we would entreat him to remember that he is sailing upon the great sea of time to a boundless eternity. Perhaps hitherto he has gone on indifferently—merrily, engaging himself with things frivolous and sinful.

Thus unregenerate, and lulled into a spirit of dangerous carelessness by Satan, he is rapidly passing along to irremediable and eternal despair. Earnest men and women, relatives, friends, and others, are continually reminding him that judgment draweth nigh. They point him to the shelter afforded by the blood of Christ, and implore him to hasten thither for safety, but all in vain. Time was perhaps when he was not so hardened as now, for thoughts of death and judgment to come once alarmed him. When he listened to the truth concerning the speedy coming of Christ, conscience troubled him and he trembled; but now these feelings have departed, and his thoughts and language resemble those of the scoffer, who says, "Where is the promise of His coming? all things continue as they were," etc. So far as he can see there are no signs that should disturb his ease, and he has no patience with those religious "fanatics" and "alarmists" who stedfastly testify for their rejected Master.

He hears their fervent entreaty, "Escape for thy

life," but he regards this fervour as superfluous religious feeling, which it is the duty of manly people to despise. Do they shout, "Flee from the wrath to come," to him it is a meaningless phrase, and he goes on in pursuit of his own pleasure and lusts, "heeding not the call of God."

If he had lived in the days of Noah, he would have called the old man a fool. "Just imagine him building an ark on dry land, preaching righteousness, and heralding a flood!" Or possibly at the first he might have been a little concerned, but as time wore on his alarm would have gone, and he would have settled down in indifferent ease.

Doubtless this describes the feelings of many in that day, but the flood came and took them all away.

Should the reader of this be such an one, we charge him, in the fear of God, to be no longer deceived.

We echo the cry over again, "The day of the Lord will come," and beseech him to lay it to heart. A day of darkness and not light, a day of cruel but deserved anguish, is coming. That which hinders its immediate manifestation is the longsuffering mercy of God; but this grace will cease, and then retribution shall begin.

A God of boundless love unheeded; His "well-beloved Son" neglected and despised; His gracious Spirit's warnings and entreaties rejected. "Eternal redemption" passed by; "eternal judgment" the result. Destruction from the Almighty cometh as a "whirlwind, and he shall not escape." Banished from God to be the everlasting recipient of unutterable woe.

Oh, what a prospect! Unsaved one, awake! awake! Thy damnation slumbereth not, rocked to sleep in Satan's arms; how inexpressibly dangerous is thy condition! Flee to the Rock of Ages; cling to Christ by a living faith. Perilous indeed is your state if you any longer delay. Don't trust appearances. The old Book, the trusty word of God, predicts a storm—an awful, eternal storm; it draws closer, closer. Away to Christ ere destruction overtakes thee, and your precious soul experiences the woes of those who bring upon themselves the vengeance of Almighty God.

F. A. B.



HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?



BY GEORGE HEFFORD.

It has become an almost universal custom with people in trade, at certain times to take stock of their goods, examine and balance their accounts, in order to ascertain as near as possible how matters stand between themselves and others.

Would it not be well, reader, if at this time also another account was examined, namely, YOUR LIFE ACCOUNT WITH GOD. In the Scriptures sins are called "debts." God is the Creditor, and every sinner is a debtor. Yet many live as if no debt had been contracted, and take no pains to ascertain how much they owe. Is this your case? if so, I implore you—

"Stop to think

Before you further go,
Because you stand upon the brink
Of everlasting woe."

Think of it or not, the sins of your life have been seen and recorded on high; no single one omitted, overlooked, or forgotten. What an account! Try to realize it. Sins of omission and commission; mercies abused; warnings slighted; goods squandered; time wasted; opportunities misimproved; the Bible neglected; the soul forgotten. God, instead of being loved, honoured, worshipped, and served, has been robbed, insulted, provoked, rebelled against, opposed, hated, defied. Christ, the Son of His love, despised, neglected, rejected, disbelieved, crucified afresh. The Holy Spirit resisted, His loving entreaties set at nought, convictions stifled, impressions made drowned in frivolity and sin, while every day, every hour, and every moment are adding their items to the already fearful list. Who can number his transgressions? As well attempt to count the stars, the leaves of forests, the blades of grass, the drops of ocean, or the grains of sand upon its shores. Other debts may be reckoned; these cannot. Tremble, oh unforgiven soul, thy guilt is clear as noonday. The sentence of thy condemnation is registered, but execution is delayed. Flee lest justice arrest thee, and cast thee into that prison from which there is NO RELEASE.

Do you enquire, "Whither must I flee? how can I escape?" Read! There is a way by which you

may be set free. God, who is rich in mercy, has provided a surety for bankrupt debtors. His own Son has left the glory, came to earth, taken the terrible load of debt with all its consequences upon Himself, and by His obedient life and sacrificial death met the law's demands and satisfied justice on their behalf. Accept Him as YOUR SURETY; go to God by Him; acknowledge your indebtedness; declare your insolvency; plead what He has done on your behalf.

"Payment God will not twice demand—
First at your bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at yours."

Oh, no! He will cancel the debt, blot out the handwriting that stood against you, giving you a receipt in his own faithful word: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isaiah xliii. 25).

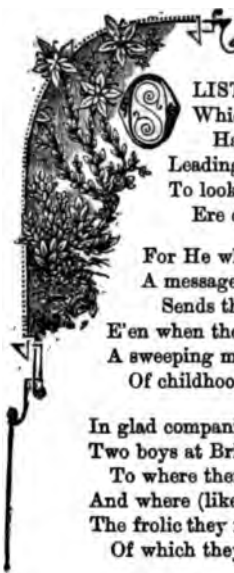
Thus you may truly

"Sing, 'tis done; from heaven's own treasure
All the fearful debt is paid,
All transgressions perfect measure
God has on our Surety laid;
And for ever is the sacrifice He made."

What gratitude should this produce! Matt, a poor half-witted boy, had learned enough to know he owed a debt to God he could never pay, and was weeping for fear he should be shut up in prison. A Christian lady took his trembling hand in hers, and gently said, "Matt, you need not go to prison; God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, has paid the debt." Down into his darkened mind the soft light of the gospel shone, and as he saw the wondrous truth, that Jesus died on the cross in his stead, he lifted his streaming eyes to heaven, uttering from his heart the joyful cry, "Man that paid," Matt says, "thank you, thank you." Surely you will not do less.

Reader, are you forgiven? Happy lot. Show your gratitude by following Christ *fully*. Come out from the world; be separate; put on the whole armour of God; fight the good fight of faith; act valiantly. So *only* will your crown be bright.

Are you still unforgiven? Space is yet granted; you yet live; Christ still waits. Be warned of your danger, and flee at *once* to Him. Take Him as your only hope; embrace Him as your full salvation. Rest not till you can truly say, CHRIST IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."



A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

LISTEN to a tale of truth,
Which may for age as well as youth
Have some attractive power,
Leading perchance some thoughtless one
To look and see what Christ has done,
Ere comes his dying hour.

For He who sits enthroned above
A message oft of saving love
Sends through the things of time,
E'en when the scythe-stroke's rapid pass
A sweeping makes (like mowing grass)
Of childhood in its prime.

In glad companionship one day
Two boys at Bridgnorth found their way
To where there stood a church,
And where (like others of their kind)
The frolic they rejoiced to find
Of which they were in search.

This church was needing some repair,
And therefore scaffolding was there,
On which these playmates went;
From height to height well pleased to go,
With neither timid steps nor slow,
To reach the highest bent.

Rejoiced to find themselves so high
(A church-height nearer to the sky),
They scramble to and fro,
When suddenly a rafter fell,
And, oh, what tongue and pen can tell
The change from joy to woe!

Precipitated from their height,
The hapless boys, o'erwhelmed with fright,
Their downward course begun,
When, lo! an intervening beam,
Which gave to hope a distant gleam,
Became a hold for one.

The other boy, without this hold,
To seize his friend was promptly bold
With such tenacious grasp
As only they can understand
Who feel that instant death's at hand
If they but lose their clasp.

Suspended thus they both remain,
With how much peril, how much pain!
Yet hopefulness intense
That peradventure in their need
Some passer-by, some friend indeed,
Might rescue them from thence.

The one on whom the other hung
(Who closely to the rafter clung)
Said to his friend at last,
"I cannot hold much more, I fear;
I'm feeling almost spent. Oh dear,
My strength is failing fast!"

The other answered thus: "And what
If I were off you? Could you not
Hold on till help is nigh?"
"I think I could," the other cried.
"God bless you then!" his friend replied,
And down he dropt to die!

Farewell, dear boy! We shall not see
Perhaps on earth the like of thee—
A victim for thy friend,
The one whose life seemed linked with thine,
For whom thou couldst thine own resign
To this untimely end!

Over thy grave our hearts could weep,
And mark the spot where thou dost sleep,
While he, thy friend forlorn,
Will deem it to thy memory due
That he should go there oft anew,
Thine early death to mourn.

But have we seen the cross, the grave
Of Him who lost ones came to save,
And felt our hearts unmoved,
Though not for *friends*, but wretched *foes*
His heart's love, through His life-long woes
And cruel death, was proved?

Oh, have we e'er to Calvary been,
And witnessed that astounding scene
Of which the prophet sung?
Behold transgressors hanging there,
And He who came our sins to bear
Between those sinners hung!

Himself the sinner's ransom price,
Himself the spotless sacrifice,
And His that precious blood
Which should eternally avail,
When brought by Him within the veil,
To make our peace with God.

From going down into the pit
We are delivered, made to sit
With Jesus Christ above,
Because Himself went down for us,
Whom He has raised to glory thus,
To heights of bliss and love.

Oh, listen to this wondrous tale,
Which, when believed in, will avail
Eternal life to give!
'Tis God's own great and ceaseless call
To dying sinners, great and small,
"Look, look to Him, and live!"

That you might live through Him, He died;
He rent the veil, and opened wide
The new and living way:
Then, hearing what the Spirit saith,
With but a step 'twixt you and death,
Come, enter in to-day! (Heb. iii. 7.)

A. M. FULL.

THE LAST RACE.

WHEW! what a mass of people! How they press forward, thronging along the broad way to the race marsh! All the world is here this bright September day.

Home and estate and farm and profession are all left far behind, and out of mind. What eager interest, what earnest purpose, what manly force is concentrated and expended on the day's engagement! ONE day, and when over gone—gone where all the other days have gone before it, gone on to judgment.

But hush! you must not speak of judgment here. No word of aught but the present.

Here let the stream of life glide on swiftly and easily, like the mill-race close beside the way the crowd is travelling. Forget of course that it ends in a rush, and a whirl, and a rumble of ponderous wheels, like the groan of the dying, and that then it is lost in the river whence it came, as time flows on, and is lost in the parent stream of eternity.

Nay, nay, let it glance in the sunlight, let it ripple like laughter, let it flow like pleasure softly along, and enjoy itself while it can. Blind philosophy! for the end must come; and if unprepared, what then?

Now there is a check to the crowd. What is it? And those behind cry, "What is it?"

Three men—gentlemen, every one sees that in a moment by their manner and accent—are standing on the other side of the mill-race, lifting up their voice, warning the pleasure-seekers to think of eternity, and entreating them to repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. The words went home to many; but Satan is near, and soon goads the major part to fury.

Who are these that dared interfere with their amusement? They took it, as men too often do, as hostility to *themselves* instead of friendliness to themselves, and hostility to those things which were luring them to destruction. "Oh that they were wise, that they understood this!"

Men who drink, who gamble, who blaspheme, who fight, who cheat, are called friends to be received and listened to; but bah! Christians are fools, and ought to be put down as a nuisance. Fools enough they are to listen to the voice of God rather than that of Satan, to choose eternal life instead of eternal death, heaven instead of hell.

So there was hooting and laughing, and sneering and jeering at the servants of God, and no one felt he was doing anything out of the way, except that some might conceal their scorn, and pharisaically think that others were going too far.

They could see the sin in the outward act of another, but were not honest enough to trace the very same enmity to God in their own hearts. Men judge of sin by its appearance; they think sin kept down out of sight no sin.

"God looketh on the heart." The heart but needs to be stirred a little, and up comes the sediment to the surface. One thing will stir it up in one man that will not in another; but it cannot be stirred up if it is not there. And the fact that you are sometimes stirred up to say and do what you know afterwards is sin shows that the sin is there; and "the wages of sin is death." Only by death can our sin's penalty be paid.

There was one gentleman among the crowd pressing on to the race marsh who was just like this. He had despised them in his heart, but was too well-bred to express it openly, so thought there was no harm in him, because he had done no harm.

He was a typical man, such a one as is to be met with every day—a country gentleman, a jolly companion, a good neighbour, fond of sports of every kind.

Determined, independent, outspoken, and full of character, caring for and afraid of nothing and nobody, not even of God; that is, practically, though, like most men, had you told him what was really in his heart he would have said, as did Hazael, "What, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

Our sin is greater in fact than we think it. 'Tis God only can say, "I know the evil that thou wilt do;" for He alone knows what is in man. Well for the reader or hearer of this if he has come to an understanding of God's thoughts of *him*.

"Lord, show me myself," is the true prayer of the unthinking and unsaved. It has its answer in the cross of Calvary. The law was the school-master until Christ. When I see Christ on the cross and His sorrow, I see myself and my sin's judgment.

The gentleman we speak of had ridden over many miles to enjoy himself at the Totnes races, and was not at all prepared to hear preaching.

So he pushed on, wishing the men of God further. He pushed on to get away from them,

and to plunge into the scene of pleasure, as men call it.

And he would have succeeded had not an event arrested his attention, trivial in itself, but fraught with momentous consequences to the beholder.

He had passed over the stream by the temporary bridge thrown across it for the occasion, and just turned round a moment to look back on the way he had come, and to see those who were coming on the same road.

Would to God that many another would turn round and see the way they have come, and what others are doing, even as they themselves have done! The sight might arouse their slumbering conscience; for we can sometimes easier see our own wrong in another's course—the selfsame course as ours.

What made him start? What brought the warm flush of shame into his manly face? What made his heart beat faster?

It was only an old man, with white hair, and form bowed with age, lifting a stone, and, with hatred and scorn depicted on his face, raising and hurling it at the servants of God.

Was it that he was angry and indignant with the old man? Perhaps so at first; but his conscience did not let him rest at this. He was honest with himself. He could see in the old man's act what he had been prevented from by his gentility and veneer of external respect—the *real* enmity of his heart towards God.

The thought struck him, What harm have those three preachers done to that old man? Have they rebbed him? Have they hurt him? Have they abused him? No!

Then they must be right, and he must be wrong. "But I *felt* the same as that old man did; therefore I must be like him, therefore I am on the wrong course. I am all wrong, and they are right. I must not remain here any longer."

He saw himself in the other. He was not long in making up his mind what to do. He was too thorough and straightforward to hesitate. His one thought was to get away, to flee his course, to change his road. Home was his determination. This was to be his race to-day—*his last race*.

He made his way out, to the astonishment of not a few; for he was well known and as well liked. But he vouchsafed small explanation. He was soon on horseback, the twelve miles were quickly retraced, and home was gained, to his wife's great surprise.

"What has happened to bring you home so soon?"

He sat down and described the whole scene. She was greatly touched. She knew her husband well—knew that it was not a small thing that had affected him, that it must be reality, or he would soon have laughed or shaken it off.

If he considers it time for him to alter his course, that he is in the wrong, then God help me not to be left behind. "What must I do to be saved?" She took up the Bible, and, thank God, it was not long before she was able to rejoice in Him who had been made sin for her.

She found peace through simply trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, and at once confessed Him. Her husband had not such instant joy; not that he too was not able to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and have instant salvation. But he did not see the necessity for proclaiming himself *out and out* for Christ.

He thought, "I can be a good Christian, and yet enjoy the world." He was passionately fond of hunting; he could not relinquish *that*.

So he still continued attending the meet, but all the while not feeling comfortable or happy. It came to a climax one day. It was at the hunt dinner, with which they finished up the season. "Of course he would attend," they said to him. "It was quite the proper thing; everyone did so." He put in an appearance, though feeling ill at ease. He was shown into a seat at the table, inside, against the wall.

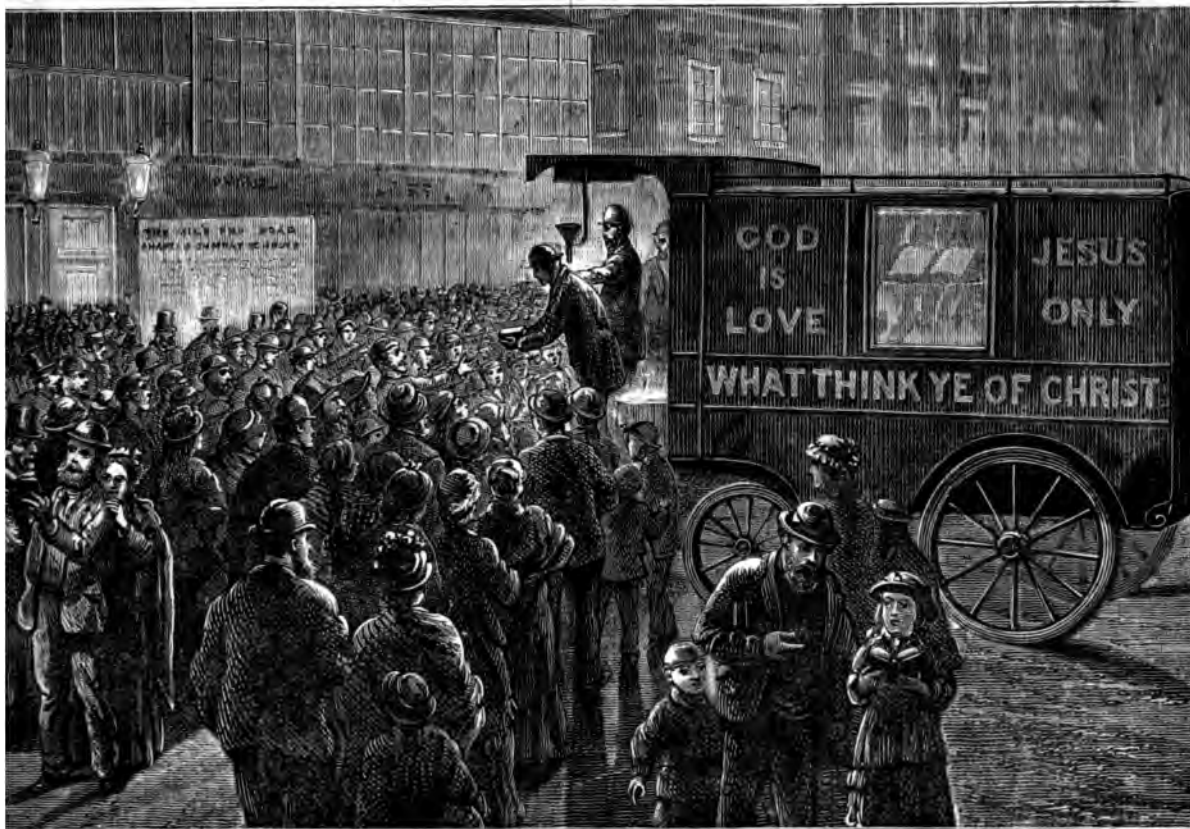
Soon the dinner was in full swing. All was jollity, everyone had something to say, but all was for the world and its pleasures and amusements. Things were said, insinuations were made, showing the contempt in which the Bible and God were held. He saw again he was in his wrong place, that it must be *decision for Christ*. It would be no use saying anything in that company.

Decision with him meant action; so, placing his hand on the middle of the table, he vaulted over it (he was a powerful, athletic man) and disappeared.

He never went into such scenes again. He became a whole-hearted champion for the truth, witnessing to all around, rich and poor alike, of "the same Lord over all, who is rich unto all that call upon Him. For *whosoever* shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 13.)

J. C. M.

The Watchman's Message.



PREACHING FROM THE BIBLE-CARRIAGE.

“DOING MY BEST.”

DURING last autumn we were standing with Henry Moorhouse's large Bible-carriage, in the centre of one of our cathedral towns, on a market day. Many hundreds during that day read the precious words of God painted on the outside of the van, and Bibles, Testaments, gospel books, and text cards were freely purchased.

While in charge of the carriage during the dinner-hour, a respectable tradesman (as I was afterwards informed) came towards me, slowly reading aloud, in an enquiring tone of voice, the words, “Ye must be born again.”

This plain statement, painted in letters five or six inches long on the front of the van, seemed to be a perfect riddle to him.

A conversation, of which the following is the substance, ensued :

“Well, friend, do you understand what you are reading?”

“‘Ye must be born again’—hum—m, those *are* mysterious words. There is something I never *could* understand in them.”

“God’s word tells us that the simple meaning of them is, that you and I are lost sinners, dead in trespasses and sins, on our way to hell, and needing nothing short of salvation, pardon and eternal life from Himself through Jesus Christ His Son.”

As the word “hell” left my lips he threw up his hands as though he would put the thought of the existence of such a place far from him, saying, “Hush! hush! hush! Hell! don’t talk to me about hell! I’m not going to hell! I’ve nothing to do with hell!”

“Look here, sir; the Lord Jesus Christ, who can—

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

not lie, or make a mistake, says that there are only two roads—"the broad way," ending in destruction; and "the narrow way," ending in life eternal. On one of these two ways you are at this moment. Which is it?"

"Oh, well, you know, I suppose, we all hope to get to heaven at last."

"But, my dear sir, in this business of your soul's salvation supposition, hope, or anything like uncertainty is worse than useless; for the results of a mistake are eternal."

"We know all that, but you're not talking to a drunkard or a blasphemer. I never was anything of that sort. I'm not so bad as many who make a great noise about religion. I've brought up my family respectably, and always paid twenty shillings in the pound, and am always ready to do a good turn to any one that's in trouble. At any rate, I'm doing my best to get to heaven."

"I hope, sir, you will not be offended with me for dealing so plainly with you; but what do you mean by "doing your best"?"

"Doing my best? Why, being honest and straight, and—well—and keeping the Ten Commandments."

"Have you kept them, sir?"

"Yes; I don't know that any one can accuse me of doing any harm."

"If what you say is true, you are a most remarkable man. There is only one other man from Adam down to the present moment who could use such words, and that man is the God-man Christ Jesus. He is the only one who is spoken of in the Scriptures as 'harmless,' and who could say with truth, 'I do always those things that please Him.'"

"I don't mean to say that I'm as good as He was, far from it; but I'm a lot better than many."

"Friend, God has said, 'The thought of foolishness is sin,' and, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Upon your own confession you are a sinner. God has also said, 'Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.' Thus you see you are a lost sinner, under the curse of the broken law, and on your way to meet death, the holy God, judgment, and eternity. But God loves you, and has provided for you a way of escape from the guilt and power and doom of sin. The same blessed one who said, 'Ye *must* be born again,' also said, 'The Son of man *must* be lifted up.' This second '*must*' has been fulfilled. The One who uttered it, God's holy, spotless Lamb, has been lifted up on the cross in order that there, by the sacrifice of Himself, He

might put away sin. This mighty work of making atonement for sin He has accomplished; for ere he yielded up His spirit into the hands of His Father He cried with a loud voice, 'It is finished!' God witnessed to the truth of this triumphant shout by raising Him from the dead, and seating Him at His own right hand in the glory. Now God, by means of His written Word, and through the lips of His true servants, is offering in the name of Jesus salvation to the lost, pardon to the guilty, life to the dead, and heaven to those who deserve hell. Before you go let me remind you, sir, that the very fact of God sending His own Son into the world to die for sinners proves most simply and conclusively that we are all lost, helpless, and undone; and let me beseech you, sir, at once to lay hold of God's offered salvation."

"Ah, well, there's a great deal of truth in what you've been saying! I like that sort of plain speaking, and I'll think about it. You'll be preaching from this van to-night, won't you?"

"Yes, I purpose doing so."

"All right, I'll come and hear you. Good morning."

And now having bid farewell to this friend, let me turn to the reader of this incident, and ask whether this conversation has not a voice to you. Do you know what it is to be "born again"? God, who has spoken to us in these last days by His Son, has said, "You *must* be born again," and He means what He has said. I pray you consider this imperative statement, and if you don't understand it, take your Bible, and read the third chapter of John's gospel; for there the Lord Jesus explains these most important words. Enquire, I entreat you, of those true witnesses of God, whose testimony is recorded in the New Testament Scriptures, and you will be told that "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God;" that "He (Christ Jesus) came to His own, and His own received Him not; but to as many as received Him, to *them* gave He power to become the *sons of God*, even to *them* that believe on His name." For "to Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

God in long-suffering mercy has spared, and is sparing, your life for this purpose, that you might be saved. If by *neglecting* His great salvation you despise His "goodness and forbearance and long-suffering," you will not escape His righteous judgment, but will be lost in hell *for ever*.

He who came once in humiliation, and died that salvation might be extended to you, is coming again. "In flaming fire, with His mighty angels, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power."

"Because there is wrath, beware lest He take *thee* away with His stroke (death): then a great ransom cannot deliver *thee*." H. DALZELL BIRD.

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION.

"When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . and they shall not escape."—1 THESS. V. 3.

THESE words have had their literal fulfilment on many occasions during the history of the world; but the time is yet future, although it may be near, when they will be finally fulfilled at the coming of the Lord.

In the early days of the Christian era the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed by the molten lava from the fiery Vesuvius, where recent discoveries have shown that men were overtaken in the midst of their occupations and pleasures, by the sudden eruption and descent of the burning torrent; and again within the last few months we have been solemnly reminded of the coming day of the Lord by the earthquake that overthrew several towns in the island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples; and by

the yet more terrible scenes enacted in the Javan Seas, where nearly fifty thousand persons were engulfed by the quaking earth and seas.

In the great coming day men will be busy with their usual occupations, building, planting, marrying—enjoying life, as it is called—when suddenly, in a moment, all will be stopped by the glorious appearing of Christ, with His mighty angels, in flaming fire. The days of Noah and of Lot, in the time of the old world, are figures of what will then take

place. The sun will rise as usual; the public offices be opened; the men of business hastening on in the pursuit of their calling; the trains rushing on in their furious course—when, lo! a sudden flash, and all is stilled, and every eye is fixed upon the awful majesty of Him that now appears in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; for "every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him."



THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

This day is thus described in Joel ii. 10, 11: "The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble: the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining: and the Lord shall utter His voice before His army: for His camp is very great: for He is strong that executeth His word: for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible: and {who can abide it?}"

Oh, my reader, be warned by these things! Though all things go on day by day in their even round—though

men's hearts are crying, "Peace and safety," and are living in disregard of God, as if all things would ever continue so—yet be assured that the time spoken of in God's word will come. Then be prepared for that day. True "*peace and safety*" can alone be found in Jesus. He is the only hiding-place, the only harbour of refuge from the coming storm. Oh, flee to Him, and find shelter before the great and terrible day of the Lord shall come!

—✱ THE † RELIGION † OF ✱—
Man
IS
DO OR WORKS.

God
IS
DONE OR GRACE.

Going about to establish their own
righteousness.—ROMANS X. 3.

Mortification.—COLOSSIANS II. 23.

Morality.—ROMANS III. 10.

Almsgiving.—LUKE XVIII. 11.

Not by Works of righteousness.

TITUS III. 5.

To him that worketh not.—ROMANS IV. 5.

Justified by His blood.—ROMANS V. 9.

Thy money perish with thee.

ACTS VII. 20.

DOING IS A DEADLY THING,
DOING ENDS IN DEATH.

DO not mistake, much that a man does is right and proper to be done, but should be the outcome of his spiritual life, AFTER he has accepted the finished work of Christ. What we do should be the RESULT of our having forgiveness of sin, not the means by which we obtain it.

→✱ **MAN'S † GREATEST † NEED.** ✱←

A MAN may want liberty, and yet be happy; a man may want food, and yet be content; a man may want clothing, and yet be comfortable; but he that wants the Gospel, wants everything that can do him good in this life and the life that is to come. No worse condition can be imagined than to be without hope and without God in the world.

THE POWER OF A TRACT;

OR, THE WAY TO HELL.

BY
S. BLOW.

"**H**ARK!" said I to a friend, "there is someone singing a hymn." As we both stood still to listen, we heard distinctly, floating on the soft and gentle breeze, voices singing that well-known hymn:

"There is life in a look at the crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee."

While looking in the direction from whence the sound came, we saw far away, on the top of the sloping hillock we were descending, two persons coming in the direction where we were standing. Concluding they were strangers, like ourselves, in the neighbourhood, we lingered about till they reached us, then turning to the man, I said, "Was that you singing a hymn just now?"

He replied, "Yes."

"Then you are a Christian, and know all your sins are forgiven."

"Bless the Lord, yes."

"How long have you known the blessedness of the man 'whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sin is covered'?"

"Over twenty years."

"Where did it happen?"

"In Scotland."

"What part?"

"In the city of Perth."

"Can you remember any of the circumstances that led to your conversion?"

"I should think I could."

"Let us hear it then."

"It was in the year 1852, in the month of May, while as a sergeant in the Royal Marines I was recruiting in that city. One day, walking with one of the 78th Highlanders round the North Inch, a dear old gentleman, whom I never saw before or since, wheeling himself

in a little bath-chair, stopped and gave each of us a tract. The title of the one I received was, '*The Way to Hell*.' One side of the leaf gave a catalogue of sins, and plainly showed those who practised them were on the way to hell. And, blessed be God, it showed me I was the man; I felt, I knew, I was guilty of all the sins there mentioned. In a moment the burden of sin lay heavily upon my heart, and I turned to my comrade and said, 'Don't you feel anything?' He burst out laughing. 'Feel anything!' he said, 'what can anyone expect to feel reading a tract?' When I left him I remember going to my bedroom where I was billeted, and falling on my knees I cried to God for mercy. That tract, after showing the way to hell, closed up by telling the sinner how to get to heaven. I got no peace after reading that tract, till I found peace in Him who is the *Great Peacemaker*, by the blood of His cross. Before my conversion I was singing songs morning, noon, and night; but as soon as I got converted I flung the song-book into the fire, and began to sing the songs of Zion. The people where I was billeted thought I had gone mad; but, praise the Lord, I am *happy in Jesus*, and have been ever since; and there is nothing like singing about Jesus on the way to heaven."

Beloved reader, there are but *two ways*—one leads to *heaven*, the other to *hell*. Allow me affectionately to ask, *Which way are you travelling?* the way to heaven, or the way to hell? You cannot *possibly* be on both at the same time. Hence you must of necessity be on the one or the other. It is *the broad road*, or way "that leadeth to destruction," characterized as a "lying way," a "fool's way," a "wicked way," the "way of Cain," the "way of sinners," the "*way to hell*." It is the narrow way that leads to *heaven*, spoken of in the Scriptures as the "old way," a "good way," the "right way," the "way of the just," the "way of the righteous," the "way of peace," the "way of life." Christ said, "*I am the way*, the truth, and the life." Christ is the *only* way to heaven. Hence, if a sinner wishes to get to heaven, he must take Christ as the only way, Christ as the truth, Christ as the life. Oh, do *trust* Him, do come

to Him! Just believe in Him, and He will save you *now*. Then you will go on your way to heaven rejoicing, and singing as you go—

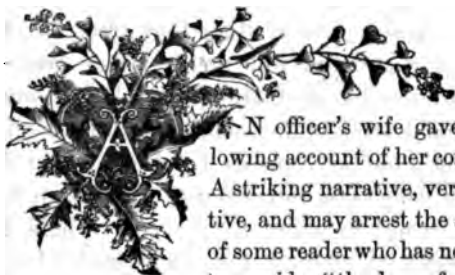
"There is life in a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
And show thyself spotless as He.

"Oh! why was He there as the *bearer of sin*,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

"It is not thy tears or repentance or prayers,
Or the blood, that atones for the soul;
On Him then believe, and a pardon receive,
For His blood now can make thee quite whole."

S. BLOW.

"THE DAYS OF ETERNITY."



AN officer's wife gave the following account of her conversion. A striking narrative, very suggestive, and may arrest the attention of some reader who has not paused to consider "the days of eternity"

that lie before him.

In substance it was as follows: "I was an utterly careless, worldly woman, without one thought of eternity, being wholly occupied with the amusements of life, into which I entered with great zest.

"At the same time I went through all the outward forms of religion most carefully, as I considered it proper so to do, and would have felt uneasy if I did not perform what custom required of me on Sundays, &c.

"In the midst of all this I was seized with dangerous illness, and lay for some time at the point of death, and in a state of extreme weakness. I was most devotedly nursed by my sister—just such an one as myself in all worldly things, but very fond of High Church music and services. Strange to say, as she moved quietly about the room she ever and again softly hummed the air of part of a well-known hymn, which, commencing with the words—

"Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed,"

concludes each verse with these strangely solemn and significant refrain—

"As the tree falls, so must it lie;
As the man lives, so must he die;
As the man dies, so shall he be
All through the days of eternity."

It was the air of this refrain that she was constantly humming to herself; and as I lay there I involuntarily supplied the words in my own mind.

"They made me feel very uncomfortable. I knew I was in the very jaws of death, and my long sleeping conscience seemed aroused to reply to the words—

"As the man dies, so shall he be
All through the days of eternity;"

that if I died my eternity could not be with God, as I had forgotten Him, and lived far from Him in self-pleasing all my life.

"Still I wanted to escape from these solemn, uncomfortable thoughts, and tried to do so; but ever and again my sister's subdued humming of the air brought back the words, and with them all the gloomy thoughts. I longed to ask her to cease; but the utter weakness of my body, and a sort of fear of owing to the discomfort of my spirit, prevented me.

"At length I asked myself, Why am I trying to evade these thoughts? Shall my eternity or even my brief days of time be the better for willingly blinding myself to my condition as one unready to meet God? Deep conviction of my simple, helpless, lost condition took possession of me. I saw that 'all the days of eternity' before me must be with lost souls, away from God; and as the Lord in wonderful goodness raised me up to health again it was to earnestly seek and find refuge in Christ, and to be sheltered by His precious blood. Oh, it was a wondrous difference to know that I was a child of God, redeemed by Christ, having everlasting life, and that through 'all the days of eternity I should be for ever with the Lord!' Thus far her narrative.

Unsaved reader—

"Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead."

And if the Lord does not come to take His people home, shutting the door of grace against you in doing so—

"Soon shall you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed."

Suffer me, with loving, solemn earnestness, to ask you, How is it with you?

"As the tree falls, so must it lie."

At any moment you may be cut down—

"As the man lives, so shall he die."

Yes, the dying bed will not alter your condition. If you believe not in Christ you will die in your sins—

"As the man dies, so shall he be."

How solemnly the words of Rev. xxii. 11 come in here—"He which is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still."

"All through the days of eternity."

What an awful changeless state!

No remedy!

No alteration!

No hope!

Thousands of years roll away, and still before you lie "the days of eternity." Millions of years go on; still there are to follow "the days of eternity." Oh, consider the awful future before you! Hazard not your soul one instant longer. Remember that you are now unsaved, in your sins, exposed to judgment and fear, lest death should *now* find you thus; for

"As the man dies, so shall he be

All through the days of eternity."

Thank God, although you are *now* in this awful peril, there is also *now* a mighty loving Saviour—One who shed His blood to cleanse from all guilt the sinner that trusts in Him, One who is now able and willing to deliver you completely from the dreadful future. Oh, do not try to put these thoughts on one side, and lull your aroused conscience to sleep again as this lady at first sought to do!

The faithful God reveals the present deep need of your soul in order that you may take advantage of the way of escape provided for you in Christ Jesus, who became the voluntary sin-bearer, the sacrifice on the cross making a full atonement for sin.

God wants you now to accept this Jesus as your Jesus, your Saviour, your Substitute, your Surety, your Debt-payer, trusting Him, receiving thus all that He is, and all that He has done. Then God accounts His judgment-bearing, His death on the cross, as if it were yours; and yet more, His worthiness, His perfect acceptance, becomes yours also.

Oh that your life may be hid with Christ in God, and then "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall you also appear with Him in glory," and "so shall you be

"All through the days of eternity."

H. A. M.



SAVED AT THE CROSS.

ABOUT four years ago, in the town of Whitehaven, a good number of people were telling *when, where, and how* they were saved. Of all that told their conversion there did not appear to be two cases alike; yet each one seemed in some way or another to have found out what is an unmistakeable FACT in the history of every man upon the earth; namely, that "ALL HAVE SINNED, and come short of the glory of God." How many, very many, there are who do not believe what a righteous God has said, that "there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 22, 23.) What a large multitude are described in 2 Tim. iii. 2-5: "For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; HAVING A FORM OF GODLINESS, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." Are you one of those lovers of self—one who does not believe what God has said, that you are no better than anybody else, even if you are the most religious sinner in the world? Suppose it was possible for you to belong to every religion under the sun, that would not save your soul, that would not put away your sins. The *thought* of foolishness is sin (Prov. xxiv. 9), so is "a proud look, a lying tongue." (Prov. vi. 17.) You cannot put away your sins. If you are trusting RELIGION for salvation, let me tell you religion did not die for you on the cross. Saying prayers will not atone for sin; "for without shedding of BLOOD is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.) Good works will not cleanse from sin; only the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. Forms and ceremonies will not cover you with the righteousness of God; IN FACT there is only one way by which you can be fitted for the presence of a holy God, and that is by CHRIST, who was made "to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God IN Him." (2 Cor. v. 21.)

After a good many had related their conversion one man stood up, and said he was not able to speak of his conversion like those who had spoken before him, so as to tell "when"—that is, at what

period of time; nor "where"—that is, at what particular place; nor "how"—that is, through anything that had been specially said to him. But he said, "I was saved at the cross, *when I believed* that Christ bare my sins in His own body on the tree (see 1 Peter ii. 24); and I was saved at the cross, *where* Christ died for me—the just one, for me the unjust; and if you want to know *how* I was saved it was by looking to Christ, who took my place on the cross, and put my sins away *by the sacrifice of Himself.*"

If you can believe the time-table or the almanac surely you can believe God. There may be a mistake in anything man has written, but there can be no mistake in what God has said. "If we receive the witness" (or testimony) "of men, the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His Son. He *that believeth* on the Son of God *HATH* the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record" (or testimony) "that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God *HATH* given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that *HATH THE SON HATH LIFE*; and he that hath not the Son of God *hath not life.*" (1 John v. 9-12.) People are divided into two classes here. In which class are you? Are you "*dead* in trespasses and sins"? or have you "*passed from death unto life*" *by accepting Christ*? To "*as many as* received Him, to them gave He power" (or the right, or privilege) "to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." (John i. 12.) Do you want to have eternal life, and to know for an absolute certainty that it is yours? Then take God at His word; for He says, in 1 John v. 13, "These things have I written unto you *that believe* on the name of the Son of God; that ye *MAY KNOW* that ye have eternal life."

A man (well known to the writer), who had been openly a very great sinner, was recently reading a little book, entitled, *Awake, Awake*, in which the author said, "If you'll answer me two things I'll tell you the third. Do you believe in the remission of sins?" "Yes," he said to himself. "Do you believe that Jesus was raised again for our justification?" Again he answered "Yes" in his heart. "Then I'll tell you the third. 'By Christ *ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED* from all things.'" (Acts xiii. 39.) "Here I am," he said, "a justified man, and did not know it." He was sitting in his own chair by the fire, and does not

know whether he jumped out of it or not; but *that moment* he got peace with God; and when his wife came in he began to tell her of his conversion, and showed her how she could be saved. Shortly after she was born again, and now they are both new creatures in Christ—"Old things *are* passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.) "Do not put off your salvation another moment; but before you lay this aside trust Christ as a lost, helpless, and undone sinner. "After death the judgment," and then all the waves and billows of God's wrath will be poured out upon you for eternity if you reject Christ. Let me shout with the voice of thunder to your soul—"Flee from the wrath to come." Who will be able to stand the day of His wrath? "Whoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) Oh, sinner, do not trifle with your soul, do not boast of to-morrow; "for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxvii. 1; xxix. 1.)

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but *the wrath of God abideth on him.*" (John iii. 36.)

R. G.

Faint Not.

GAL. vi. 9.

PRESS onward, Christian, onward still,
Before the day is done;
Although the journey be uphill,
The summit shall be won.

Press on, press on, though sorely tried,
And weary on the way,
The glory on the other side
All effort will repay.

An unseen hand is over you
To guide you and to guard;
And from that loving hand so true
You shall receive reward.

Faint not nor falter, then, to-day,
But bravely march along;
Wills for the weak are on the way—
Drink of them and be strong.

The prize—no perishable prize—
Is an immortal gem,
Whose marvellous glory all outvies
Earth's costliest diadem.

Then faint not, Christian, but be bold;
Faint not when clouds arise,
Till you shall lay eternal hold
On that eternal prize.

J. M.



IN a former chapter we endeavoured to show that after conversion the believer was not left to his own resources in order to advance in the divine life. On the contrary, he will not be long in discovering that the unerring wisdom of God has made ample provision for all his spiritual necessities. Not the least among the rich mercies of God is the truth, that the same grace which brings salvation also provides the one who by its operations is saved with suitable instruction. If we now turn to Titus ii. 11, 12, we find grace presented to us as a teacher: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." In other words, so soon as the question of the salvation of the soul is settled, the Christian finds that he is introduced into the school of God.

With grace as a teacher, and the Saviour Himself as a pattern to imitate, good progress should be made in accordance with the apostolic injunction, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

It is in accordance with the divine mind that the Christian should be "upright as the palm tree," and we could nowhere but in the Scriptures find a more concise description of an upright man. The many salutary lessons which grace has to teach us are thus briefly summed up by the apostle both in their negative and positive character: "To deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." This threefold aspect of a believer's walk and consecration embraces all the relationships of life; namely,

1st. *Soberly*, as affecting his personal behaviour, deportment, and carriage.

2nd. *Righteously*, as characterizing all his dealings with reference to his fellow-men. And

3rd. *Godly*, as towards the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"In Thine own school, dear Lord,
Fain would I learn of Thee;
There only can I know
What Thou would have me be.
A humble scholar, let me take my place,
And taste the sweetness of Thy boundless grace."

One Flock and One Shepherd.

A believer does not only need instruction. He requires pastoral care, and this also is provided for him as a sheep in God's flock—a little flock it may be in the eyes of men, but it is composed of all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. This must not be confused with the old Jewish fold. The distinction is made very plain by the words of the Good Shepherd Himself, as recorded for us in John x. 16, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold" (*i.e.* the Jewish fold): "them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one *flock*" (*see* Greek), "and one shepherd." The Gentile convert can now write his name under these lines. The Shepherd Himself places him in His flock, and he becomes henceforth the object of His pastoral care. Now he can take up the language of Psalm xxiii., and sing with David, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd."

It is blessed to be able to say, "The Lord is my Saviour." He must first be known as a Saviour, and then we learn to know Him as a Shepherd, and to hear His voice. Just in proportion as the believer realizes and appreciates the shepherding care of the Lord, he can also with confidence add, "I shall not want." This is the confidence of faith. It does not mean that the Christian will have everything that he likes. Many of God's children have to taste what poverty is, and all have to endure trials and afflictions in one form or another. But this we do know, that if the Lord Jesus engages the affections, then the heart is satisfied. There is no conscious sense of any real want.

There is a story told of a Christian who was once taken to see a grand collection of pictures and other art treasures. He was afterwards asked what impression the exhibition had made upon him. Whereupon he replied, "I have only seen a number of things which I do not want." What was the secret of such a reply? Christ in the heart. Like one of old he could exclaim—

"What want I with the world
And all its treasures?
In Thee alone, Lord Jesus,
Are my true pleasures."

Without Christ how different is the state! The human heart yearns for something to fill it. One

man takes up one thing and another something else. Frequently it is to be noticed that very trivial things are allowed to occupy the mind and to engage the attention, to the exclusion of that which is real and eternal.

The experience of the royal psalmist was not merely negative. He could also speak of positive blessing. "My cup," he says, "runneth over." This is frequently the case with the Christian. The rod and staff of the Shepherd, the anointing oil, the green pastures and still waters, all unite to fill his cup of joy to overflowing. Here is perfect rest, of which the worldling knows nothing. With him life is a fitful dream. Like the restless bee that alights on every opening flower, so one source of pleasure is tried after another. Although he may find something that will please for a time, he cannot know what lasting joy means. The Christian can tell of the "goodness and mercy" which surround his path from day to day, and will continue to do so until he safely arrives at home, where there are pleasures for evermore.

"When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abides alone,
Then shall I see Him face to face,
And know as known.
Still shall I raise my voice,
His praise my song must be,
And I will in His love rejoice
Who died for me."

W. H. F. C.

THE PILGRIM'S PATH.

"So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."—DEUT. xxxii. 12.

"**I** AVE thy pilgrim feet grown weary?
Rough the path to thee?
Seek not in thy strength to brave it,
Lean on Me!"

"'Tis not o'er a trackless desert
I am leading thee;
On thy path behold My footprints,
Follow Me!"

"Does the tempest seem to gather,
As at Galilee?
Wherefore doubt? oh, thou so faithless,
Trust in Me!"

"If thy future path seem darkened,
Veiled in mystery,
I have planned that way so hidden,
Wait on Me!"

"Casting all thy care upon Me,
For I care for thee;
Wait thou patiently—and trustful
Rest in Me!"

A. F. P.

EVANGELISTIC NOTES.

FEELING sure our readers from time to time are interested in the work of the Lord, and the movements of His various servants, we gladly insert the following notes:

MR. JOHN HAMBLETON, who has been labouring for many years faithfully in England, is about to leave this country for "Australia" about the end of April, accompanied by Mr. F. Brewster, who has for some time been working a "Bible-carriage" with Mr. H. D. Hind with much blessing. The object of these brethren going out is to take with them a "Bible-carriage" (which is now being built), and to go through the Australian colonies with the precious seed of the "word of God," sowing broadcast the "twopenny Testament" and "sixpenny Bible," and preaching the gospel from the "van," as opportunity affords. A farewell meeting will (p.v.) be held in London in April, to commend these two dear brethren to the Lord ere they sail. Any help towards purchasing the "word of God" will be thankfully received by the editor.

LORD RADSTOCK has been labouring in Sweden and Denmark for some weeks. He speaks of much blessing following the preaching of the Word. As many as 5,000 have been brought together to listen to the truth, and the Lord's people have been much helped. He has now gone to Rome for service for the Lord.

MR. REGINALD RADCLIFFE has gone to Russia with his wife and daughter to carry the "bread of life" to the needy ones in that country.

MR. J. A. VICARY has been preaching at the Oxford Music Hall all the Sundays in February, and around London during the week at different places.

MR. C. INGLIS has been having good meetings at Mr. Charrington's Hall in the East End of London. He has also been labouring in Glasgow during the past month.

MR. WILLIAM LANE has been holding three weeks' "Special Services" at Leigh, and other places in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge. Many have been blessed.

MR. J. G. McVICKER has been preaching in Merrion Hall, Dublin, during February.

MR. J. DENHAM SMITH has been preaching at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, during the past month.

MR. H. D. HIND has been holding meetings at Ipswich and Stowmarket, and begins Bible Carriage Work this month.

We rejoice to be able to announce that tidings have been received from our dear earnest young brother, F. S. ANNOT, up to last September. He was then in Central Africa, near the Victoria Falls. Interesting letters from him will appear in the March number of the *Missionary Echo*.

FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

WE have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the amount

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JIM CROW'S CONVERSION.



train dogs for rat-killing or fighting.

Every Sunday morning he might be seen leaving the court in which he lived with several dogs following him, or under his arms. He was on his way to a show, or out on a ratting expedition. These events brought Jim a good sum of money, for it is a remarkable fact that he always won! If in a dog fight there was any doubt or dispute as to Jim's dog being the victor, he always challenged the disputer to *fight himself*, and then he was sure to win, for he was a desperate pugilist. This last qualification was very essential in Jim's line, for he was often in trouble, and he considered a fight the *shortest* and

FOR many years Jim Crow was a notorious character in Bethnal Green. He was a dog-fancier and a bird-trainer,

and could manage a rat-pit as well as most men, or tell at first sight a thoroughbred King Charles. He did everything in the dog line; could *sell, steal, or traffic* in dogs of all breeds, and could

best way out of difficulties. As a rule his opponents gave in on easy terms; if not, as he said, "it did not take long to settle the matter when once I got my shirt off." He used to boast that he was *never* defeated. Afterwards he often said (with tears in his eyes) that his cruelty knew no bounds.

In addition to his dogs, Jim had a number of "game cocks," which he used to make fight. In this he was as thorough a master as in the dog line. He understood the rules of a cock-pit, and the management of the birds; and whenever there was a match in the neighbourhood he was sure to be on the spot, either fighting his own cocks or conducting the sanguinary conflict. He used to gain large sums of money by matching some of his best birds to fight for *game*. He had also a number of small birds for match singing, and with these he was equally expert. He was, moreover, a great concert singer, and was often asked to take the chair at "leads" and "free-and-easys." He sometimes managed "boot and shoe" clubs, and got up excursions, having as many as forty vans starting from one public-house on a Sunday morning. Jim lived in a court, and his room, which was at the top of a house, was approached by a trap-door. A visit is thus described: "When I first knocked at his door the barking of a number of dogs, and the rattling of their chains, I must confess, alarmed me. Nor were my fears lessened when a powerful, broad-shouldered, fierce-looking man opened the door, and bidding me come in, closed it behind me. After hushing the dogs he asked me what I wanted. I held out my Bible, and told him I had called to have a little talk with him about its contents."

"That's out of my line," said Jim; "but let's hear what you've got to say about it." I commenced to read several passages, but he stopped me, saying, "That's enough; I don't believe any of that stuff, but I want to ask you some questions." Then he began with a number of usual objections to the Bible, after answering which I told him we should get on much better if he would read the Book, and become better acquainted with the subject. "I've got an old Bible somewhere," said Jim, "and I'll look it up, and when you call again I'll be ready for you, as I know it's all a pack of lies."

I must briefly describe the room. The dogs were on the floor, being chained according to size and breed around the room. Next came his game cocks on broad shelves above the dogs. Then round the walls near the ceiling, and from every part of the ceiling, hung a number of cages containing his small birds. These, with the two turn-up beds, and Jim, with his wife, working at shoemaking, presented a strange scene. When the gentleman called again Jim was ready, and a sharp contest they had, he with his Bible and the other with his, knee to knee. He admitted at the close that some things had been cleared up to his satisfaction. After this he always received him well, and many interesting conversations they had. Eventually he was convinced that the Bible was true, but thought he could never give up dogs, game cocks, &c. No, these were his very life, and the means of his subsistence. However, the truth was awakening his conscience. One day whilst singing a song in a concert room, the Holy Spirit so powerfully strove with him that he had to stop. With tears he told his audience that he had done with concert singing, and leaving the room he hastened home. There, in the midst of his dogs, he fell upon his knees and cried for mercy, telling God that dogs, game cocks, and all should be parted with if only He would pardon him. In that room Jim found "joy and peace in believing." As might be expected, he passed through deep and painful convictions of sin, but his surrender to Christ was entire, and the joy which followed was most blessed. Then began a new life. The first thing which Jim did was to get rid of his dogs and fowls, which he sold at a great sacrifice. His favourite dog, which had brought him in a considerable sum of money, and for which he had once refused £14, was sold for £2 12s. With the exception of a few canaries, his room was cleared out, and he settled down to honest toil, a changed and a happier man. He soon

became anxious for the spiritual welfare of his former companions and neighbours, and many he visited when on their death-beds. With these he prayed and read the Bible, and many he believed he should meet in heaven. After a time he formed with some others a tract-distributing band, and on Sunday afternoons he set forth, not with dogs under his arms, but with a bundle of tracts, sowing the good seed of the word of God, and seeking to win souls to Christ. With characteristic earnestness he voluntarily chose for his own district the very court in which he lived.

Perhaps the most touching scene in Jim's subsequent history occurred when he was called to visit the death-bed of a pugilist with whom he had often fought, and at times terribly injured. The dying man lived in Jim's court, and when he sickened for death Jim visited him constantly, and was found kneeling by the bedside, and with open Bible pointing his former enemy to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Dear reader, I want to ask you whether you have experienced the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit of God? You may not have been so steeped in sin as the one you have been reading about; but unless you have been born again you are still in your sins, still on your way to destruction. Pause and consider. The love of God is unchanged; He loves you as much as when He manifested that love in the gift of His Son. (John iii. 16.) The power of Jesus to cleanse and save you has not in the least diminished.

"He is willing,
He is able, doubt no more."

He can make you fit for His presence by turning you from darkness to light, and by delivering you from the bondage of sin and Satan. Come to Him just as you are, with all your sin, with all your unworthiness. He does not say that "a good character is indispensable;" but He will take you just as you are, and make you a son or daughter of the Lord God Almighty.

"In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

"I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

"And never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

"My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

"A second look He gave, which said,
'I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live."

SAVED—AT WHAT A COST!

BY

W. J. H. BREALEY.



WE were seated at breakfast—the sun shone brilliantly through the little greenhouse outside the window, and lit up the room with a sparkling light, cheering our hearts while we prepared to strengthen our bodies for the labours of the day. Even the canary partook of the general feeling of exuberance, and the cat purred more cheerily from her cushion on the sofa.

"I heard," said my friend, "one of the most thrilling instances of self-sacrifice the other day I ever remember, and if you would like I will tell you just as I heard it." Of course I replied "how pleased I should be," and he continued: "Well then here it is. You may recollect a few weeks ago a very violent storm bursting over the West of England, doing considerable damage to small craft along our coast. While the storm was at its height, a small schooner sprang a leak, which the sailors in vain tried to stop. The water found its way into the vessel, in spite of all their efforts, and soon the hold was discovered to be nearly half full, and though every available hand was at the pumps, the water was fast gaining ground. They then began to give up hope of saving the ship, and bethought themselves of their own lives. Distress signals were hoisted, and the distress gun fired. What was their joy soon to hear the answering report of the gun from the lifeboat station not far off. With eager eyes they watched and waited for the coming of the lifeboat, and as they waited the heavy seas broke over their devoted ship, and the driving storm pressed her nearer and nearer the rocks ahead, now covered with a creamy foam, which the wind seemed to make a special object of sport, and carried like plumage through the air. They strained their eyes and bent their ears in the direction of the shore, but for some time nothing could be seen but the waste, heaving, howling wilderness of boiling, rolling waters. A terrific sea swept the vessel from stem to stern, and soon with a shivering blow she was hurled on a

sunken rock, and began to break up. Each man now considered only his own safety, and grasped whatever beam or spar came within his eager reach. Meanwhile the lifeboat was being bravely manned, and sturdy arms and earnest hearts were urging her on and on, nearer and nearer the wreck. They came within sight, and soon within hail. Only two men floated—William Hartnell, able-bodied seaman, and Jonas Gosling, the mate. The difficulty was to get to them. The rocket line was fired again and again, but it failed to reach them, and both men were becoming exhausted. Once more it was fired, and now with good success; it alighted just over the spar on which William Hartnell was floating. He grasped it, and looking to his companion in distress saw that he was nearly exhausted, and would not be able to hold on until the line could again be brought to him. So putting it between his teeth he boldly struck out to reach his swooning friend. He drew near him, and handing the line to him said, 'Here, mate, *you* take the line. It is better for you to live than I. I am a Christian, and love the Lord. I shall soon be in heaven. If I get aboard the lifeboat before they can get at you, you will have given up, and be lost, and, mate, where'd you be then? Jonas, take the line, man, and when you're hauled aboard the lifeboat remember you owed *your* life to a mate who owed *his* life to Jesus, who *died for him*.' Then pushing the line into the very hand of his companion, he threw himself on his back that he might float the more easily, singing as he did so—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!"

"These were the last utterances he was heard to make; for before Jonas Gosling had found a refuge in the boat of safety, his shipmate had found the heaven of eternal rest."

This is the story as my friend told it to me at that breakfast-table, a story true in its details, and one I think I shall never forget. We do not *often* hear of such self-sacrifice, of one man taking another's place from pure and disinterested devotion. But when we do our hearts are filled with admiration, and we cheerfully assign the brave and devoted victim to a place among the world's greatest heroes. My heart fairly bounded to think of such a deed of

wondrous love, and I said, "If Jonas Gosling is living, of all human names that should be dear to his memory the name of William Hartnell should take the first and chiefest place." And yet, dear reader, a nobler, worthier, costlier sacrifice has been made for you, and it may be you have never as much as given the subject five minutes' serious consideration in your life, much less have you felt the deep gratitude welling up from your inmost soul that such a gracious act may well produce. Jonas Gosling was in no more dangerous condition physically when battling with the seething mass of waters than are you morally and spiritually, if you have not found safety in the ark of refuge, the everlasting love of God, through the atoning death of His precious Son. Your sins, like storm-furies, pursue you, and though you may be ignorant of the deadly elements around you, and of the more terrible wrath of God that hangs over you, the fact remains the same. To be out of Christ or unsaved is to be "condemned already" (John iii. 18), to be "without hope" (Eph. ii. 12), and to be "blinded by the god of this age"—the devil. (2 Cor. iv. 4.)

Surely there is "but a step between you and death." But over the wild and surging waves of sin and fear and condemnation comes a voice which should still the raging tumult. It says, "*Why will ye die?*" And He who asks the question mocks not your fears, nor asks without a reason. He has provided a *means of safety*, and brings it, in His wondrous love and mercy, *within your reach*. It is the message of His reconciliation—the Gospel—which is "the power of God unto salvation to *every one that believeth*." (Rom. i. 16.) He therein declares the just doom of the sinner as being "condemned" and "without hope" in himself, because "guilty before God." (Rom. iii. 19.) But He likewise reveals His *grace* in providing a ransom—His only-begotten Son—whereby the holiness and justice of God can be fully satisfied, and the deep needs of the sinner fully met, so that on the ground of being perfectly satisfied in His holiness and righteous requirements by the death of the Lord Jesus on behalf of sinful man, He can now publish the "good news" of "peace, peace to them that are far off, and to them that are nigh," because He has "made peace by the blood of His cross." Here then is the *lifeboat*—God's declaration of the work of Jesus on Calvary for the sinner, and His perfect satisfaction with that work in raising Him from the dead. Now here the matter stands—the sinner, like

the drowning seaman, is in immediate danger of the just sentence of the wrath of God on his sins, and alongside of him is the lifeboat sent out on his behalf; i.e. God's message of His love in the gift of His Son. And just as the only step necessary to the drowning man was to *trust himself* to the lifeboat, so now the sinner's only step to salvation is to trust himself to the finished work of the Lord Jesus, and the promise of God, that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "Is that all?" said a young man to the writer some time ago. "Mustn't I do anything more than simply trust God's promise?" "Nothing whatever," I replied. "Seeing God has done all on your behalf in providing the Substitute, and the Substitute has done all for the guilty one in suffering the penalty, what else is to be done?" "Is that all?" said he again. "Then by God's grace I'll never be lost for the want of trusting myself to God's promise." And then and there he took the step, and rejoices to-day to know that he is safe and secure because wrapped around by the bands of eternal love, and fastened to the eternal Rock by the pledges of never-swerving faithfulness. Just as well might the seamen referred to above have argued that they must help to make the lifeboat, or row it to the wreck, before they could partake of its benefit, as for a helpless sinner to fancy he can or should do anything to be saved other than by accepting the salvation procured and brought within his reach. And here lies the solemn part, that although the lifeboat was capable of bearing the drowning man to safety, yet he was not *therefore necessarily safe*; he must *trust it*, and *enter it*. So although Jesus the Saviour "has died the just for the unjust to bring us to God," and although His atoning sacrifice is a sufficient satisfaction to God for the world's sins, yet will not the whole world *necessarily* be saved; for God has in His sovereign grace granted it only to those *who believe*. "It is *unto all* and *upon all them that believe*." (Rom. iii. 22; x. 4.) Then let me urge you to take the step of trust *at once*. "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*." (Acts xvi. 31.) "But because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." (Job xxxvi. 18.)

"We declare to you tidings of joy,
There is pardon for you and for me;
Can you hear the glad news and the message refuse?
Oh, believe, and from bondage be free!"

HOW WILLIAM GOT SAVED.



I was on a lovely Lord's-day summer evening that a few believers in the Lord Jesus Christ sought to serve Him in spreading the glad tidings of salvation, and testifying to His willingness to save to the uttermost those who will trust Him. This was in the open-air, in the fashionable seaside resort of Tor-

quay. Numbers of people gathered round the speakers to listen to the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." One of the company was a young man who had been for some little time concerned about his condition before God. He had learnt this much-needed lesson, that he had sinned deeply against a holy, sin-hating God, and was in consequence on the downward road. He had, many Lord's-day evenings previous to the one I speak of, stood and listened eagerly to the precious truth of the gospel, and now deep down in his heart was this unsatisfied desire—"Oh that I had peace with God!" He felt how heavy was the load of his sins, and how very, very different was his state of heart and soul to those of God's redeemed ones, who out of full hearts could speak with gratitude and love to the One who in wondrous grace and love stooped down so low as to die the awful death of the cross, that sinners so hell-deserving as they might have eternal life, and forgiveness of sins by believing in Him.

A dear sister in the Lord who knew this young man, and who also knew he was anxious about his soul, pointed him out to the writer after the meeting was over; so going behind him, and putting my hand on his shoulder, I said, "Are you saved?"

With a look which told out how far from happy he was, he answered, "No."

"You would like to be, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I should."

"Well, let us walk up the street," I said, "and we will have a little talk together."

I will now endeavour to tell the reader, as far as memory serves me, the conversation that followed.

"I suppose you believe what God plainly states

in His word, 'that *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God'?"

"I believe *that*, and that I myself have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"From your heart then you believe you are a hell-deserving sinner?"

"Yes, I do."

"Now if you really believe that I have 'good news' for you, and it is this, that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to **SAVE SINNERS**' such as *you*. You remember no doubt that precious 16th verse of John iii.—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

"Well then you are saved if you really in your heart believe it."

"I can't say that."

"Do you believe God loved the world?"

"I do."

"And that He gave His only begotten Son?"

"Yes."

"And that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish?"

"Yes."

"But have everlasting life?"

"Yes."

"I will now read the verse in this way—'God so loved *you*' (for you help make up the 'world,' you know), 'that He gave His only begotten Son, that if you, William W——' (for you are included in the word 'whosoever'), 'believe in Him you shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Twice I slowly repeated the verse in this way, and after doing so the third time he stood still, and grasping my hand with a grip I shall never forget, said, with a voice quivering with emotion, and with tears in his eyes, "I do *believe* that Jesus died for **ME**."

He is now happy, and rejoicing in a Saviour's love, and delights to speak of Him who "hath done all things well."

Dear reader, allow me to ask you the same question that was put to this young man, "**ARE YOU SAVED?**"

Please don't put the enquiry from you; it is of vital importance. Perhaps you may answer and say, "No, I am not saved." Then I pray that the great question asked by the Philippian jailor of old may take possession of your heart. God grant it may, and you, like him, be aroused to see the

awful danger you are in, out of Christ, and to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" Believe only. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Remember, "*now* is the accepted time; and, behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

If "*now*" is God's time, do be wise, and let it be yours. Many people think there is quite time to think about and to attend to this matter when they are on their death-bed. Oh, what madness, what folly! How many there are passing from time into eternity daily who never have had a "death-bed!" Many say again, "The Lord had mercy on the thief on the cross at the last hour, and no doubt He will have the same for me too, even though I do put my salvation off until 'the last hour.'"

Remember there were *two* thieves there, suffering on either side of the spotless Lamb of God—one was saved, the other *lost*! This is a solemn warning to *you*. Don't neglect your soul's salvation. You cannot tell when your last hour will be. This present hour may be the last you may spend on earth. "Prepare then to meet your God." Eternity is drawing near. "Where will you spend it?" Either in heaven or in hell! which will it be?

Trust then in Jesus at once, and His precious blood will cleanse away all your sins, many though they be, and make you "whiter than snow," and fit for God's holy presence. Flee from the wrath to come, flee without a moment's hesitation to Jesus, who has lovingly said, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." Do trust Him, come to Him, or there is no salvation for you.

H. C. M.

I AM NOT THIRSTY.

WHILE waiting one day at a railway station a few miles distant, I met Dr.—. The train was almost due, and but a few minutes were at my disposal. I asked him how it fared with his soul for eternity, and I was led to bring that scripture before him: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come." (Rev. xxii. 17.) But here he interrupted me by saying, "But I am not thirsty. A man can't drink if he is not thirsty. It is all true what you are saying, but then you see I am not thirsty." I never felt so helpless. It seemed as if there was no reaching him with the

truth. Nevertheless, I finished the scripture, "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." I had just time to bring a few more scriptures before him, when the train came in, and we parted. Years passed away. One Lord's evening it fell to my lot to address a meeting in a small town about twenty miles off. At the close of the meeting a stranger accosted me at the door, saying that Dr. — was dying, and specially desired to see me. I hurried on, and in a few minutes I was by the bedside of Dr. —. Death had evidently marked him out for an early victim. The once powerful arms were thin and wasted now. I saw at once that he must soon appear before God. But what of his soul? Ah, *how thirsty he was now!* He was eager to drink the water of life. What a change! Once he could say, with the utmost composure, "But I am not thirsty." *Now* he could only say, "Sit down there and talk to me." I knew what he meant. He wished me to talk of Christ—to speak to him as I did in the days when he was "not thirsty." "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Thus the good news of the gospel fell upon his ready ear. He drank in every word, he was *so* thirsty. Yes, God had made him thirsty. I left him that night an earnest seeker after eternal life. I never saw him again. In a few days I got word that he was rejoicing in the possession of peace with God, and shortly afterwards I heard that his earthly race was run. Reader, God can make you thirsty, but take heed that the thirst does not come too late. The Lord can bring you low—He can bring you so low that you will be glad to get some one to talk to you about Christ. But this may never be your privilege. You may be left to your idols. You may be taken away in the midst of your days. You may profess not to be thirsty. But deep down in that soul is there not an unsatisfied longing, an unrest, a consciousness that you are not ready to meet God? Is there not a dread in your soul as you contemplate the awful future? Ah, you know right well that your place would not be with the blood-bought throng who surround the throne. You know right well that heaven would not be your portion. By your reasoning powers you may baffle some poor heir of the kingdom who would point you to Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. But what wilt thou say when *He* shall punish thee? What will you say to God, when called into eternity to appear before Him?

The Watchman's Message.

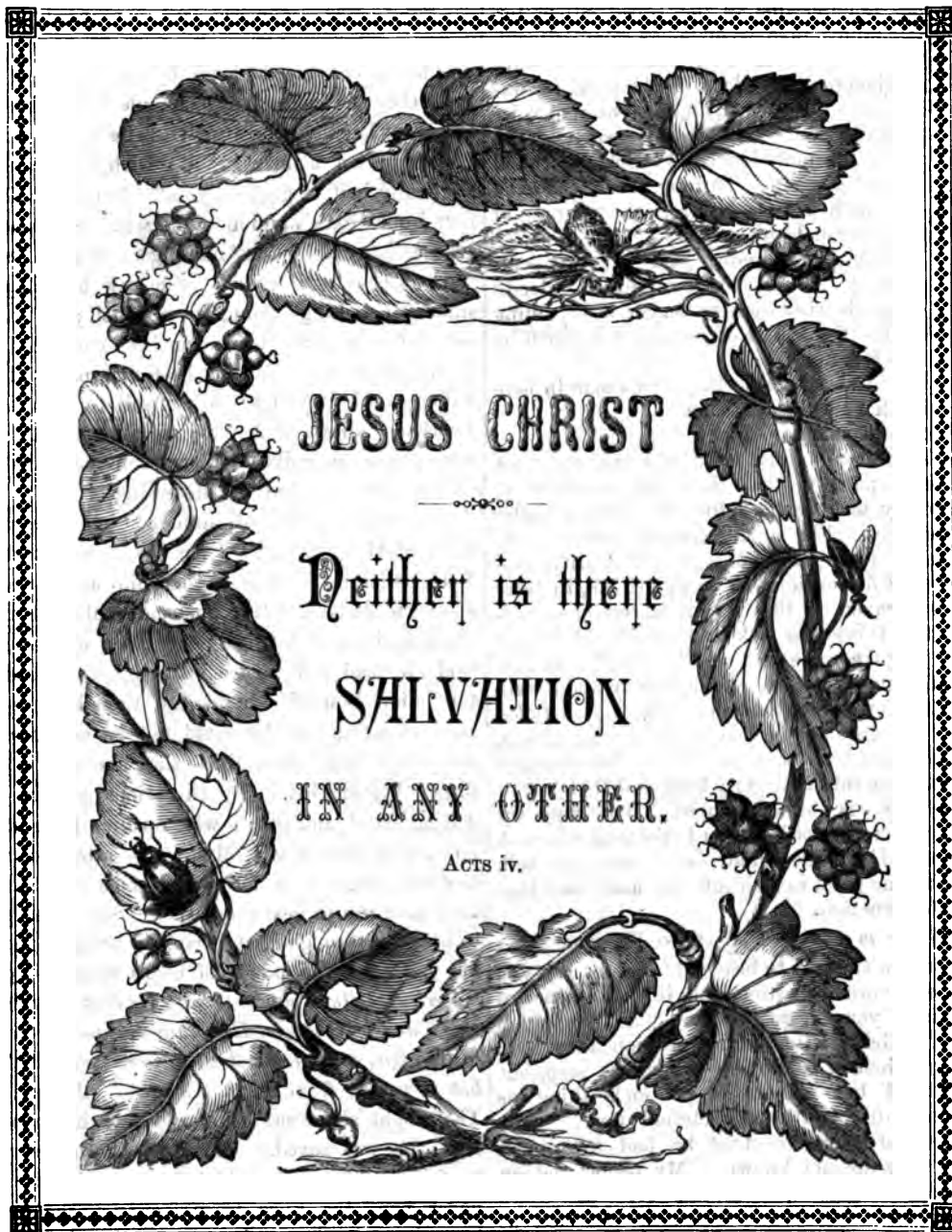
"CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY."

ROM. v. 6.

"THE SON OF MAN IS COME TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST."

LUKE xix. 10.

1 TIM. i. 16.



JESUS CHRIST

Neither is there

SALVATION

IN ANY OTHER.

ACTS iv.

"LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED."

ISAIAH xlv. 22.



"ALL TICKETS READY."

TRAVELLING recently on the North London line to the Broad Street terminus in a second-class compartment, when the train arrived at Canonbury junction the door of the carriage was suddenly opened, and a stentorian voice called out, "All tickets ready." The collector simply looked at them, and closed the door again. Turning to a friend who was with me, I asked him the meaning of this unusual proceeding.

"Don't you know," said he, "that occasionally the collector does this in order to ascertain that each passenger is travelling in the right class of carriage for which he has a ticket?"

"And supposing they find a man in here with a third-class ticket?"

"Well, he is summoned for it."

This suggested to my mind a truth of great importance; namely, that there are numbers of people to-day who are travelling to eternity under false pretences. For an unconverted man to console himself that performing acts of charity, and leading what he considers to be a good life, in order to get to heaven, is like a man travelling second-class with a third-class ticket: he is bound to find out his mistake some day. *The world* may not detect any difference between a Christian and a well-living unbeliever (though it should do so); *but God does*. There are none in heaven under false colours, and none ever will be there. God has found a legitimate way into that glory land, and that way—the only one—is through Christ. You may try another, but 'twill not lead you to the goal you wish to reach. There are hundreds of ways to hell, which at some point branch into the main road that leads to destruction.

THERE IS BUT ONE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Are you on the way to heaven? Let me ask you to sink every other question, and, in the presence of God, confine yourself to this one, "*Am I going to heaven?*" Get this important question answered: if going to hell, it is not now too late to stop, but soon it will be. There is no such thing as repentance after death, or "eternal hope." Repentance and salvation must be had *to-day*, in eternity they are not known. My reader, get on your knees about this matter; get into God's presence, and look the question in the face, as eventually every man *must* do, when too late to alter. Remember, "*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

F. C. S.



NOT SUCH A GREAT SINNER.

DON'T think you are such a great sinner at all." Such were the words addressed to Mrs. — by her husband when she got home from the gospel meeting one night, and told him what a sinner she was. She had been convinced that she was a sinner before God; and when

people are convinced of sin by the Spirit of God truly they see themselves to be vile. Her husband looked at her in surprise. His wife such a sinner; He could not believe it. "I wish," he says, "I were only half as good as you." But his wife had found out God's opinion of herself. She was "as good as her neighbours" no longer. Why? Because she was convinced of sin. She saw herself a lost sinner—perishing—going down to hell; for she was out of Christ. She had never been converted unto God. Have you ever thus been convinced of sin? I do not ask if you know yourself to be a sinner. Everyone admits that "we are all sinners." But have you, as an individual, been convinced that you are an enemy of God and deserving of hell? It is easy to say, "We are all sinners;" but it is quite a different thing to say, "*I am the sinner—lost, undone, perishing.*" This is the point at which Mrs. — had arrived. Her husband could not understand it, because he had never been converted to God; he had never passed through the waters of conviction himself. Hence he thought his wife good enough; but she could not be convinced of any other thing than this—that she was a great sinner before God. By this time sinners were getting saved, and people were opening their houses for gospel meetings. Mrs. — attended these meetings regularly; for when souls are anxious they soon run to hear the gospel. She found peace to her soul through that Scripture being applied to her heart by the power of God's mighty Spirit: "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*" (John v. 24.) That night she went home and told her husband that she was saved. This was another surprise for him. She wished him to pray, but he had never bent the knee in prayer; so she prayed herself. Salvation had come to that house, and she could now praise God for the gospel of His Son.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

AMONGST the beautiful mountains of Cumberland I met a shepherd much distressed; for a sheep and a lamb had strayed far away, and at last he had discovered them upon a rock in a most dangerous place.

"They have wandered away," said he, "jumping from rock to rock, led on by tempting tufts of grass. It was easy for them to get down, but they cannot jump up again. If they are left they'll starve, or they'll be dashed to pieces down the precipice."

How like the truth, thought I, of Isa. liii: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way."

"How can you rescue those poor sheep, shepherd?"

"Well, sir, there's only one way; we must go to the top of yonder rock, and I'll tie a rope round my body, and twist the other end round a tree; then two men will lower me down to where the sheep are."

"But," said a friend of mine, "is it not very dangerous work?"

"Ay, it is dangerous; it's at the risk of my life. There's no one else in the valley that dares try it."

As the shepherd of Borrowdale went forth on his hazardous enterprise we thought of Him who speaks of Himself, in John x., as the Good Shepherd. Surrounded by the glory of heaven, the Lord left it all. We had gone astray like the lost sheep; but He was moved with compassion as He beheld us lost, on the brink of that awful eternal precipice, the bottomless pit.

The Lord Jesus Christ knew it was far more truly impossible for us to get back to God than

even for those poor sheep to return to their shepherd; and so the blessed Lord, seeing our utter helplessness to do anything but perish, came to seek and to save us. When there was no eye to pity, the Shepherd's eye pitied; and when there was no arm to save, the Shepherd's arm brought deliverance. It was no hireling or stranger, but the Shepherd Himself.

But it was not that He risked His life, like the Borrowdale shepherd, suspended by the rope over the precipice. No; He gave up His life, and died in our stead.

The sheep on the hill had nothing to do to save themselves; they could do nothing; their salvation was all by the shepherd from first to last. Deliverance came from above, and they were carried up to the top, safe in the shepherd's arms. Everything depended on him. Just so in the gospel, all depends on Christ. Has He done the work, and has He done it for me? And as the shepherd brought his sheep home rejoicing, so the Lord watches over His own, caring for them to the end. The one who saves is the one who keeps.



AN EASTERN SHEPHERD LEADING HIS FLOCK.

If you are not saved by God's salvation it is not because Christ is unwilling to save you; oh, no! for He waits at this moment to be gracious. Turn not away from Him; for if you refuse Him, the only Saviour, you must perish eternally. Be not like a foolish sheep that turned from the shepherd, and falling over the rocks was dashed to pieces. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Tenderly the Shepherd,
O'er the mountains cold,
Goes to bring His lost one
Back to the fold.

Seeking to save, seeking to save;
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save."

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved."

JOHN III. 19, 20.

AFTER

Life's days are lived, AFTER the journey done,
AFTER the object gained, AFTER the prize is won,
AFTER ambition is realized, sorrow and joy interchanged,
Worldly honours! distinctions envied:
Hopes and gains, known and gone!
AFTER

THIS

What a reflection!
A life lived, to regret too late—
An object, a prize, an ambition,
Alas gained, and a lost soul's state;
A pleasure now seen to be madness;
Distinctions without a charm; Honours
How empty and worthless. With what sadness
Seen in their true light now!

THE

Oh, terribly, solemnly definite;
The severest, the greatest, the last;
More crushing than any before it—
The

JUDGMENT

On Christless ones cast.
Judgment—on sin committed;
Judgment—for grace despised;
Judgment—for Christ rejected;
Judgment—where no hope lies;
Judgment—eternally fixing.
A worm that never dies;
Judgment—a conscience accusing,
Mid torment, wailing, and cries;
Judgment—that lasts for ever;
For ever! ah, solemn word,
Yet certain to every sinner
Who trusts not in the Lord.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth: and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

ECCLES. XI. 9.

"The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin."—Ex. xxiv. 6, 7.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."—Eph. ii. 8, 9.
"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. ii. 3.

A HAUNTED MAN.

I HAVE no rest day or night," he said, in reply to my enquiry about his state before God; "and but for fear it would be worse, I should have ended my wretched existence long ago. I seem to see all my sins arrayed before God, and the terrible future haunts me day and night. I have done all I can to get rid of it, but it is no use."

I let him tell out all he wished to say before I answered any of his questions; and when he had finished he looked at me, as much as to say, "Is not mine a hopeless case?"

I opened my Bible to Psalm xxxii., and read, "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." And this, it appears, went on for nearly a whole year. Then he confessed his sin, saying, "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgression unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

"This," I said, "is the royal road to peace, and there is no other; and directly you take that place, you will have forgiveness. 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.' (Prov. xxviii. 13.) 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'" (1 John i. 9.)

"Oh, sir," he replied, "it is no easy thing to confess a life of sins! I can't remember a quarter of my sins, they are so many."

"Well," I said, "tell God they are more than you can remember. The publican did not count up his sins, but smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' That was getting rid of the burden by laying it down before God. The prodigal said, 'I have sinned.' He did not enumerate them, but said, 'I have sinned,' and instantly all his sins were forgiven. When an Israelite had sinned under the law,

he had to bring a bullock or a lamb to the place where the name of the Lord was set up; and then he had to lay his hand upon the head of the animal. This was the confession of his sin. He said in this act, 'I have sinned,' and the animal was then killed, and offered up for the sin of the sinner; and the sins were forgiven. The full knowledge of all our sins is with Him who took our place, and said, 'Mine iniquities are more than the hairs of my head.' He confessed them all, and bore the full punishment for them; and when you take your place before Him, believing Him who died for your sins, you will be delivered from the burden; and when you are delivered from the burden, you will trust Him to deliver you from the power of sin. But this must be between you and God."

My next visit told me at once that all was settled. There was the calm, deep joy of soul; which was too deep to be noisy.

"I have seen Him, and He has spoken peace to my soul," he said. "Yes; all the dreadful sins are gone, 'blotted out,' His word tells me so. He hath spoken to me; praise Him!" And he did praise the Lord.

If you, my reader, have felt your need of forgiveness, confess it to the Lord Jesus, and He will frankly and freely forgive. He delights to pardon. Just read what God declares in His word: "Thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities. I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xliii. 24, 25.) Think of God being wearied with your sins, and yet asking you to acknowledge your condition, to own your need of a Saviour, and accept Christ as the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

There are some people who are afraid that if they believe in the Lord Jesus, and have their sins washed away, they will not stand. Some have said to me, "I would like to be a Christian; but if I confess Christ to-night I am afraid I shall go back in the world to-morrow." Never, I trust. The grace that sought me out when dead in trespasses and sins is able to keep me. If God in His infinite love has saved me, He

WILL KEEP me. I shall still be *needy*, but my resources will be in Him. He will be all that I need, from the day I take Him at His word until the day He takes me home. Think you that it could be possible for the prodigal when in the father's house to be in dread of going back to the "far country"? No; impossible. He had left it for ever. The remembrance of it would be sufficient to assure himself that he never would return; the husks would have no attractions while there was bread enough and to spare, and there would be little fear of his returning to feed swine after he had been fed on the very best of his father's house.

Reader, you *need* a Saviour. Will you have Jesus? You *need* a keeper. Will you have Jesus? Take Him as your Saviour, and He will be your Friend under all circumstances.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."

"Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise in the congregation of saints."—Ps. cxlix. 1.

PRAISE the Lord, let all unite,
Brought from darkness into light;
All the good we have or know,
God in *mercy* doth bestow.

Praise the Lord with heart and sound,
He for all a ransom found;
Praise Him for His wondrous love,
Saints on earth and hosts above.

Sound His praises far and wide,
Christ the Lord for sinners died;
Louder still the glad refrain,
Jesus lives who once was slain.

Swell the anthems of His *grace*,
Christ prepares for us a place
In the glory where He's gone,
Near Himself upon the throne.

Praise the Lord, He comes again,
Ransomed millions in His train;
Changed or sleeping, then we'll rise
In His likeness to the skies.

Lo! the Morning Star is near,
Soon will end our "witness" here;
Waiting, toiling still, we raise
Joyful songs from hearts of praise.

W. O. M.

TOM'S CHAIR.

A WORD TO BACKSLIDERS.



OME time since a gentleman went to dine at the house of some old friends who lived not many miles from the town of Leeds. He had not been amongst them for some years, and for a short time was too deeply engaged in conversation to notice that there was at the table a vacant chair.

"Did you expect any other guest?" he enquired of the lady of the house, as his eye fell upon it after a while. She burst into tears. "Don't you remember poor Tom? That is his chair. He ran away from home three years ago, and every day we hoped he might come back; and his chair is ready set for him, because then if he came in at any moment he would feel that he was welcome and forgiven. But he won't come to-day, poor fellow, though the chair is there; for I had a letter this morning from a nurse in the hospital in Leeds, saying he is there, with both legs badly broken in an accident. And the worst is that we cannot go to him; for the nurse says he doesn't know she has written, and is in such a state of mind and body it might kill him to see any of us."

The mother's heart was bowed down with grief because she could not hasten to her poor prodigal, and assure him of forgiveness and unchanged affection. She forgot all the sorrow he had caused her, and thought only of him suffering alone amongst strangers, thinking perhaps his mother's love estranged for ever.

The visitor listened to the sad story with attentive sympathy, and went away promising to go to Leeds on the morrow and find out how poor Tom really was.

Mr. — had seen a great deal of life, and sin, and suffering, and he knew that joy *does not* as a rule kill anybody, so he determined to let Tom know his mother loved him still. He walked up the ward, past Tom's bed, as if he never saw him, and the poor fellow was so glad to see a well-known face that he forgot concealment, and cried out, "Mr. —!" on the impulse of the moment.

Mr. — turned, and said, as if Tom was the last person he expected to see—

"Oh, Tom, is that you? How did you get here? I was along with your mother yesterday."

"My mother! Oh, sir, don't speak of her! don't speak of her! I've been so wicked to her she never can forgive me!"

And he buried his face in his hands, and cried like a child.

"Why, Tom, I dined at your house last night, and your chair was ready set for you; your mother always has your place laid at table, so that things might look comfortable in case you turned up suddenly."

"Then she must love me a little still, sir," cried Tom, 'twixt hope and fear, raising his head out of his hands.

"Love you? To be sure she does! She couldn't talk of anything else last night; she's longing to have you home again."

"I'll go home at once," said Tom, his heart all melted to hear of affection when he expected scorn and anger. But when he tried to rise he fell back again, crying out, "I can't, I can't;" for his poor broken legs would not let him stir. But his mother came to him, and nursed him till he was well, and took him home. He isn't likely to run away again!

It is just so with the Lord and backsliders. They get away from God, and they think He's too angry to have them back again, and so they go on, getting farther and farther from their Father, until some terrible thing happens; and then, by some means, they find out His love is unchanged and unchanging, and that He is only longing for them to repent and seek His face again. Sick and wounded with sin, they can scarcely come to Him, but like Tom's mother—or rather, like the father of the prodigal son in Luke xv.—He runs to meet them, to welcome, to cure, and to bestow gifts.

If any backslider read this story let me tell you that your Father wants you home; He sends a message to you. Won't you receive it?

"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him." (Hosea xiv. 4.)

Think of the story of the lost sheep. (Luke xv.) Your Saviour is looking for you. Fly to His open, waiting arms, that He may carry you home rejoicing.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, 'This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'"

S. G. L.

SOWING TO THE FLESH.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.



AMES C—— was what the world would call a good sort of a fellow. His business ability was of no small value, and in proof of this, although comparatively a young man, he held the responsible position of head book-keeper in a large mercantile house in New York city, which office he had filled for some time. But, although James was much valued by his employers and esteemed by his business associates, he was "a stranger to grace and to God," for he was not born again; and the position he occupied tended to bring him into contact with other young men, godless and graceless as he was. In the month of August James left the store to spend his vacation in Canada, purposing to have, what he termed, "a good time." Released from business responsibilities, he gave the lusts of his depraved nature unrestrained course, regardless of the warning—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." (Eccles. xi. 9.) A few days after this a telegram was received in the store which James had left, announcing that, when crossing Lake Ontario on one of the lake steamers, he had seated himself on the taffrail of the steamer; the lake was somewhat rough, the boat lurched, James lost his balance, and fell into the water, and, although an expert swimmer, he sank before assistance could reach him.

Reader, do not think that the above is fiction! for the writer was employed for some time by the same firm, and knew personally the subject of the above narrative. As one saved eternally from the wrath to come by the blood of the Son of God, let me ask you a plain question: If you had been in James C——'s place, where would your soul now be, in heaven or hell—which? Do not think me rude, young man, for putting such a question. I seek not yours, but you, for Jesus. "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" You may say, "Don't bother me just now with believing on Jesus; I am young, and there is plenty of time yet." Who gave you authority to say that there is "time enough" yet? God says, "Behold, now is

the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2); and, "O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" (Rom. ix. 20.) Do not be so foolish, young man, as to allow the devil to cheat you out of your soul's salvation with a few pleasures which are naught but bubbles light as air. You, who are so smart in business, consider, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.) Remember that Satan gives his best wine first, but reserves the worst till the last. Soon, young man, the last visit to the theatre will be paid; soon you shall have enjoyed your last dance on the ball-room floor with your godless companion! soon the proprietor of the billiard saloon shall miss your well-known face. "Where is So-and-so?" will be asked. "Dead!" "Gone to meet God!" shall be the response. Oh, may God awaken you, young man, to see yourself a condemned sinner on the quick march to hell, and ere another day may pass over your Christless head, you may be dead and lost for all eternity. But "*I have got good news for you, a story, wonderful and true.*" "Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 6.) God's verdict has been brought in against sinners, religious and irreligious, moral and immoral, Jew and Gentile; "no difference," "all have sinned" (Rom. iii. 22, 23); and "the wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.) Young man, you have sinned; "how then can man be justified with God?" (Job xxv. 4.) "Deliver from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." (Job xxxiii. 24.) "He" (Jesus) "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." (Rom. iv. 25.) "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4.) Again, ere I lay down my pen, I would seek to persuade you to be reconciled to God. Time is short; eternity is at hand; prepare to meet God. You may drink of this world's pleasures, and drink deeply, but if you die without Christ in eternity you shall drink of the cup of the wrath of God. "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it . . . and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 11-13, 15.) "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iv. 7.) "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.)

W. P. D.

RETROSPECTION.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."—PSALM xxxii. 1.

IN my ignorance and my madness,
Though it seemed to others gladness,
I long wandered in pursuit of joy, and pleasure, and delight;
And where'er the riot sounded,
There my giddy footsteps bounded,
For nothing me astounded,
However sad and far from right,
And dark scenes of sin and folly were as pictures in my sight.
But a Saviour's yearning met me,
And a Saviour's mercy let me
Feel the horrors of my certain and my fast impending doom;
And I sought by reformation
To work out my own salvation,
And I offered my oblation,
But could not remove the gloom
Which fast settled on my spirit when I thought upon the tomb.

With a soul bowed down by sorrow,
And no prospect for the morrow,
But deeper, deeper misery, for I felt I was undone,
I besought with deep entreaty,
"Oh, my God and Father, meet me,
And with loving accents greet me,
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son!
Oh, remember not my madness, but what Christ, my Lord,
has done!"

Then true joy broke on my spirit,
And I knew I did inherit
The rich blessings of forgiveness and salvation full and free;
'Twas the Cross of Christ relieved me,
For all else had but deceived me,
And I cried, "Now nought shall grieve me
But, my Lord, forsaking Thee.
Oh, but draw me, precious Jesus, and my soul shall follow
Thee!"

And the Father kissed His child,
Once so wayward and so wild,
And He sweetly cheered me onward, setting glory in my
view!

Oh, the joy of having Jesus,
Who from every bondage frees us,
And of every woe relieves us!
Oh, 'tis rapture deep and true!
Surely all would love the Saviour if His preciousness they
knew.

A. M.



IN the second verse of the nineteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we find that a very striking question is put by the apostle Paul to certain disciples whom he had found at Ephesus—"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Those of whom this was asked were obviously believers; this the expression "since ye believed" places beyond all reasonable doubt. And again the apostle could remind them in his epistle to the Ephesians that after they believed they were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise. (Eph. i. 13.)

It is well to notice here that the point raised is not one of salvation, but of receiving the Spirit of God. Having salvation and possessing the Spirit are both divine realities which are assuredly not to be taken as meaning the same thing. Although closely connected, they must not be confused together. The very terms of the question bring both truths out in bold relief. The answer given shows us that, like the believing Samaritans of whom we read in Acts viii. 14-17, and to whom Peter and John were sent, they had not received the Holy Ghost. So also in these days there are many of God's dear children who, although thoroughly alive to the joy of a present salvation, have never considered nor weighed the deep importance of the question—"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

In the Old Testament Scriptures we frequently read that the Spirit of the Lord came upon those who were used by God from time to time in any special manner, and we also know that in those days holy men of God both spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Hence it was quite in keeping with the dispensational operations of the divine Spirit for David to pray, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." In these days, however, the daily prayer of the believer should be for more thorough subjection to the Spirit's influence, and for less tendency to grieve Him, and thereby to

hinder the full display of His power. In John xiv. 16, 17 the Lord Jesus Christ Himself announces to His disciples that the Holy Ghost would come and abide with them. This is very important. And in making the announcement to the loved ones He was about to leave the Holy Ghost or Comforter is spoken of no longer as a divine influence to be poured out, as in the past, but as a divine person who would guide them into all truth. In this way the change was both complete and marked. The Holy Ghost had not yet come in an abiding sense, "because Jesus was not yet glorified." (John vii. 39.)

A reference to the Scriptures in which the Holy Spirit is spoken of will make this grand truth very clear to the enquiring mind. Thus John xiv. gives us the promise of the Comforter, and Acts ii. gives us the fulfilment of the promise on the day of Pentecost. The period between the giving of this promise and its fulfilment was to be spent by the disciples in tarrying at Jerusalem "until they were endued with power from on high." When Jesus was glorified the Holy Ghost was given to dwell in the believer in consequence of the infinite and eternal value of the work that Christ accomplished for him. The importance of this may be gathered from the statement of the Lord Himself, that it was expedient for the disciples that He should go away from them in order that the Comforter might come to them. This makes the truth most positive that the Holy Ghost had never before been dwelling on the earth, if His coming could only be dependent and consequent upon the departure of the Lord from the earth. "Know ye not," says the apostle Paul, "that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" If so the Spirit is in the believer; but it does not necessarily follow that the believer is always "in the Spirit." It is needful to make this distinction because the minds of some may revert to the statement of the apostle, John, in the Apocalypse, that he was "in the Spirit on the Lord's-day." By this we are to learn that on the occasions of which he speaks the power of the Spirit in the beloved apostle was manifested in such unhindered fulness that he was conscious of having been qualified to enter into the special character of the scenes brought before him. When this is the case the believer is indeed a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

Thus we learn from the Word that although the power of the divine Spirit was felt in the world in times past, now that Jesus has been glorified the

Holy Ghost takes up His abode in those who are believers, and that He will continue to do so until the saints are caught up to meet the Lord in the air. (2 Thess. ii. 7.)

To receive such a glorious tenant it follows that the vessel must be specially fitted. This fitness can only be of God, and not of man. The Holy Ghost can dwell in believers because they are washed, and sanctified, and justified. (2 Cor. v. 17, 18.) Sin having been put away by the precious blood of Christ, the Spirit can be received by the "hearing of faith." (Gal. iii. 2.) Having thus been received, the apostolic injunction, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," should never be lost sight of. There is another aspect in which the work of the Holy Ghost upon the earth must also be considered, and the two should never be confused; for they are totally distinct. We have already seen that the Holy Ghost dwells in the believer individually. Before this the children of God were scattered abroad, but afterwards they were "built together for an habitation of God by the Spirit." This truth is presented to us in Scripture in the figure of a body, the "one body" into which each member is baptized by the Spirit, and of which the Lord Jesus Christ is the risen, living Head. The Holy Ghost takes up His abode also in this "habitation of God." Every believer therefore becomes part of the one body in which the Holy Ghost dwells—"For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one being many are one body, so also is Christ. For by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. . . . Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." (1 Cor. xii. 12-27.)

The figure of the one body is presented in order to show that believers on earth are united to Christ in heaven and to one another, and are by the one Spirit indissolubly connected.

"One Spirit with the Lord,
Jesus the glorified
Esteems the Church for which He bled
His Body and His Bride."

W. H. F. C.

A MEETING will be held at Welbeck Hall, 71, Welbeck Street, W., on Tuesday evening, April 22nd, at 7 o'clock, to commend Messrs. JOHN HAMBLETON and FRANK BREWSTER to the Lord on their departure for Australia to carry on Bible Carriage work in the colonies.

Received for above work.—KINGSTOWN, £1.

"ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS."

ACTS xiii. 39.

"One word only, that *ere*, did it." This was the joyful testimony of a dying young lady to a servant of God who had read it to her.



NE word oft availeth
The sinner to reach,
Which alike both the lowest
And highest will teach;
That from death in a moment
To life they may pass,
As the wind in its swiftness
Sweeps over the grass.

To this word let us listen,
For in it is *life*,
And it ends, as we hear it,
The struggle and strife
Between Christ and His fulness
With feelings and frames,
Which may for acceptance
Have put in their claims.

Thus grasping the life-belt
We won't let it go,
As it raises the wretched
From ruin and woe;
And with trumpet-note clearness
The news shall resound,
That life through BELIEVING
In Jesus is found.

All transgressions forgiven,
All sins blotted out,
And the previous life ended
Of darkness and doubt;
There's now a beginning
Of heavenly days,
And a life which out-gushes
With gladness and praise.

One word only did it,
And proved not in vain;
So its note we re-echo
Again and again—
That BELIEVING in Jesus,
With faith will come sight,
As we pass in a moment
From darkness to light.

To see Him who loveth
And calls us His own,
In glory now seated
With God on the throne;
Thence freely dispensing
The blessings received,
For the comfort of those
Who in Him have believed.

A. M. HULL.

THE
CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO
WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night?
The watchman said, The morning
cometh, and also the night: if ye
will enquire, enquire ye: return,
come." (Isalah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a
watchman unto the house of Israel;
therefore thou shalt hear the word
at my mouth, and warn them from
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, Baker Street, W.;
and 21, Paternoster Square, E.C.

MAY 1, 1884.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.
W. B. HORNER & Son, 27, Paternoster Square.



THE GREAT FIRE IN PATERNOSTER ROW.

"FIRE! FIRE!" With what a thrill does this cry ring through the ears! and what anxieties does it kindle in the breasts of those whose lives and

properties are endangered by the fierce devouring element!

This has been recently experienced in a terrible manner in the very centre of the locality from whence emanates through the press the teeming

thousands of books, great and small—the well-known “Row” of the publishing trade. On the night of Wednesday, April 2nd, raged the fiercest fire known in the metropolis for a generation at least. Finding its origin in a printing office in the narrow Lovell’s Court, it quickly spread on every side, consuming in its rapid progress building after building, until at last nearly twenty houses were laid in ruins, while many others were greatly damaged by fire and water.

As for ourselves, we had a marvellous escape through the providence of God shielding us from harm, as the premises at the back of our warehouse at 21, Paternoster Square was in flames, and everyone expected the fire would reach us; for only a wall separated, and the buildings were very old and inflammable; but He, whose mercy and care we have before proved, again protected us from the devouring fire; for at the very critical moment the wind suddenly changed, and the noble efforts of the firemen were crowned with success in staying the onward rush of the blazing fire.

What lessons shall we seek to gather from this terrible scene so recently enacted, and of which the charred and blackened ruins tell the mournful tale? The following are some we may briefly note:

1. The catastrophe was sudden.
2. It was terribly destructive in its character.
3. Its beginning was small.
4. But its results are ruin and desolation.

In the suddenness of the fire we are solemnly reminded of the character of that judgment that will overtake the ungodly. We left the city that afternoon, in common with other men of business in the neighbourhood, little thinking of what would so soon overtake and destroy the houses and property of many. So men are passing onward from time towards eternity, lulled into a false security, not stopping to think of the future; and if they do for a moment pause and consider they comfort themselves with the thought that all is right, and they cry, “Peace and safety,” when, lo! sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape. This is a picture drawn by the Lord Himself of the condition of men at His coming. Occupied and engrossed in the affairs of this life, they go on as if there were no eternity beyond, no judgment to escape, no God before whose face they must stand; but though they turn a deaf ear to the warnings of God, and disbelieve His word, yet that day will come and overtake them as a thief.

The fire was terribly destructive. In the word of God we have vividly portrayed the fearful character of the day of the Lord. As this fire soon reduced pile after pile of buildings to ashes, so will it be when “the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.” There will be no possibility of escape in that day for those who have despised the day of God’s grace and longsuffering; for no power will be able to deliver them from the wrath of the Lord; for the prophet Zephaniah foretells plainly that “neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord’s wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of His jealousy.”

The fire had small beginnings. It may have originated in the carelessness of some printer’s lad, or some match thrown thoughtlessly on the ground, igniting first of all some loose paper, then spreading to something else easily combustible, until before it could be extinguished this immense damage was done. Such is the course of sin. One single act of disobedience brought all the ruin and death into our world, and what is true of the human race as a whole is equally true in the case of the individual. How many a young man, fresh from his parental home, coming up to our great city, has been led away by some apparently small beginnings! Some companion has invited him just for once to join a social evening gathering of other young men not too steady in their habits; and though perhaps at first he has yielded only a step, and that with reluctance, you may see him now with reeling gait and bloodshot eyes, the constant *habitué* of the music-hall and the gambling-den. “Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth,” said the apostle James; and truly we see the illustration of this on every side. Very few men go down the hill at a gallop or at express speed; they begin the decline very gently; the break is put on by the voice of conscience, and the thought of home and friends; but by-and-by sin obtains such a mastery that, like a raging fire, it burns within, and impels men on to destruction.

My reader, I would ask you to heed these lessons, and urge you to consider your position, whether you are in danger of the fire of the judgment of God overtaking you. Remember there is now opportunity to escape; an open door is set before you in the Lord Jesus. A God of infinite love invites you; a Saviour who died for you is waiting to receive you, and shelter you from the wrath to come. Beware then and escape while it is the day of His longsuffering and salvation. J. E. H.

"IT'S ALL RIGHT; I'VE SIGNED TO IT."

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.



COULD yer honour be so kind as to give me a lift on my road?" said a jaded-looking individual to the writer some time ago.

It was a fortnight before Christmas, and in the teeth of a biting east wind I was driving over one of the ridges of the Blackdown Hills, going to a town some miles from my home. I was at the time so occupied with my own thoughts that I had not noticed I was passing a traveller, until the above words caused me to look around, and draw up the horse.

"Would yer honour be so kind as to give me a lift on my road? I've walked nigh on to twenty miles to-day, and have nearly eight more before I get home again."

Seeing at a glance that the poor fellow was honest, and possessed an open and straightforward appearance, and feeling the comfort of riding myself, I replied, "By all means, my good fellow; jump up in the trap."

As he did so, I inwardly prayed it might be the means of his blessing, and sought guidance from God as to how I should introduce the subject to him.

Said I, "You appear very tired. Where do you come from? and what brings you over the Hills in this weather?" for I knew he was not one of the immediate neighbourhood; besides, he himself had said he had eight miles to walk before he got home.

"I live near M——, sir, if you know where that is. But I'm going to change houses pretty quick; leastways I want to, and the landlord of the house I want to take lives in H——, or some way out of it. So I've come up to-day to see him about it, and get it settled, sir. You see, 'twill soon be quarter-day, and I must get it decided before then; so I thought I'd better come and see about it myself, and get it settled," he said.

"So you believe in making as sure as you can about your new house?" I replied.

"Well, sir," he went on to say, "you see, I had spoken to the landlord about it, but there was nothing settled, as the papers weren't signed; so I

wasn't quite satisfied, and felt very uneasy like; and my missus she says to me, 'John,' says she, 'you had better go up to once and see about it, and get the 'greement-paper signed, or perhaps he'll run word,' says she. So that's why I comed up to-day, sir. But 'tis all right, sir, now; 'tis signed to," said the poor fellow, with much evident satisfaction and a feeling of relief.

"So I suppose," I asked, "there's not much fear of his running word now, and you are quite satisfied about it?"

"Oh yes, sir!" said he. "I baint afeerd of that now, because 'tis signed to, and he can't alter it. I can keep him to it." This last was said with a very decided emphasis.

"So you will be changing houses soon," said I.

"Well," he replied, "not just directly, sir, not till Lady-day; but we shall then, I suppose."

"Don't you think between this and then either he or you may alter your mind?"

"Well, sir, I don't reckon I shall; for the place where I do live now is scarcely fit to live in. I want to get out as soon as I can, and should be glad to at Christmas, only the present tenant don't go out till Lady-day. And as for the landlord, I've got him too tight; 'tis signed to."

"What about that other house you're going to leave before long?" I asked. "Have you got another to live in when you leave that one?"

He looked at me very confusedly, as though he had either misunderstood me, or I had misunderstood him, and said:

"What other house, sir? I don't rent only one; leastways I only live in one, and I don't count I should rent a house I didn't occupy."

"Oh, yes you do!" I replied. "You occupy two: one near M——, which you hope to reach by-and-by; the other here by my side. The one made of bricks and mortar; the other, of flesh and blood—your body. What about this last? Do you know you have had notice to quit, and should be preparing to change? Where are you going when you leave 'the earthly house of this tabernacle'? Have you 'a building of God: a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens'?"

"Oh, sir, said the man, "I am sorry to say I have not! That's just what I've been wanting for eighteen years; but what I'm afeerd I can't get."

"Oh, yes you can," I replied, "if you really want it! But what makes you say you are afraid you can't get it?"

"Well, sir," said he, "I'm a bad feller, there's no mistake about it; and nobody has ever spoken to me so kind as you have about it, sir, for eighteen years. Then my mother died, and on her death-bed she begged me to follow her, and I said I would; but I never kept to it, and I'm afeerd 'tis no use now. But, sir, believe me, I've never felt so strange a feeling as I've had since I've been in your trap; no, not for all those years. But directly I put my foot on the step of the trap I felt, that man's a Christian like my mother! Oh, sir, do you think 'tis too late for me?"

"I am quite sure it is not too late," said I; "and another thing, I am perfectly sure it is just the very *right time*; for God's word declares, 'Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.' 'Come *now*, and let us reason together,' saith the Lord."

"I wish I could be sure of it," said the poor fellow in deep earnestness, the tears proving his sincerity.

Said I, "How do you know it is settled with you and the landlord about your house? how are you *sure* it is all right?"

"Why because the '*greement is signed*, sir," he said.

"Who signed it?" I asked.

"Both of us, sir; leastways I put my mark, as I can't write very well," said he.

"The landlord agreed to let the house under certain conditions, and signed to it. Was that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you enter on the property merely on *his* signing the agreement?" I asked.

"Oh no, sir; *I* had to sign to it too!"

"Just so," I replied. "God has provided eternal life, eternal happiness, and an eternal inheritance at a great cost for certain persons. The price He paid for these was His only begotten Son's precious blood. Jesus, when He died on the cross, removed all difficulty for the sinner by bearing away the sin of the world. God has promised eternal life and eternal glory to every one who will accept it in His way, and He has *signed to it* by raising up Jesus our Lord from the dead, and gives us further proof by sending the Holy Spirit to convince us of the truth. Now this is God's part. But just as the *landlord's* signing your agreement did not put you in possession without *your* mark—you had to sign to it also—in the same way you must sign to God's covenant by *receiving* and *believing* what God says

of Jesus Christ, His blessed Son, that He died 'the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God;' and God's word declares that this is signing to God's agreement; for 'he that hath received His testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true' (John iii. 33); in other words, He that accepts Jesus as his Saviour gets into *possession*."

"Is it like that?" said the astonished man. "Then by the help of God I'll sign to it now;" and, with streaming eyes, he said aloud, with upturned face, as we drove along the road, "O God, I do accept thy blessed Son as my Saviour; I will sign to the '*greement*. Thou hast promised to give everlasting life to those who believe. I do believe; praise God;" and turning to me he said, "Oh, sir, I was never so happy in my life! I shall have good news to tell my wife when I get home." But here he seemed to be in trouble, and said, "I can't read very well, sir; I wish I could remember what you have said."

I got him to repeat several verses of Scripture over and over again, and by the time I reined up in the town of W—— he had learnt several. He on leaving me to proceed on his journey, grasped my hand in both of his, and said, "Good-bye, sir; I shall to all eternity have to bless God for riding in your trap to-day. My first step on to your trap was my first step to heaven. We may never meet again on earth, but we shall meet in heaven; '*tis all right, sir; 'tis signed to*," and he passed on a new man, happy in the Lord.

I had scarcely got on to the pavement to enter a shop when he came running back, saying, "My name is ——, sir. If you should ever be in our neighbourhood, and wouldn't think it beneath you, I should be terrible glad to see you, sir. I'm not afraid to quit this house, sir," said he, striking his breast. "When the Lord's time comes, I'm ready; I feel sure of it. There's a better house waiting '*tis sartin, sir; isn't it, 'cause 'tis signed to*."

I have never seen him since, and may never on earth; but I have confidence I shall meet him in heaven, all because he by faith signed to the agreement of divine love and grace.

Has the one who has been reading these lines? If not, put your name to it to-day. God says, in Rom. vi. 23, His "*gift*" is eternal life. He *promises* to bestow it on *every one* who will receive it. Will you agree to *take* it as poor John did, of whom you have been reading? May God help you to do so to-day for His name sake.

A DYING SCEPTIC.



VERY many years ago, when I was comparatively a young man in this city, as I rose from the breakfast-table one morning, I was informed that a person wished to speak with me.

On being shown in, he asked me to visit a young man who had professed infidel principles when in health, but who was now far gone in consumption. The dying sceptic positively refused to see a clergyman; but, as I was a layman, his friend thought the prejudice might not extend to me. At once my faithless heart secretly refused compliance. Of all men in the city of C——, I thought I was least fitted to contend with an infidel; and if any failure in meeting his objections became apparent, would it not weaken the force of the gospel message I would fain convey?

Then I remembered the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," and I hesitated no longer. The invitation came to me as a call from the God of power, and I resolved to go forth with His word alone.

In a poor locality, threaded with dark and narrow by-streets and courts, I found the house to which I had been directed. It was a miserable structure, fast falling to decay, and I paused a moment in conscious weakness, crying secretly to God for strength, before I ascended the rickety staircase. Arrived at a landing near the top of the house, I came to the room where the invalid lay, and knocking gently, a voice bade me enter. I did so, and at once came face to face with the object of my search.

The room was small, meanly and scantily furnished, without any of the appliances of comfort for which a refined mind would naturally look. On the bed, propped up by pillows into a half-erect position, was a young man whose hectic colour and lustrous eyes told only too plainly, even had the frequent short cough been wanting, what disease was sapping his young life away. He was much worn, and to all appearance his life on earth could not be long. I knew him well now. He was one who from childhood had been celebrated for musical talent, and whose beautiful voice was listened to with delight as he took his place among the white-robed choristers who led the cathedral service. The talent had been cultivated, and he was also becoming known as an instrumental performer, when

he fell in with some young fellows who had burst the bonds of morality, and in their society he had acquired unsteady habits. There was no good influence in his home, though his parents were living, and, unchecked, he soon indulged in the sceptical reasonings too common among his class. Being of an inquiring mind, and having a high order of intellect, he was not satisfied with receiving his opinions through ordinary mediums, but commenced a diligent study of Paine's works, and others of a similar nature. Need we say with what result? God's truth was first set aside, then wholly disregarded, and young M—— became known as a foremost and clever opposer of divine revelation.

But what did all this do for him? Just what it has done for many. It left him with an unsatisfied heart, unanswered aspirations, a joyless life. And what did it bring? A wasted constitution, a dread of meeting God, a hopeless death-bed. Like those whose superior intellects had led him astray, he found at last that his false reasonings could not sustain him in the hour of nature's weakness, and he stood shivering on the verge of eternity without hope, without God, without excuse.

I had expected to be confronted with subtle reasonings on disputable points in which I never allowed my mind to engage; but I was more than surprised when I was met on my entrance by the utmost earnestness, and by a candid acknowledgment of spiritual danger, for which I was not prepared.

The dying man motioned me to a seat, and it was a relief to find we were to be left alone.

"I know why you are come," he said, "and thank you very much. You can have but one motive—my good. *I know that I am dying, but I don't know where I am going.* I want you to tell me briefly what I must do."

"I think," I replied gently, "you need to hear of what has been done."

"I know that well enough!" he exclaimed; "I have thrown away my life, and with it my hopes for eternity. I have lost my faith in everything pure, good, and holy, even in the great God who will now bring me into judgment."

"You know your ruin," I said; "but I have come to tell you of the remedy. God says, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.'"

A small table stood beside the bed; a book, with the open page turned downwards, lay upon it. "See here," he said, pointing towards it, "I have

been trying to find the remedy. I have been trying to learn what I must do to please God, and get Him to help me; but it is all in vain. I fall short in every point."

I took up the book; it was *The Whole Duty of Man*, and my eye fell on the open page. It was headed, "Of Love to God," and the fruits of love were thus described: "The first thing is a desire of pleasing; the second a desire of enjoyment." He glanced down at it too.

"Now," he resumed, "that I haven't got, and I never can have it. I earnestly desire to please God, but it is from a selfish motive; it is in order to save myself. As to enjoyment, I would get away for ever from His presence if I could, or keep Him away from me!" He spoke with vehemence, and then looked up as though he expected to see me shrink away alarmed.

"I can quite understand this," I said calmly. "I should be much surprised if it were otherwise. The Bible declares 'the carnal mind is enmity against God,' and that 'they that are in the flesh cannot please Him.' You have still an unrenewed nature, a carnal mind. It is just such as you Jesus came to save. He came into the world to save sinners, not those who had made themselves something better, or got some way out of the mire of corruption into a more hopeful position, but the wholly lost, helpless, and undone."

He looked at me with interest, then spoke again.

"Turn further back in my book, and you will see the first thing required of me is 'faith in God's essence, attributes, and word.' His attributes I have scoffed at; His very being I have denied. Something within me says He is true, and will have satisfaction; but is this love? How can I believe what I learnt at Sunday-school; for instance, 'God is love?' No; I cannot receive His word." He spoke hopelessly.

"Never mind *your* book for a while," I went on to say, "but try mine; it will simplify matters. If you had all the love that is herein described, if you gave an unquestioning reception to all the great truths of the Bible, and knew them intellectually, without having, as a poor, guilty sinner, trusted in a personal Saviour, and obtained deliverance through Him, it would avail you nothing."

His lustrous eyes here became fixed on me with deepening interest. I lifted up my heart for guidance ere I proceeded.

"There never was but **ONE** on the earth who performed—who could perform—'the whole duty of man,' and that was Jesus Christ; and this He did, not according to man's vain conceptions of duty, but according to the requirements of God's holy law. All that you have failed in He has rendered to God, and God has accepted and approved Him. He is well pleased for His righteousness' sake. He also laid down His life as a penalty for sin. He stood in our stead, the Guilt-bearer and Substitute of sinners, and was smitten that the guilty might go free. If you believe this, and simply trust in it for your own pardon with God, you have your part in the wondrous redemption which He has accomplished for sinners."

He did not say one word, but his breath came thick and fast.

"You have been trying to work up a love to God," I said. "What think you of a God who could thus give up His Son for you?"

"I think," he replied very slowly, "I could trust my soul to a God who could do this. Are you sure this is all, and that there is nothing to do?"

"Nothing for salvation but what Jesus has accomplished. Start with the conviction that all has been done. When you trust in that finished work—weakly and ignorantly, it may be, but no more simply the better—you are saved. God will do it."

"Oh," he exclaimed, bringing his wasted hands together with a great sigh of relief, as if casting off a burden, "how simple! What a fool I have been! Tell me more. Assure my heart of this!"

I knew God's word alone could assure him; 'faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' So I opened my Bible, and read the gospel texts as they occurred to me:

"'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' (Isaiah liii. 6.)

"'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree. . . By whose stripes we are healed.' (1 Peter ii. 24.)

"'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John iii. 16.)



The Watchman's Message.

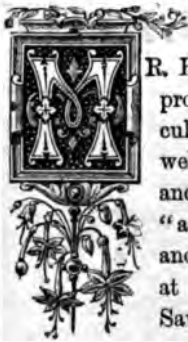


TIMOTHY LEARNING THE SCRIPTURES.



FROM a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—2 TIM. iii. 15.

"But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed. So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."—ROM. x. 8-11, 17.



"BLOTTED OUT."

MR. H— was a member of the legal profession—clever, talented, and calculated to shine in his profession, as well as in society. He loved pleasure, and was quite a man of the world, "a stranger to grace and to God," and ever ready to ridicule and mock at those who knew and loved the Saviour, and sought to walk in His ways. His parents, however, had been devoted Christians, and doubtless this son had been the subject of many prayers, which the Lord, in His own time and way, was now about to answer. Mr. H— found himself upon a sick bed; he thought from the grave looks of the doctor and his attendant that there was no hope of recovery, and became much distressed in soul over his past life. And as the voice of God spoke to him, he saw his sins in their true light; he knew himself unprepared, and feared to meet a righteous God in his guilty condition. One night, while in this state, he dreamt there was a large roll of paper hanging at the foot of his bed, upon which he saw the record of his past life—every sin noted down. But while he gazed in terror and dismay at the sight, he saw them ALL blotted out most completely—not one trace remained—and terror changed to peace and joy, in the conscious forgiveness of sins, and acceptance with God—reminding us of that sweet word, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins." (Isa. xlv. 22.) The Lord was pleased to spare his life a couple of years, and having found peace through the blood, and the knowledge of sins forgiven, he sought by his life to prove the sincerity of what he professed, and boldly confessed Christ to those around him.

Dear reader, how is it with your sins? Has the handwriting of ordinances against you been blotted out? Do not imagine because a sin is past it will be forgotten. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every *secret* thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil" (Eccles. xii. 14); "God requireth that which is past." "There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." (Job xxxiv. 22.) "Neither is there *any creature* that is not manifest in His sight: but *all* things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

(Heb. iv. 13.) You may pass before your fellow-man, but God requireth truth in the inward parts; a religious exterior, while the heart is not right with God, will never bring you to heaven. Like Herod, you may do many things, but "this is the work of God, that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent." (John vi. 29.)

"When the Saviour said, 'tis finished,
Everything was fully done,
Done as God Himself would have it—
Christ the victory fully won.

"Vain and futile the endeavour
To improve or add thereto;
God's free grace is thus commended,
To '*believe*' and not '*to do*.'

"All the doing is completed,
Now 'tis, 'Look, believe, and live;'
None can purchase his salvation,
Life's a gift that God doth give."

Let me beseech you not to delay, if you are not happy in the assurance of all your sins being put away by the death of the Lord Jesus. Do not rest till you can say, "He loved me, and He gave Himself for me."

"To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moments here be done,
Eternal woe—the second death—
Awaits the grace-rejecting one."

"Come *now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xliii. 25.)

R. C. L.

ETERNAL LIFE.



MAN was walking one evening down one of the broad roads of London which led to the western suburbs. He hurried along briskly, scarcely noticing the passers-by or the pure star-lit sky above. The din of traffic had subsided, but ever and anon cabs and carriages drove rapidly by, and in the gas-light glimpses of pleasure-seekers and bright faces might be seen; but he passed them by unheeded. He was wrapt in thought, bitter thoughts of life. All his days he had worshipped mammon. The world had been his God, and his chief regret was that he could not prolong his life by even one year. "Oh that I could live a hundred years!" was his cry; "there would be nothing *then* that I would not know. Science and art would be subservient to my mind, and perhaps I would *even*

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

draw back the curtain that hides God from man. Life would be worth living indeed if we knew we could last in health and vigour a hundred years; but now accident or disease may cut short our days while in the prime of life, and a man dies when he is but ankle-deep in the sea of knowledge. Men are even now learning to control the forces of Nature. I would go farther, and solve the secret of life itself."

And as he wandered on the simple melody of a hymn caught his ear. He was about to turn away with a half-muttered protest against "psalm-singing" in the streets when he heard the words "everlasting life," and, turning, saw a small group of persons singing with evident earnestness. The words mingled strangely with his recent thoughts—"everlasting life."

"Aye, I would like to possess that," he said; and almost involuntarily he crept closer, until he heard the words of the entire verse. They were—

"Verily, verily, I say unto you;
Verily, verily, message ever new:
He that believeth on the Son, 'tis true,
Hath everlasting life."

Almost annoyed with himself for listening he turned away, and tried to return to his old current of thought; but the simple melody, and the wondrous truth the words contained would not quit him. He looked up at the stars, and fancied they mocked him. "They will shine on for ever," he thought, "but in a few years I shall be mouldering in the tomb, forgotten; my brief existence will have passed away for ever. What has mortal man to do with 'everlasting life!'" But all the way home God's message sounded like a small voice in his heart, "He that believeth hath everlasting life."

"I shall forget it by the morning," he said; but no, that simple message never left his heart until he had learnt to know for himself its meaning; and that man's life was altered from the hour the seed was sown, until he sought no more for prolonged days save to be employed in the service of his Master.

Ah! indeed God was there amid that little group of singers, and His mighty Spirit went forth unseen and unheard. Thus goeth forth the word of God, and we never know upon what ground the seed may fall. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)

A. T. H.



ROCKS AHEAD.

YOU are drifting to leeward, my friend—
The danger you don't seem to see—
And must tack about quick, or you'll end
On the rocks of eternity!

The "land sharks" on plunder are thriving,
Among the swift eddies of "spree,"
And many a soul are they driving,
On the rocks of eternity!

Avast! on the course you are steering,
Though pleasant the voyage may be,
For all round the coast you are nearing,
Stand the rocks of eternity!

Oh, the thousands! have perished like you,
At ease on sin's treacherous sea;
Or dropped down with the wind as it blew
On the rocks of eternity!

The good Pilot is now alongside,
Crying, "Sailors, believe in Me;"
Then take Jesus aboard for your Guide
From the rocks of eternity!

A harbour of refuge is open,
And all to its shelter must flee;
For the stoutest timbers are broken
On the rocks of eternity!

Then bear up for the sin-cleansing blood,
And the port where all dues are free;
Once at anchor, you'll spring with the flood
On the shore of eternity!

Up aloft will the standard be waved,
As we sing round the crystal sea,
And behold the good Pilot that saved
From the rocks of eternity.

W. O. M.



FRIEND THAT LOVETH AT ALL TIMES.

“What are these wounds in thy hands?
Those with which I was wounded in the house
of my friends.” Zech. xiii. 6.

YE
ARE MY
FRIENDS
IF
YE DO
WHATSOEVER
→* I *←
COMMAND
YOU.

THE
FRIEND
— OF —
Publicans
— AND —
✻ **SINNERS** ✻

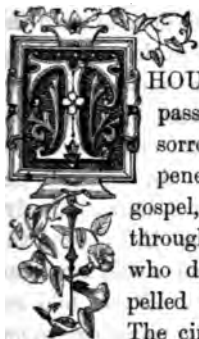
THERE
IS A
FRIEND
THAT
STICKETH
CLOSER
THAN
A
BROTHER.

“He was wounded for our transgressions, He was
bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of
our peace was upon Him; and with His
stripes we are healed.” ISAIAH liii. 5.

“The friendship of the world is enmity with God;
whosoever therefore will be a friend of the
world is the enemy of God.” JAMES iv. 4.

THE OFFENDED HEARER.

BY S. BLOW.



THOUGH nearly twenty years have passed, I remember well a sad and sorrowful circumstance which happened to one who had listened to the gospel, and to whom God had spoken through the preaching of the Word; but who deliberately and determinedly repelled His messages of grace and love. The circumstance which I am about to relate transpired in a small country village. There was a chapel in it, and those connected with it had to get help from those at a distance to conduct the gospel services. I had been there on several occasions, and an unconverted hearer, the husband of a Christian woman, took a great dislike to me and my manner of presenting the gospel. He charged me with being offensive, too personal; and he said I had gone so far, on more than one occasion, to point deliberately at him during my addresses. As he was an entire stranger to me, and to my knowledge I had no recollection of the man, when I heard what he had said concerning me, I was thankful, and considered the Lord was speaking to the man's conscience, and trusted it would result in his conversion to God, in answer to the earnest prayers of his persecuted wife.

During one of my periodical visits, I was asked to stay over two Lord's-days. This man hearing of it, wrote an insolent letter concerning me to my host, saying he would never darken the doors of the chapel while I was allowed to preach; for he was not going to have his private character exposed before all the people, as it had been done before by me. This note my host kept quietly to himself, without mentioning the man or the circumstance to me, till I was just leaving the following week. His reason for doing so was in consideration of this man's wife, who was subject to frequent cruelties, and on whom he vented his spleen and revenge when anything offended him, or while under the influence of drink. The man kept his promise. He never crossed the threshold of that preaching-room again. The Lord had spoken to him more than once or twice; but he had deliberately refused His frequent invitations of pardon and mercy. Now He left him to himself; the reins of his lusts and passions were flung loose, and he was allowed to go

unbridled, unchecked in his wilful, obstinate, and sinful course. His poor wife seemed to be the chief victim on whom he heaped his revenge. At last his unmanly, inhuman conduct towards her aroused the indignation and enlisted the sympathy of the neighbours in the village on her behalf, and one day, when he made a brutal attack on her, for her sake, and fearing her life was in danger, they had him locked up; and while there, whether stung by remorse, or goaded on by the devil, we know not, he put an end to his sad, sinful career by hanging himself, and so he passed into eternity, opening its portals with his own suicidal hand. But "as the tree falls so it lies," and thus we leave him with the Judge of all the earth.

How true these solemn words of Scripture: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." And while God, in His mysterious providence, allows some men to go on for many years in a sinful, hardened, rebellious course, others He gives over to themselves entirely, unrestrained, unbridled; and the life of such is usually brief; their sinful career abruptly closed, their end fatal, their damnation just.

"Why denounce sin? Why preach so that the evil life, the inward corruption of the heart are exposed to your hearers? Why be so earnest? Why urge sinners to decide *now*, to come to Christ at *once*?" say some. I ask, Would you look coolly on if you saw a blind man walking deliberately to the edge of a fearful precipice? Would you pass by one indifferently whom you saw sleeping across a line of rail when you knew an express train was to pass over the spot in a few minutes? Would you sit complacently if you observed your neighbour's house opposite you in flames, and the lives of its inmates in imminent danger, and not warn them, not seek to awaken them out of their slumber, lest they should be burned to death? I say, No, you would not; you could not. And shall not we warn sinners, whose lives are hanging on a single thread, so brittle, so slender, that it may snap in a moment, and their precious, priceless souls hurled into eternal perdition, a never-ending, burning hell.

"Where no river of forgetful rolls to efface the past,
Or quench the sense of what they were,
Or sooth or end their pain at last,
Or cool their burning tongue."

But, beloved reader and fellow-traveller to *eternity*, how is it with you? What about your own soul? Is it saved? Are your sins forgiven? Have you

trusted in the Christ of God, who is the *only* Saviour, the *only* One by whom you can ever think of getting to heaven? Or are you resisting His message of love, repelling the strivings of His Spirit? Offended and chafed when His word appeals to your heart, and convicts your conscience; but instead of obediently yielding to His loving voice, you deliberately turn away, like one of old, in a rage. If you wilfully act thus, I solemnly warn you that such a resolve will be disastrous; the choice will be fatal to your soul's eternal interest, your doom certain, your eternal damnation sure. There is an old proverb which says, "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished." Will you be the prudent man, to foresee the coming evil and the fiery wrath that awaits every Christ-rejecter, and flee to Him who is the only sure and safe hiding-place—Christ the Rock of ages? Or will you remain the *simple* one, to pass on heedlessly, wilfully, determinedly to be punished, and to eternally endure the wrath of a just and holy God? "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that *obey* not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power."

Oh, be wise; flee, flee to Christ now! Don't stay away from Him any longer. He will welcome, He will receive you, and make you eternally happy in His love, and satisfied only with *Himself* through time and throughout eternity.

THE TWO ALLS SETTLE IT.

BY GEORGE HEFFORD.



"HAT I have heard this evening has taken a great load from my heart," said a woman at the close of a tent service in the city of B—. "I see now there is forgiveness even for me; those two '*alls*' settle it—'All who believe are justified from all things.'"

"Had you been afraid there was no forgiveness for you?" I enquired.

"Yes. For a long time past I have been nearly driven to despair; my sins have been even before me so that I could neither rest by day or sleep at

night. One sin in particular, committed years ago, has preyed upon my mind, and made my life a misery. I have done all that can be done to undo the wrong; but when I sought for pardon something seemed to say, for that sin there could be no forgiveness. In an almost distracted state I have gone to churches, chapels, and mission halls, listened to preachers in the open air, hoping to get some relief; but generally what I heard only increased my fears. It was the same if I opened the Bible; the very first words I read would condemn me. A friend, who knew of my distress, told me of these tent services. Glad to go anywhere to get a ray of hope, I came. What a mercy I did! Surely the hand of God was in it; for 'through this man' Christ Jesus has been preached unto us 'forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all* who believe are justified from *all* things.'"

"But," I said, "the words quoted imply that *only* those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ are justified. Are you really believing on Him?"

"I am," she replied. "The hymn we sang is just true of me—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.'"

"That being so, there can be no question as to your sins being put away, believing in His name, and forgiveness being inseparably joined together by God. Not only so, but all the blessings of salvation here and hereafter are connected with this belief. Search your Bible daily; ask for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit; and as these blessings are day by day unfolded to your view, claim them by faith; for 'all things are yours . . . and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.' (1 Cor. iii. 21.) United thus to Christ, the changed life will follow. 'They which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again.' (2 Cor. v. 15.) Do not be a secret disciple. Own your relationship; confess His name openly before others. Will you not begin at once by returning home and telling your husband and friends what great things the Lord hath done for you?"

Looking across the tent, she said, "My husband is one of the enquirers yonder; he is also very anxious to be saved, but does not see the way."

"Could you not explain to him what is now so clear to yourself?"

"Perhaps I could," she replied. The two were then brought together, left to themselves, and in a little time both husband and wife were praising God for His matchless grace and love.

Many conversations I had with these people afterwards only showed more and more clearly their unfaltering faith in the written word of God. Like the Bereans (Acts xvii. 11), "they received the Word" they heard preached "with all readiness of mind, searched the Scriptures daily," and as a consequence their faith grew exceedingly. Some portions of the Word God the Holy Spirit had written upon their very hearts. Paul's triumphant challenge in Romans viii. was one of these. To some who suggested they were over confident, and might after all be lost, the closing verses of this chapter were quoted with the remark, "These are God's own precious words; what need we more? He cannot deny Himself." On these and other statements of God's eternal truth each had taken their stand, and believing had entered into rest. (Heb. iv. 3.)

How many are the devices of the enemy of souls! In the early periods of life, if serious thoughts occupy the mind, he suggests that where so little sin has been committed there is no cause for alarm, or some future time will suffice; but when, as in this case, conscience is thoroughly aroused, the mind enlightened by the Holy Spirit of God, and the soul can neither be blinded to its danger, or lulled with his opiates to sleep, then he fixes upon some sin or sins in the past life, and by representing these as being so horrible, peculiar, and aggravating, try to drive the stricken one to despair. John Bunyan was dreadfully tempted in this way when seeking after God. In one of his prayers he says, "O Lord, Satan tells me that neither Thy mercy or the blood of Christ is sufficient to save my soul. What must I do?" Nor are those who have fled to Christ free from his fierce assaults. One says—

"He worries those he can't destroy
With a malicious joy."

"What is wrong with you to-day?" said a visitor to one she had generally found bright and happy, but who on this occasion had a sad and downcast look.

"Oh," said the woman, "Satan's been at me all the day!"

"What has he been saying?" enquired the visitor.

"He's been saying that I'm only a hypocrite, deceiving myself and others; that I'm not saved, and that hell will be my portion after all."

"And what did you say in reply?"

"Ah! I said but little. It's no use arguing with him; but I was just telling him as you came in about the 'blood that cleanseth from all sin.'"


"A good idea," said the visitor. "Just what Luther did. He says, in a dream the arch-enemy appeared to him with a long black roll of past transgressions, to all of which the reformer pleaded guilty. 'Then,' said Satan, 'how can you expect to be forgiven?' 'Write at the bottom,' said Luther, "'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'" Thus the wily adversary was defeated."

Reader, are you troubled by sin? Does Satan harrass and perplex? Try this way—own thy guilt, but plead the blood for cleansing; and, though you were the blackest, vilest sin-steeped wretch that ever trod the earth, your sin shall be put away, cancelled, blotted out, forgiven, forgotten by God. Not only so, but—

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
He'll never—no, never—desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

ACTS iii. 2.

 LONG had the sufferer waited there,
In shadow of all that splendour fair;
His cry for alms had been daily heard
(Unheeded oft by the busy crowd).
Helpless and poor doth the lame man wait,
Laid by his friends at "the beautiful gate."

'Tis heard, 'tis answered, that eager plea—
"Silver and gold have I none" for thee;
"In Jesus of Nazareth's name arise."
The glad word echoes o'er earth and skies;
He's "walking and leaping," in joy so great,
He whom they laid at "the beautiful gate."

Methinks in that "beautiful gate" we trace,
Dimly foreshadowed, the throne of grace;
There many have come to seek release
From sin's dark load and received peace.
How many, unconscious of need so great,
A mother has laid at "the beautiful gate!"

There's comfort for trembling souls and tried;
"To him that knocketh, 'tis opened wide."
Comfort for those who have oft laid there
A much-loved friend at the gate of prayer.
The answer will come, though it tarry late,
If laid in faith at "the beautiful gate!"

At its glitt'ring portal we may lay
The hopes and fears that beset our way;
No sorrow too great, no fear too small,
The heart of love will receive them all.
Oh, the cares of life would be ne'er so great,
If oft'ner laid at "the beautiful gate!"

A. F. P.

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

AN English lady travelling in Italy was by mistake taken to a miserable boarding-house. Late at night she was left at the door, and the cabriolet drove away. There was not another in the street to take her elsewhere. Her only alternative was to enter, and go to her room. She lay down, but not to sleep. A night of prayer with God calmed her troubled heart. As daylight entered the filthy room given to her she prayed, "Lord, if this be thy guidance, I ask thee to let me see wherefore I am in this place. Many a time I have prayed to trust thee; now I ask to see thee." Then there came the witness of the Spirit that her prayer was heard and answered.

"The cool air of the early morning," she writes, "and more the calm rest which fell on my spirit, strengthened me, and, putting on my hat and gloves, I slowly descended the dark, narrow stairs, and entered a room on the ground-floor, which gave evidence of the last night's meals. The remains of supper and drinking-cups lay around, and from several strange invisible beds were people rising from their sleep.

"A large-headed, fierce-looking man in his shirt sleeves advanced, and demanded in an insolent tone where I was going.

"I replied, 'To the terminus,' at the same time drawing out my purse to pay his demands, and begging him to fetch me a cabriolet.

"'You cannot go until you have ordered your breakfast,' he said, in a peremptory tone.

"'Good,' I replied; 'I take milk and bread only.'

"He bade a man near fetch it, while evidently keeping watch on my movements, suspicious that I should depart and defraud him of payment.

"'Why are you going so early?' he enquired in a blustering tone.

"I looked calmly in his face, and replied, slowly and solemnly, 'My Master calls me.'

"'Who is your Master?' said my host.

"I replied, pointing upwards, 'My Master is my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"If the power of that name above all other names could give sight to the blind and strength to the lame, so to-day it had not lost the power to awe the rude and insolent man. He stared as if an apparition had suddenly risen at his feet; his hair, matted and uncombed, stood from his head, and gave him the aspect of terror and dismay.

"And so I spoke of Him whose hand was over me, and, taking out my Italian Testament, I read of the condemnation of the sinner, and the salvation through God's only begotten Son. (John iii.)

"The man stood aghast.

"It was evident that my words, imperfect as was my Italian, reached his heart. And as I proclaimed the grace and mercy of God the Father in giving His Son, and God the Son in giving Himself, to die for ruined, guilty man, the Spirit of truth declared, 'Thou art the man!' In that hour I recognised the power which is promised with the baptism of the Holy Ghost—the power which men shall not gainsay nor resist. Words came unsought, texts learned and long forgotten arose fresh in my mind. From little knowledge of the construction of the language, save what I had from time to time acquired from my Italian Testament, I went on to tell of the crucified and risen Saviour as the only refuge of the sinner from eternal death.

"Another would have framed his arguments better. I lay no claim to rhetoric. No matter; God was there, and the words spoken for Him were arrows in His hand.

"Another and another man arose from under the table, where they had evidently slept, and listened as I read.

"I felt nothing of my strange position; I only felt that I was there, a witness for the Lord God, who had covered me with the shadow of His hand, and put His words in my mouth.

"At the open door I now saw a group of old women and girls on their way to the fountain, who had followed the boy with his jug of milk for my breakfast. But I had no need of food; even had it been possible to have eaten it in the dirt and confusion around I had need of nothing; I knew what it was to have meat to eat which the world knoweth not.

"As I recall that hour my soul still sings her song of gratitude and praise that the Lord had not looked upon my sinking faith, my cowardly heart, but on the perfect obedience of His spotless One, my Sun and Shield—'Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine Anointed.' (Ps. lxxxiv. 9.) Here is the shelter from the storm, the shelter from the heat.

"There was a strange solemnity in that group. The men seemed awed; there was no movement, no smile on one of those dark faces.

"And now the same cabriolet made its appearance at the door, with an attendant sent by the kind officials of the railway. I saw that the Lord was thus showing me that He had placed me on the hearts of strangers, had I needed help outwardly; and I was not alone, for *He* was with me.

"In gathering my shawl around me my Italian Scriptures, from which I had been reading, fell to the ground. My rough landlord picked it up, and, before returning it to me, he turned the pages with a wistful eye. It opened as it fell: 'He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only-begotten Son of God.' (John iii.) I watched the curiosity evinced in his countenance as he scanned leaf after leaf, and then, with his eyes still on the little book that had done me good service, he inquired:

"Does this book belong to the lady?"

"It was mine once; it is yours from this moment."

"For me!" exclaimed the man joyfully; "surely, really for me!"

"Yes, for you, my friend, that you may remember the day when the English stranger came to your house, sent of God, to tell you of the good news of the kingdom of heaven, pardon and peace, which my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my Master, died to secure you."

"Oh, it was worth many a night-watch in a foreign land to see the tears stand in those bloodshot eyes, and mark the quiver of those coarse lips, that seemed long strangers to any gentle emotion!"

"He took the book with reverence between his folded hands and pressed it to his breast.

"What grace is Thine, O Master,
For work so poor and scant!
How glorious is the guerdon
My loving Lord doth grant!
The willing heart Thou gavest,
And Thy words of love and light,
Oh, it is worth cross-bearing
To wait for Thee one night!"

"As I went out, followed by that strange assembly, I could but mark that they spoke one to another, and evidently with interest. Each one desired to offer me some token of respect and kindness in ready service. My shawls, and bag, and personal luggage, were divided among them to carry for me, and my rough host was foremost in assisting me into the wonderful vehicle, which might have been a chariot with fleet steeds for all I know; for my heart was overflowing with praise as I looked on that group, whom I should behold no more until we met before the throne of God."



HAVING already briefly referred to the baptism of the Believer by the Holy Ghost into one body, it would be profitable to consider further the chief characteristics of that mystic body, designated as it is in the Scriptures

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

This expression occurs in 1 Cor. x. 32—"Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God." In these words three totally distinct and separate classes are presented to us—

The Jews,
The Gentiles,
The Church of God.

Other portions of the word of God furnish us with the distinguishing features of each, and, we may here remark, it is highly important that no confusion or ambiguity should exist in the mind of the Believer respecting the position they severally occupy as unfolded to us in the New Testament Scriptures.

Our present endeavour will be to consider in a prayerful spirit the teaching of God's word with reference to the Church of the living God, which, says the Apostle to Timothy, "is the pillar and ground of the truth." It may, however, be more helpful to us in this enquiry if, before we endeavour to determine what the Church of God is, we clearly state what it is not, and also explain in what way it differs from that which existed upon the earth prior to the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

From the scripture in 1 Cor. x., which has been already quoted, it is evident that the Church of God is, in and of itself, as distinct from the Jewish nation and the Gentile people as the Jews and Gentiles were from one another. It was a new departure altogether. We will, however, proceed in

the order in which they are brought before us by the Apostle Paul.

The Jews.

We are taught in the Old Testament writings that God set apart in Abraham a family, and in process of time a people, to be known by all around them as the Jewish nation. They had been delivered by the hand of Moses out of the land of Egypt from Pharaoh's cruel yoke, and afterwards they were separated from all other dwellers upon the earth by their privileges, rites, ordinances, and customs. Over and above all they had received the law on mount Sinai. To the Jews "pertained the adoption, the glory, and the covenants, the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises." (Rom. ix. 4.) In reading the scriptures that have reference to Israel, it is necessary to bear continually in mind that the barrier or middle wall of partition which existed between the Jews and other nations was sanctioned by Divine appointment. Hence it could not be removed or broken down until the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Jehovah had chosen Israel to be His peculiar treasure. They were emphatically an earthly people blessed with earthly blessings. Therefore as the Jews could not have been the Church of God, neither indeed were

The Gentiles.

"They were aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." (Ephes. ii. 11.) As this was so it was impossible that there could be any fellowship or indeed anything in common between the Jew and the Gentile. The latter had no share or participation in the hopes and privileges of the former. Nevertheless there were those among them, like Job and Cornelius, who as individuals feared God, and through faith received blessing from Him, although outside of Israel's blessings. "But now," writes the apostle, "in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition . . . for to make in Himself of twain one new man, so making peace; that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby: and came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them which were nigh. For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the

Father. Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." (Ephes. ii.) This then is the one body or the Church of God into which all believers in Christ, all who have been born again, all who are converted, are baptized by the Holy Ghost, whether Jew or Gentile, high or low, bond or free. It is that new constitution which was dimly foreshadowed in the Old Testament Scriptures, but developed on the day of Pentecost by the descent of the Holy Ghost consequent upon the death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ the Lord. It is composed exclusively of believers in Him, whether Jews or Gentiles, who are blessed with all *spiritual* blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and are the living members of that one Body or Church of which Christ is the risen and exalted Head. The death of Jesus Christ not only secured salvation for the individual believer, but gathered together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad. Having been made one by the operation of the Holy Spirit, the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved. This process is still going on. The Church of God is not visibly one, as in the Pentecostal times of its early history. It is torn asunder by many divisions and schisms. Still in the sight of God it is one. In spite of the numerous sects and parties that exist, the language of true faith is as bold to-day as ever it was—"There is *one* Body." Knowing this, every child of God should endeavour, so far as he is able, to maintain the unity of the Spirit by manifesting love to all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and are walking in His ways.

Unseen by the natural eye, and unheeded by the world, this glorious building is rapidly approaching completion, as stone after stone is added thereto. Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets it stands secure, and soon—it may be very soon—the last stone will be laid thereon with shoutings of, "Grace, grace unto it!" We know not how near that hour may be. It may be nearer at hand than we are aware of. But in that day the Lord Jesus shall "see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

W. H. F. C.

THE

CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, Baker Street, W.;
and 21, Paternoster Square, E.C.

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"GOING BY AIR."



THE train was late, and while I was waiting a fellow-passenger remarked, somewhat impatiently, "What days these are for travelling!"

It was Saturday, and the days of summer were almost over. People of all classes seemed on the move; commercial travellers glad to get home for "week's journey" to rest; pleasure-returning from their seaside outings; and folk, with their usual Saturday marketing, to their different abodes—which, with guards, and other officials rushing hither and there, and, above all, the noise of trains coming and going, made the B. J. Station an unusual din and excitement.

The person who spoke was a woman of respectable intelligent appearance, considerably beyond middle life, and evidently well versed in current events. She added, "How very much more people travel now than they used to do. Last Sunday the Paris were worked by electricity, and it was a success; they intend trying it again to-morrow. I should not wonder but that before long we shall go by air."

For this was news to me, and a wonderful proof of the skill and ingenuity of man, who is now, after well-nigh six thousand years how to

apply some of the powers put at his disposal; yet I knew something more wonderful still, on this very subject too, and which was by no means a discovery of modern science, but a fact clearly stated nearly nineteen centuries ago, and so replied, "I know that a great many people one of these days will go to heaven without wings and without dying." At this my companion looked startled, and seemed to wonder whether it was said in jest or in earnest. Seeing her astonishment, I inquired if she believed the Bible. "Well, not all. I should say there are but few who believe it all," was the rather reluctant reply. Thank God, I was one of those few, and received it *all* from Genesis to Revelation; for "the Scripture cannot be broken." "*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable;*" and "*holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*"

By this time our fellow-travellers were all attentive, and eager to catch what might follow; so opening my Bible at 1 Thessalonians iv. 15-17, I read, "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that *we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.* For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then *we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air:* and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Marvellous event! This is *going by air* indeed, or rather through it. Truly it eclipses every in-

vention of man, and baffles all his skill. As the nearness and certainty of its fulfilment were pressed upon the occupants of the carriage, and the blessedness of being saved and ready for it, a gentleman sitting in the opposite corner, who had known the bitterness of being in his sins, and a captive of Satan's power, exclaimed, with beaming face, "Ah! that's true;" and his voice and manner betokened how real and happy the deliverance was; but a young man sitting next to me thought it impossible you could *know* you were "*fit*" for heaven. I assured him I did, and that God Himself was my authority.

"I wish I was!" said he.

How strange! Here we were, nine of us, within a few feet of each other, divided into three classes—sceptics, wishers, believers. Our compartment was not full; the complement of "five on each side" had not been reached; there was just room for one. Supposing *you* had got in, my reader, and taken that vacant seat, which would have had *you* on their side? Are you like the reasoning Athenians, who, having listened to Paul's preaching of "Jesus and the resurrection," on Mars' hill, turned away mocking? or the one in the train who did "not believe it *all*"? If so, let me urge thee to immediate repentance, lest thy rationalism end in sure and eternal death. But no, we trust we are wrong in classing you with such, and that you have found out, in the light of God, you are a sinner, guilty, condemned, and hell-deserving, and that to meet God unconverted and unforgiven will be to hear the words, "Depart, ye cursed." Blessed discovery, too, my friend; thank God for it! But more. You have heard of "the blood that cleanseth from *all* sin;" of the finished work of the Son of God on Calvary, when He "once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God;" of His vacated cross and empty tomb, and of Himself now glorified at the right hand of the majesty on high; and, better still, you tell us you believe in Him, and yet for all that cannot *say you are saved*, for you neither feel, realize, nor experience it, and so it ends with only "a wish" or "a hope" after all. Only a wish or a hope! what monstrous inconsistency! Why, you are practically joining hands with the avowed unbeliever.

The jailor, awakened at midnight to a sense of his danger, cried out, "Sir, what must I do to be saved?" The instant reply was, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" Note

the *first* word in that reply—"believe," and the *last*—"saved," and what between—"the Lord Jesus Christ." Where is feeling, hoping, wishing, realizing? *Nowhere.*

What is the condition? *Believe.* The object? *The Lord Jesus Christ.* The result? *Saved.* Dare you disconnect the third from the first two, and so put asunder what God has joined together, thereby making Him a liar!

A dear little girl, who had been troubled about her sins, ran out one day to her parents into the harvest-field, saying, "Mother, no more! no more!" "Well, what is it, child?" she said; and the father coming up, she repeated the words, "No more! no more! father." At last they got the context from her; it was, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember *no more.*" (Heb. x. 17.) How did she *know* it? Just as Paul knew that he would safely reach Rome when He said, "*I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.*" Dear, doubting, self-occupied soul, let his God-honouring statement find an echo in thy heart, and sing with us—

"Oh, mercy surprising, *He's saved* even me!
 'Thy portion for ever,' He says, 'will I be;'
 On *His word* I am resting, assurance divine,
 'I'm hoping no longer; I know *He is mine.*
I know He is mine; yes, I know He is mine;
 I'm hoping no longer; I know He is mine."

As the train stopped at different stations our company began to thin, and soon we had all gone our separate paths—reasoners, doubters, believers. Ah! but some of us will meet again at that grand gathering *in the air* with the Saviour and His redeemed, and who knows but that it may take place ere I have penned this brief paper, or you, my friend, have read it? And what if it should, would you *be there*? or left behind to the after prayer meeting, to unite in the wail of Christless souls outside the closed door, "Lord, Lord, open to us!"

Depend upon it, you *will* be at one or the other, ask yourself "which shall it be?"

"What will you do without Him,
 When He shuts to the door,
 And you are left outside, because
 You would not come before,
 When it is no use knocking,
 No use to stand and wait,
 For the word of doom tolls through your heart,
 That terrible "*too late.*"



A BRIGHT TESTIMONY.



NOT many years since I first met J—— D——. He was truly a burning and a shining light, and many a time have I benefited by his earnest godly behaviour. It was the delight of his heart to tell others how the Lord saved him, and the following is a brief sketch of his conversion, testimony, and departure.

One night in the little Scottish town of Wishaw he found his way into a gospel meeting, and was there convinced that he was a lost sinner. That night he found no rest to his sin-burdened, awakened conscience, and was too much troubled to be able to sleep. His sins were vividly before him like a great picture, and he would gladly have parted with the whole world, were it his, to meet with the preacher he had listened to on the previous evening. When the time for the next service came round he was again present. At the close of the address a Christian came to him, and putting one arm round him, with the other held up before him a Bible, open at John iii. 16. J—— D—— there saw for the first time that God loved him, and had given Jesus to die for him, and while sitting there he was born again through accepting Christ as his own Saviour. When testifying to the grace of God he used to say he now read this verse in this manner, "God so loved the world that He give His only-begotten Son, that if J—— D—— believed on Him he would not perish, but have everlasting life." Years rolled on, and he came to reside in the city of Glasgow, being employed as a guard by one of the railway companies. Having a few hours to spare one day in Carlisle, he was on the look-out for something to do for the Master.

Seeing a poor man singing in the streets, he went up and spoke to him of Jesus. A farmer overheard his remarks, and felt inclined to speak, but did not do so. Later on in the afternoon, the farmer, having finished his business, was on his way to the train, when he again spied J—— D——, and this time went up to him, asking if he was acquainted with a relative of his who lived in Glasgow. The guard answered


in the negative, and then enquired of the farmer whether he had yet known what it was to be saved. He answered that he was not saved, but his soul's desire was that he might be. J—— D—— commenced to preach the gospel to him, pointing out that "Christ died for the ungodly," that God was satisfied with the atonement of His Son, and now "who-soever believeth . . . should not perish, but have eternal life." The farmer could not understand how he was to be saved by simply trusting, and so engrossed was he with the subject that he missed his train. The next train was timed to leave in two hours, and for that period they continued to converse on God's way of saving sinners, but to no avail. The farmer by-and-by took train for home, and left Carlisle an undecided sinner on the downward way. He had received a small book from the guard, the title of which was, *I am saved ; God says so, and it must be true*. While reading this little tract all at once it dawned upon him, "Well, I must either make God a liar, or else trust His word." There and then, striking his fist upon the seat, he decided to trust the word of God, and from his heart could say, "I am saved ; God says so, and it must be true." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." The farmer believed on Jesus, and he knew from that scripture that he *had* everlasting life. He goes on his way a happy and zealous Christian.

A few months later J—— D—— was suddenly called away to a brighter world and a fairer clime. At a siding on the line, whilst occupied coupling two waggons together—through the buffers failing to act rightly—he was caught and crushed between them. In an instant his happy spirit was freed from its tabernacle of clay, and J—— D—— had gone to be "for ever with the Lord." Thank God it is true of him, "He being dead yet speaketh." Many there are who remember the past with joy, and who now miss his presence here. He was a good and faithful witness for the One who bought him with His precious blood, and may the Lord stir you up, my Christian reader, to more faithfulness to your absent but quickly-coming Lord, and more earnest efforts for the salvation of the lost.

Unsaved reader, your time below is growing shorter and shorter every day. Soon you shall be summoned hence. Will it be to a blessed heaven or a woeful hell? "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke : then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." (Job xxxvi. 18.)

T. McIL., JUNR.

THIS BEING SAID, WHAT CAN IT MEAN?



SUCH was the thought in the heart of the writer about eighteen years ago. Like many others, I became concerned about my soul's eternal welfare, through hearing the gospel preached in the Church of England, in the county of Westmoreland. Hell (of which we were faithfully warned by the minister) was a great terror to me. It was shortly before the age of sixteen that I had a desire to be saved, so with that purpose in view I used to go regularly to the Church of England every Sunday morning, for I was brought up in connection with that Church. I had a distance of two miles to walk—sometimes I went by conveyance or rode. I joined in the singing, gave the responses in the Prayer-book, and listened attentively to what the minister said as he preached the gospel. In the afternoon I walked a mile to the Sunday-school, and eagerly listened to what was said, taking part in the singing of the hymns. Then in the evening I walked to the same place where the Sunday-school was held, and joined in the service, hearing the same minister preach the gospel that I heard in the morning. All this gave me no peace. I became more and more miserable. I used to make a kind of prayer night and morning in my bedroom; and I also used to take my younger brothers and sisters across two fields occasionally on a Sunday, and read out of the Prayer-book with our knees bent in a cattle-shed, which was our place of prayer. Sometimes we had not time to go so far as this, so a few of my brothers and I would go into some of the farm buildings just outside the house, and there we would have a little prayer together. I endeavoured also to avoid all bad companions, as I was of a quiet and moral disposition (although I felt in my own heart that there was much sin, and I found I could not restrain it as I would have liked), hoping by such means I would fit and prepare myself for heaven. But even all this gave me no satisfaction, *not the slightest whatever*; thus I strove still more to know how I was to be saved by doing the best I could, and listening to those who preached to me in the church, and taught me in the Sunday-school, trusting I should be able to hear something from them that would show me clearly how I was to be saved. But I listened in vain. I could not understand how a sinner was to

be saved, from what they said. This increased my unhappiness and anxiety to be saved, so I tried to do all I could (often falling into sin, nevertheless, of thought, word, and deed) by praying, and avoiding evil as much as I was able. I was even taken to be converted before I was. My Sunday-school teacher had told a friend how good I was, and ventured to think and say I must be converted. A youth at school one day said to me, "I hear you are converted." I asked him who told him. I was vexed, and said that there was no truth in such a statement. I did not like the thought of people saying I was converted when I was not. I hated such a thought. Although I was so anxious for salvation, I did not wish anybody else to know it. This passed on for a short time, until one Sunday in the school we had a fresh teacher—one who had only been converted a few weeks or months himself; he put the gospel so simply before the whole class that day that I was enabled, by the time he had finished his remarks, or before, to see how a sinner was to be saved; and further, I saw *I was saved* because I believed *the Word of God* he spoke from. This young man told me, a good while after, that after his conversion he thought he could put the gospel so plainly that anyone might understand it. At any rate he gave us the gospel clear enough for me to get saved during his teaching that afternoon. He spoke from 1 Peter ii. 24, "Who *His own self*" (Christ) "*bare* our sins in His own body *on the tree*;" and he coupled with that Isaiah liii. 6, "All we like sheep *have gone astray*; we *have turned every one* to his *own way*; and the Lord *hath laid on Him* the iniquity of us all." He showed us that we were all sinners—all having gone astray, and taken our own way; but that Christ had died for sinners, that Christ had taken the place of sinners, and that when He took that place on the cross, God laid upon Him the sins of all, and that the moment a sinner trusted Christ he might know from the word of God that Christ had taken his sins away. He illustrated his text, "Who *His own self bare* our sins in His own body *on the tree*," by saying, as he lifted up the Bible before us, "Can this Bible be on my hand and on this form at the same time?" referring to the form on which he was sitting. "No," we said. Then he said, "If you believe in Christ, CAN *your sins* be *on Christ* and *on you* at the *same time*?" At once I could see it was *impossible* for my sins (as I believed on Christ) to be on Christ and on me at the same time, *just the*

same as I could see distinctly and without doubt that the Bible could not be borne by the teacher's hand and the form he was sitting on at the same time. Thus I saw instantly, what I had longed for so long, that my soul was saved through simply believing on Christ, who bare my sins in His own body *on the tree*. My sins are now no longer on Christ, and never have been since His death, for He hath "*put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.*" (Heb. ix. 26.) I was happy—I was saved in that class the very moment I saw from the word of God, by the help of the above simple illustration, that Christ had made an end of sins for me for ever, because I put my trust in Him, and simply believed His word. But those that do not believe in Christ shall die *in their sins*. (John viii. 24.) "For ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.)

I said nothing to the teacher, and he said nothing to me, excepting what he had said to us all. He did not speak to me personally; but he had said enough. I went home with a happy heart, rejoicing to know, from God's word, that Christ had borne my sins away in His death, and was raised again for my justification. The devil whispered, "It is too good news to be true!" But I just answered him, "God says so, and I just believe God." This silenced the devil, and from that day to this I have never had a doubt as to my salvation. If I had been guided by my experience or feelings, I might have had many a doubt; but as these are *no guide to me whatever*, and as I make God's word my only guide, there is then no room for doubt or fear as to my salvation. Christ having answered God for all my past, present, and future sins on the cross, and having met all the righteous claims that God ever can have upon me, as a sinner, by His death on Calvary, I have no sin to answer for, and God has no claim against me; and thus I am eternally saved through the merits and death of another, even Jesus Christ, my Substitute.

In 1 Cor. xv. 1, Paul speaks of *the gospel* which he had preached unto the Corinthians, which they had received, and wherein they stood; and the second verse says, "*By which (gospel) also ye are saved.*" The third verse says what gospel he preached, namely, "how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." He simply gave them the gospel as found in the Scriptures, and they believed it, and

were saved without any further ado. Christ had done all that was needed for the sinner's salvation; thus all the sinner could possibly do to have that salvation was *only* to hear and believe the gospel, that Christ *had* died for his sins, and risen again for his justification. The sinner cannot do more than believe the gospel for his salvation, and nothing less will do, for "*he that believeth not shall be damned.*" (Mark xvi. 16.)

Thus, dear reader, the salvation of your precious soul, or the damnation of that precious soul, depends upon your believing or disbelieving the glorious gospel of the grace of God. Let me entreat you, fellow-sinner, *now*, when God's Holy Spirit is striving with you, through His own word, not to delay another moment in believing the gospel. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.) Another moment, and thou mayest be present with the lost, awaiting the terrible great white throne judgment from whence thou wilt be cast into the lake of fire. Let me beseech thee, by that awful hell "*where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,*" now to trust Christ. Five times we read of this unquenchable fire in Mark ix. 43-48. Surely such words as this speak to thy heart, dear sinner, and warn thee to "*flee from the wrath to come.*" Do not delay an instant—thy unsaved soul is in peril indescribable. Let the agonies of the lost in hell cause thee now to believe in Christ. In hell there is "*weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.*" Surely, dear reader, you do not wish to spend eternity there. Then listen to the voice of God, which calls upon thee now to be saved: "*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.*" (2 Cor. vi. 2.) "Except a man BE BORN AGAIN, he cannot see" (much less enter) "the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3); and the way to *be born again* is, "*He that believeth on the Son HATH EVER-LASTING LIFE.*" (John iii. 36.)

When I was anxious to be at peace with God, as soon as I heard the gospel simply spoken, I believed it, and was saved. You do likewise, dear reader. John v. 24 says, "He that *heareth* my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall *not* come into condemnation (or judgment); but *is* passed from death unto life." Believe God's word as you believe any one's word who speaks the truth. You have heard His word that Christ died for sinners—believe it; you have heard that God sent Christ to receive sinners—believe on God, and

then you may say without doubt that you have everlasting life. God says so, and you are just to believe it, and then you can unmistakably say, "I shall not come into judgment, for the word of God says so;" and then you can with the greatest delight say, "I am passed from death unto life, for God tells me so in His word;" and thus you would be able to say, "*According to the Scriptures, I am saved.*" God wants all to believe *Him*. "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar." (1 John v. 10.)

Will you then, dear reader, *take God at His word*, and be saved for ever now? or will you listen to Satan, who says there is time enough yet? The devil is a liar, and wants you to be lost in hell for ever! God loves you, and has sent His Son to die for you, and speaks nothing but the truth. Listen to God's precious word (John iii. 16), "God *so* loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and to 1 John i. 7, "The BLOOD of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Again, Heb. ix. 22, "Without shedding of *blood* is no remission" (forgiveness.) Trust this *precious* blood of Christ shed for sinners, and you *will know from the word of God then* that *your sins are* forgiven, and will be able to say, "My sins and iniquities will God remember *no more*." (Heb. x. 17.) Let God's time be your time, and then you will believe the gospel now, and *have*, and KNOW you have, eternal life. (1 John v. 13.)

I think I hear you saying, "I would like *to be sure* I was saved; but I have no power to save myself." I have just been showing you how unable I was to save myself, and yet how easy it was for God to save me by believing in the finished work of Christ, proclaimed by His word. (John xix. 30.) With Paul I can say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is *the power of God* unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." (Rom. i. 16.) Thus, dear sinner, you can see your power is not required, for the gospel contains the power of God, and if you believe that gospel which tells us of Christ, "who was delivered for *our* offences, and raised again for *our* justification, THEREFORE (on the ground of the death and resurrection of Christ), being justified *by faith*, we have peace with God *through our Lord Jesus Christ*." (Rom. iv. 25, and v. 1.) Thus we are declared just (God looks upon us as if we had never committed sin), and have peace with God through simple trust in what Christ has done for us. It is through our Lord Jesus Christ, *not* through

our feelings or experience, *not* through our efforts or prayers, *not* through our works or religiousness, but simply *through Christ*. "For the wages of sin is death; but *the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord*." (Rom. vi. 23.)

And again, "He" (God) "hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made *the righteousness of God in Him*." "*All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags*" (Isa. lxiv. 6), but faith in Christ gives us *the righteousness of God*. Nothing short of God's righteousness will fit anyone for heaven; so it is a vain delusion of the devil to try to get to heaven through morality, and trying to do the best you can. Let *nothing* hinder you from looking to the death of Christ on the cross for your soul's salvation; "for the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which *are saved* it is the power of God. . . . For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it *pleased God* by the foolishness of preaching *to save them that believe*." (1 Cor. i. 18, 21.) So, dear reader, do not mind about pleasing yourself, or pleasing anyone on earth, to get saved; but NOW, *at once*, while you look at this, believe the gospel that is preached or proclaimed to you in this little book, as taken from the word of God, and *it will please God* to save you through believing. "WHOSOEVER believeth on Him" (Christ) "shall receive remission" (forgiveness) "of sins." (Acts x. 43.) "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life" (John iii. 36); not "shall feel within himself," or "realize by some happy experience," that everlasting life is his; but *the Word* is, "*HATH everlasting life*;" so that you may know, *on God's authority*, from His written word, that eternal life is yours this moment (even if you have never thought of it before), if you *only* believe on the Son (Jesus Christ). If a friend of yours sent you a letter, saying, "These few lines I write to you that you may know that I am going to call upon you to-morrow," *how would you be sure and know* your friend was going to call? Would you know from your faith, or feelings, or anything in yourself whispering that your friend would call? "No," you say, "I would only and decidedly know *because the letter said so*." Thus you would take your friend at his word; so if you take *God at His word* in the same way, you may know from that Word that your sins are forgiven, you *are* justified, you *are* saved, and that you *have* everlasting life. God says, in 1 John v. 13, "These things have I written *unto you that believe* on the name of the Son of God, that ye MAY KNOW that ye have eternal life." God writes this letter to the sinner who believes or will believe in Jesus; so that you may know that you have eternal life *just* in the same way that you *would know* your friend was going to give you a call, because of his written word.

Believe God's WORD just exactly as you believed your friend's word, and your soul is saved for ever — through faith in Christ. R. G.

ABSOLVO TE.



"ABSOLVO TE" MEANS,
"I ABSOLVE THEE."



NE Priest alone can pardon me,
Or bid me "go in peace;"
Can breathe that word, "Absolvo te,"
And make these heart-throbs cease;
My soul has heard His priestly voice;
It said, "I bore thy sins—rejoice!"

He showed the spear-mark in His side,
The nail-print on His palm;
Said, "Look on Me, the Crucified;
Why tremble thus? Be calm!
All power is mine—I set thee free;
Be not afraid—'Absolvo te.'"

By Him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled;
Cleansed by the water from His side,
God sees me as a child;
No priest can heal or cleanse but He;
No other say, "Absolvo te."

He robed me in a priestly dress,
That I might incense bring,
Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness,
To heaven's Eternal King;
And when He gave this robe to me,
He smiled and said, "Absolvo te."

In heaven He stands before the throne,
The Great High Priest above,
"MELCHISEDEC"—that name alone
Can sin's dark stains remove;
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet "Absolvo te."

A girded Levite here below,
I willing service bring;
And fain would tell to all I know
Of Christ, the Priestly King;
Would woo all hearts from sin to flee,
And hear Him say, "Absolvo te."

"A little while," and He shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To call His pardoned brethren home:
Oh, bliss supreme, divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
THE PRIEST who said, "ABSOLVO TE."



"FOR GOOD PEOPLE."



WHILST visiting in a country district in the north of Ireland, a friend of the writer's came to a cottage, the only occupant of which was a boy about twelve years old, just recovering from a severe attack of fever. In the course of conversation the gentleman asked if he attended school when well.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What do you read at school, Johnnie?" "The Testament, sir."

"What does the Testament speak about?"

"About Jesus, sir."

"What did Jesus come into the world to do?"

"To die, sir."

"For whom did Jesus die?" "For GOOD PEOPLE, sir."

"Good people, Johnnie?" "Yes, sir."

"And are you good?" Shaking his head, the little fellow replied, "No, sir."

Opening his Bible at 1 Timothy i. 15, my friend asked him to read it. Taking the Book in his hand the boy slowly read the grand old verse, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save"—then pausing, he looked more closely at the Scripture, and then gazed in astonishment in my friend's face.

"Well, Johnnie, was it good people that Jesus came to save?" The tears started in the boy's eyes, his face brightened up, and he replied, "No, sir; SINNERS, sir."

"Yes," said the servant of God, "the good One died for us, the bad ones." Thus Johnnie was led to see that it was for HIS SINS that Jesus had bled and died; and by simply believing on Him he had everlasting life. (John iii. 16, 36.)

Reader, have you been under the impression that God only loves good people? Perhaps, when a little boy or girl, you were told that God would not love you if you were bad, and that it was only "good people" He loved. As you have grown older you have not got rid of the thought, and even now, it may be, you believe that it is only "good people" who are the objects of His love. If so, dear friend, be undeceived. GOD LOVES YOU AS YOU ARE, AND WHERE YOU ARE. While hating your sin with a perfect hatred, He loves your soul. Does a mother love her boy when he is disobedient and

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

naughty? Assuredly she does. Notwithstanding his waywardness and folly, she loves him. Though there is not a single good point in your character, though you are steeped in sin and folly, though you have again and again resisted the Holy Spirit, and refused to be reconciled to God, HE LOVES YOU, and WISHES TO SAVE YOU. God loved you so MUCH that He gave His only begotten Son to die for you. The Lord Jesus loved you so much that HE GAVE HIMSELF a ransom for your soul's deliverance. (1 Tim. ii. 4-6.) It was not for "good people" Jesus died. It was for SINNERS.

Are you a sinner? "Yes, I am a guilty, hell-deserving sinner."

Then it was for you He died—

"Not the righteous: SINNERS Jesus came to save."

He wishes to save you now. Are you willing to be saved? "There is nothing I desire so much as to be saved."

If such is the case, the WORD shews very clearly how you can be saved, and saved now. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED." (Rom. x. 9.) Could anything be simpler? If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. Take God at His word. Oh, believe Him, and rejoice in the liberty which can only be found in knowing Him whom to know is life eternal.

A. M.

"GOD SPEAKING."

JOB xxxiii. 14.



SOME six years ago, while preaching the gospel in a town in the south of Ireland, I was told that a lady was anxious to be visited. I found her when I called in a state of some agitation, on account of a very strange dream she had had a few days before, and which she could not understand.

She dreamt that she was standing on the edge of a vast pit or crater, so wide that she could not distinctly see the opposite side, and so deep that she could not see the bottom. As she strained her eyes to try and distinguish objects on the other side, she was amazed to see that the opposite bank was crumbling away, and rapidly, continuously, pouring down into the abyss beneath. Every now and then some tree would be undermined, and, toppling over,

descend into the depths with a crash. She looked on the right hand, and the same rapid, stealthy movement was going on. Turning to her left hand she saw the same. Fascinated, she gazed at this strange and awful sight. Right and left, and in front of her, this undermining work was going on; and she could hear the seething of the sand and clay, the crash of the trees and other things, as they descended into the mysterious depth beneath.

But, horror! All of a sudden the dread conviction struck in on her soul—"I also stand on the edge, and the same thing is going on beneath me!" Just as the thought flashed into her mind she felt the bank give way beneath her feet. With a shriek of dismay she awoke. This awful dream haunted her, and she longed to disburden her heart to some Christian friend. As she told it to me I discerned a solemn parable, and told it her—that, just as she looked on at the strange sight of sand and cliff and tree crumbling, toppling over, descending, disappearing, so men and women were looking at neighbours, friends, and relatives passing into eternity; and that, though perhaps startled and sorrow-stricken by these things, they never remembered that they themselves stood on the same brink of ruin till—"too late"—they had to throw up their arms in wild affright, themselves hurried by the same stealthy, but swift and sure, arm of death, into an eternity for which they were utterly unprepared.

This and some further conversation seemed of service to this lady, who, not long after, had to prove for herself the reality of having to pass into another world, I hope and trust, ready in Christ, to meet that holy God who cannot pass over sin. Thus God spoke to her in a dream.

Reader, souls have been passing away lately. Some of them suddenly, and perhaps awfully; others more slowly. Such went to one or other of two places—heaven or hell. Only those who had personally, as lost, guilty sinners, trusted Christ Jesus, the Saviour, in His finished work on the cross, went to that blessed scene of heaven, where "there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth," none "but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. xxi. 27.) All others, with their sins like great millstones round their necks, have sunk as Christ-rejecters into the eternal grasp and agony of an awful hell.

Oh, reader, God speaks to you by these things! If you were to pass into eternity this day, where would you spend eternity?

H. A. M.

"HE IS BECOME MY SALVATION."

EXODUS xv. 2.

What are You Looking for?

YOU are looking for **PEACE** in trying to be better, being honest and upright in your daily life, in doing your duty, in helping the poor, in attending your church, or in some outward act and deed of your own. These things are all very excellent in their way, and quite right for you to do, but they are not the way to obtain the **PEACE** that you are looking for. **CHRIST** made **PEACE** by the **BLOOD** of His Cross, and gives it you for nothing, without price, earning or working for it. **PARDON** and **PEACE** come from believing. Lay hold of **CHRIST**'s finished work, trust alone in that, and your **PEACE** will then flow as a river; then all your work and labour will be doubly precious in God's sight.

"I would not work my soul to save, For Christ that work has done;	But I would work like any slave For God's beloved Son."
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"SALVATION IS OF THE LORD."

JONAH ii. 9.

"TO OBTAIN SALVATION BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

1 THIM. v. 9.

"OUR GOD IS THE GOD OF SALVATION."

ISAIAH lxviii. 20.



followed the merry ring of the town crier's bell, and then a list of articles "lost, stolen, or strayed" were enumerated, together with the various rewards

that were offered by the proper owners of the missing things, and the speech concluded with

God save the Queen.

But I was not one of the unfortunate losers, nor had I the good fortune to find anything *that was wanted*; but still I could not help stopping to listen, for one word had arrested my attention, and that word LOST rang in my ears.

Going through the town I heard another bell tolling at every few seconds, and turning to my friend, I asked who it was tolling for.

"Didn't you know Mr. — was dead?"

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; he is to be buried to-day."

"Was he saved?" I asked.

"No, he was not; he set his face against God, and died a *hopeless death*."

Again that solemn word LOST rang in my ears, and that old church-bell seemed to me to knell out LOST, LOST, *lost*.

Toll! Toll!

Again that sound; but this time its fainting murmurs were caught up and prolonged by another, more deep-toned than the first. The inarticulate harmony tells more forcibly than words, that "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." There is a sadness in the knell.

Just such a grand requiem as the saints should have—sorrow for our loss, joy for their triumph. But, oh! it was not the body of a departed believer that now takes its last journey.

Come with me—enter the sick chamber. A bloated form lies before you; the eyes glare wildly round as he wakes from a stupid slumber, and a sepulchral voice breaks the silence—"Where is my bottle?"

"Tom," replies a middle-aged man, sitting by the bedside—it was kindly but firmly spoken—"Tom, you have drunk all that was in the bottle, and you shouldn't have had it."

"I want my bottle, I tell you. I will have it. I'll get up out of this bed, and go into town, and get some for myself." He rose up in his bed, but his strength was too far gone. He fell back in a fainting fit.

A few hours later. Day dies in the west; the crimson, and gold, and blue that overhang earth are fading into a sombre pall, as though this abiding-place of ours was even a charnel-house. Knock! *knock!* Death is at the door.

"Lift me up," says the dying man.

"Tom, you can't stand it; you are too weak."

"Lift me up," says he sternly to a servant.

The servant takes hold of his hand, and raises him up. He tries to rise still further, but the effort is too much for him; he sinks back in his last swoon, draws two or three breaths, and he is dead!

* * * *

Toll! Toll!

A group of idlers were standing at the corner of the street, when presently there came into view a slow procession.

"Poor Tom!" said one of the company on the side-walk. The speaker wore a heavy gold fob-chain, and an embroidered cravat daintily tied around his broad neck.

"Poor Tom! he was a good, clever fellow, when he wasn't drunk. My Sam was at the house this morning, and went in and took a look at the corpse. He said an old woman was standing by when he lifted up the coverlid from Tom's face. She looked fearfully solemn, and when Sam laid back the coverlid, she took hold of his hand, and said, 'Poor Tom is gone;' and then the tears came trickling down her face, and she cried as though she would break her heart. Boys, you know Tom was mighty good to his servants when he was sober, but he was like a very devil when he was drunk."

Reader, let this solemn scene teach us a lesson.

The town crier seems to tell of lost opportunities, lost time, lost joys; but the slow toll of the old church-bell speaks of a *lost soul*.

I ask you to be warned by the former; for while you have life you may know the happiness of the man whose sin is covered. *You are lost*, but, blessed be God, the Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.

He is seeking *you*, and the word of God declares that you are a sinner, and unable to do anything to save yourself. But Jesus came from the highest glory in heaven down to a poor sin-blighted world, and was there put to death by wicked hands; and, dear reader, ask yourself the question—why He suffered thus.

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

It was because He was delivered for our offences; for we as sinners were under the wrath of God, but Jesus came and took our place, as the Just One for we the unjust; and now, by taking Him as your own Saviour, you *have* everlasting life.

"But I'll take my chance with the dying thief," said a man one day.

"Very well; there were two. With which one will you take your chance?"

The one found out his lost condition, and looked to a crucified Saviour, and so obtained life; the other rejected the Lord Jesus, and was *lost*—which then will you copy?

How solemn for you to pass off this scene with a soul unsaved, and to turn aside from the love and compassion of Jesus as a thing to be despised. It is not a manly thing to grieve the heart of One who gave up all He had, that you might be a partaker of His glory, and share in His eternal home. Consider it in the light of eternity, and be warned by the town crier's bell, which would tell you of your lost condition, and speaks of the reward which is laid up in heaven for those who seek the Lord while He may be found. Beware, lest that come upon you which is spoken in the prophets—"Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish."

Perhaps you say you mean to be saved some time; I know that. No one ever *intended* to be lost; but you may never have another opportunity. This is another message from the Lord: "*To-morrow isn't yours.*"

ETERNITY, time soon will end,
Its fleeting moments pass away;
Say, sinner, say, where wilt thou spend
Eternity's unending day.
Shalt thou the hopeless horror see
Of *hell* to all eternity?

You *must*, if you reject Christ.

"Why *sit here* until you die?" (2 Kings vii. 4.)

"Escape for thy life." (Gen. xix. 17.)

"Behold, **NOW** is the accepted time; behold, **NOW** is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)
F. H. D.

THE BOAT RACE.



IT was a bright morning. The little town of — wore a holiday dress, and its inhabitants were early astir preparing for the amusements of the day. The sunbeams played merrily over the broad blue bay, and far away to sea a veil of white mist draped the horizon in its graceful folds. As noon approached the impatient children escaped from school, and took their places on the old Castle Hill, which commanded so excellent a view of the bay. They were soon followed by their no less impatient parents; for the annual boat-race was an exciting event to the people of —. The snowy sails of the yachts began to flutter in the breeze, gay flags waved from the smaller boats, and the ardent oarsmen made every preparation calculated to ensure success. The band struck up a lively tune, the cannon fired, and the race began. Oh, how every nerve was strained, the steersman exerting himself almost as much as the rowers, who, with reeking brows and aching arms, made the slender craft fly arrow-like over the water. The boats had almost reached the winning point when one, which had been pronounced by the spectators as certain of success, suddenly fell back; another darted past it, and was received with exultant shouts of welcome.

But the scene was changed. Angry voices rose from the pier, words gave place to blows, and a terrible fight ensued. The crews of the winning

Falcon and the losing *Wizard* could not be separated; but arms already wearied dealt forth many a dreadful stroke. Every face in the crowd wore an aspect of anxiety an alarm, which was exchanged for one of horror, when the cry arose that John Wilson was killed, and dead in all appearance the strong man was. The hand of a companion had laid him low—his flushed cheek was pale, his stalwart frame motionless in the dust. Sympathy was aroused, and while some weather-beaten mariners carried their old messmate to his humble abode, the spectators on the hill gradually dispersed. Muttered disappointment at so speedy a termination to the long-expected regatta might be heard among the crowd; but the more general feeling seemed to be, that an amusement which gave rise to such fierce passions must be of a doubtful, if not of a dangerous, nature, and some fears were expressed that this melancholy affair might be a death-blow to races at —.

But while the dispersing crowd discuss those topics, let us follow John Wilson as rough hands bear him tenderly to yonder little cottage.

Before they reached the door an aged woman rushed out, and, tearing the covering from his face, uttered a piercing shriek. The mother's cry of agony awoke the apparently lifeless sailor, and, though unable to speak, his heavy eyes opened and gazed wearily round. Medical aid was summoned; but, though no serious external injuries were visible, little hope was entertained for the ultimate recovery of the sufferer; and sad indeed his sick-bed was. A long life of vigour had been devoted to the service of a hard master; and now that the work-day was over, and the wages came due, the unhappy man shrank from the payment—"The wages of sin is death."

Not that John Wilson was worse than many of his class. He loved the sea, his gay companions, his pretty boat, and, alas! the ale-house, whose obliging landlord would doubtless have furnished a certificate of his being an excellent fellow. If, however, the walls of his own cottage had a tongue, they could tell a different story. They might relate how he had married in early life a gentle girl, who, being heart-broken by neglect and harsh treatment, had sunk into a premature grave; they might say how his only daughter, deprived of a mother's care, grew up vain of her beauty, and was easily led astray by the flatterer; they might tell too how, driven from the shelter of his roof, she had hid her

sorrow and her shame in the neighbouring work-house, and now lay in a pauper's tomb. And as the cause of all they might communicate the fact, that John Wilson had forgotten his God, whose commands, warnings, Word, and day had been alike unheeded—the Saviour unknown, the Spirit resisted.

For some days the poor sailor lay in a state of insensibility to passing events; and though a minister visited his bedside many a time, no impression was produced on his dull ear. His aged mother hung over him in mute agony, while little Annie, the child of his lost daughter, seemed quite unable to understand the strange scene.

One morning, just when the first rays of sunlight streamed through the eastern window, and fell on his bed, Annie had crept from hers, and, seeing everything so quiet, had bent the knee beside him in prayer to her Father in heaven. Then sitting down and resting her head on her little hand, the large tears chased each other down rosy cheeks which seemed unused to such visitors. She was startled by a voice; it was her grandfather's. "Annie, what makes you cry? What makes me here?"

"Oh, grandfather, you are ill, very! That is the reason I am crying."

"I know, child, now; I remember the boat-race. But am I to die?"

"Grandfather, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? For He says, 'Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'"

"What do you say, Annie? I cannot die, I am not fit."

"Grandfather, He can make you fit to live in heaven."

"No, child, not me. I am a poor old sinner; there is no hope for me. Sin, lifelong sin, sinks me like a weight of lead."

"But, grandfather, the Bible says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"Not me, Annie, not me. Leave me, child, and call mother."

Reluctantly the little girl obeyed, and her aged relative took her place by the sick man's couch; but she was not able, like the Sunday-school child, to pour the holy words of Scripture into the dying ear.

"Mother, I cannot, I must not die. I am not fit," repeated John Wilson.

"Don't talk of dying, my poor boy."

"Oh, mother, I can't bear to think what is past—gentle Mary fading into the grave! my lovely, bright-eyed Kate driven from the door by this cursed hand. But still less can I bear to think of what is to come—a lost life, a lost eternity!"

Then, as if gathering all his strength for a last effort, he sprang into an arm-chair which lay by the bedside, and uttering a fearful cry, fell back. The spirit had fled.

A week more, and all that was mortal of John Wilson had been laid in the silent churchyard to await that rising day when they "that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." But a voice seemed to rise from the still home of the dead, and echo round the rocky shores—

"Return, oh, wanderer, to thy home!
'T is madness to delay;
There is no pardon in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day;
Return, return."

Reader, art thou guilty and sin-stained? "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) Infinite love, infinite mercy, with almighty power, are all united in Him. Oh, then, reader, take Him now as your Saviour! for this may be *your* last warning, the last light upon *your* pathway, before you step out into the black night of hopeless despair, where not a ray of heavenly light can ever reach you.

But you say, "I intend to be saved some day." Yes, and so do most, if not all; but, as one has well said, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions"—you intend to be saved some day; that is, you mean to give to God the dregs of a misspent life; but God says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. vi. 7.) You intend to be saved; but to-day you are seeking to shut out the light. Alas! you may succeed, as many others have.

The eye and the ear are windows by which the truth of God can shine into and enlighten our dark minds. Satan's object is to shut out the light, as we see in 2 Cor. iv. 4: "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Men also try to shut it out from themselves, as we see from John iii. 19: "Light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."



THE constitution and subsequent development of the Church of God having already engaged our attention, we are now free to consider some of the characteristics and attributes of those who formed part of it, as expressed by their actions and principles. "The disciples were called *Christians* first in Antioch." (Acts xi. 26.) Whether this designation was applied to them by outsiders, or whether they spoke of each other as such, the Scriptures do not inform us. In any case it appears to have been accepted by them; for we find the apostle Peter, in the fourth chapter of his first epistle, writing thus: "Yet if any man suffer as a *Christian* let him not be ashamed." Again, on a well-known and memorable occasion, Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a *Christian*." Whether the name arose from without or from within, the fact that they were so known forms a very precious testimony to the reality of the position they occupied before the world as true and sincere followers of their once crucified but risen Lord. It is very instructive for believers to reflect upon these first principles, and also to seek to preserve the simplicity and freshness of those early days. Although the beloved and honoured apostles were labouring night and day amongst the disciples, they were known simply as "*Christians*." A Christian is one who belongs to Christ, and as such seeks to serve and follow Him. By nature sinful as other men, but by the grace of God, which is sovereign and free, forgiven, washed, and sanctified. What a privilege! what an honour to be a Christian! What matters it, even if the title were originally applied as a term of reproach or contempt? It may have been so. We may rest assured that the disciples viewed it in quite another light; for we read again that when surrounded by the fiercest

persecution "they were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost" (Acts xiii. 52); and "did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." (Acts ii. 46.) This was their happy condition of soul. They were full of joy and full of praise. But we are told more than this: "They continued *stedfastly* in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." (Acts ii. 42.)

The expression "*stedfastly*" is worthy of our special consideration. It denotes a fixedness of purpose and a stability of mind, which in and of themselves are great aids to happiness in a Christian. The Lord Jesus "*stedfastly* set his face to go to Jerusalem." (Luke ix. 51.) Stephen when martyred "*looked up stedfastly into heaven*" (Acts vii. 55), and the Colossian saints were known for the *stedfastness* of their faith in Christ. (Col. ii. 5.) They were not tossed about with every wind of doctrine like ships that have no helm, but were grounded and settled in the faith. They were not on the mountain tops of joy one day and in the gloomy valleys of despair another. It was evident that they were decided for Christ. Nevertheless the apostolic warning was needed by them, "Beware lest ye fall from your own *stedfastness*" (2 Peter iii. 17); for stability in the faith has ever been the secret of successful resistance to the power of unbelief.

Here let us carefully note the order in which is presented to us the four principal things in which this *stedfastness* was manifested.

1. The apostles' doctrine.
2. Fellowship.
3. Breaking of bread.
4. Prayers.

The earnest student of Scripture may rest assured that there is a divine meaning even in the order in which various truths are presented in the Scriptures. The word of God is full of instruction even in the most minute details. Ideas are not thrown together as in the writings of men without any special significance. Hence as a starting-point we have

THE APOSTLES' DOCTRINE.

Having been introduced into an entirely new association, there was obviously great need for instruction. To meet this necessity the apostles were

specially given by God to lay the foundations of the Church in its infant days. At this stage especially their work and ministry were invaluable. They journeyed from place to place visiting the various assemblies and confirming them in the truth. As they received the truth from time to time by these apostolic visits and letters, the disciples were not easily moved from the doctrines thus imbibed by them. The truth thus accepted became a bond of union amongst them, cementing and forming them into one common brotherhood. The truth always unites the children of God, but error invariably promotes discord and schism. It was so in apostolic times; it is so now. Therefore as these early believers were loyal to the foundations so truly laid by the apostles, in like manner should Christians in these days fear the slightest departure from the doctrines handed down to us and preserved for us in the epistles of these servants of God. The apostle Paul impressed upon "his son" Timothy the importance of sound faith and sound doctrine. That this may be the case with us we must not sit in judgment upon the word of God, but, on the contrary, permit it to judge us, with our motives, our actions, our thoughts, and then to be loyally bound by its decisions.

FELLOWSHIP.

A single remark is enough for our present purpose under this head. Suffice it to remember that the tie which bound them together was so real, and therefore so powerful, that they evidently regarded themselves as the members of one family, having all things in common. They that had possessions sold them, and parted them to all as every man had need. It is true that this special feature did not last very long; but while it did exist it was a signal triumph of divine grace over selfish interests, and formed, however brief may have been its duration, a wonderful display of that grace which seeks not its own things. A common bond united them, a common interest formed them into one family. Within were all who professed to be, and as far as man could judge were, believers. Without were those who had not taken Christian ground.

BREAKING OF BREAD.

In partaking of the Lord's Supper together they remembered the Lord's death and manifested the

unity of the body. It was a holy institution enjoined upon them by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, as recorded in the gospels. Its special significance was afterwards revealed afresh to the apostle Paul. This is specially brought out by him in 1 Cor. xi. : "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come." It is evident from this scripture that the remembrance of the death of Christ was brought prominently before the disciples when assembled for this purpose on the first day of the week. (Acts xx. 7.) This was the day of His resurrection, and hence, in communion with God and in fellowship with one another, they partook of the Supper on the day that tells of His rising power and victory over the grave.

It is the duty of the believer who is seeking to walk in the Lord's ways to do this in remembrance of Him, and it is no less a great privilege thus to be associated in fellowship with the people of God. The thankful commemoration of the death of Christ as the basis of all blessing to the believer is an obligation which should not be lightly esteemed, even as the Master himself enjoined, "This do in remembrance of me."

PRAYERS.

A very few words need to be added on this subject. In 1 Timothy ii. the apostle Paul expresses the desire that men should pray everywhere. Prayer and supplication mixed with thanksgiving is a very salutary exercise in the divine life. The disciples continued with one accord in prayer. This is recorded of them on more than one occasion. It was another practical outcome of the fellowship they enjoyed. At Philippi they met daily by the water-side for this purpose. It showed that, notwithstanding all their blessings and privileges, they were not moved away from the position of dependence upon God. The gracious Lord has promised His presence wherever two or three are gathered together in His name.

"Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth can never afford."

W. H. F. C.

THE TWO BANNERS.

"THIS banner over us is love*—"

A Sweet word of comfort given;
We're ever marching thus beneath
The royal flag of heaven!
Whether the strife be long or short,
The way be rough or smooth,
Alike, o'er strong and weakest souls,
God holds His banner—love.

And while beneath His standard
We're passing through the world,
He giveth us a banner too,†
That it may be unfurled.
E'en to the weakest of His saints
He gives this honour high,
To bear Jehovah-Nissi's name
In sight of earth and sky.

What colours fair, of truth and grace,
The Christian soldier bears!
The standard of a mighty love,
That love in which he shares.
Oh, shall not every other fall,
And every glory fade,
Before Jehovah-Nissi, which
The soldier hath displayed?

Alas! and do we always bear
The banner of the Lord?
And does Jehovah-Nissi show
Triumphant to the world?
How oft is it so closely rolled,
That it can never show
Whether Jehovah-Nissi is
Inscribed on it or no!

How oft its glorious hue is hid
By earthly dust, as though
We would the enemy should ne'er
That we possessed it know.
And when the battle din is heard,
And armies gather round,
We are content to fight alone,
And leave it on the ground.

Of what triumphant victories
God's army oft might sing,
If they would always bear aloft
The banner of the King!
O Thou, who never leavest down
Thy banner over all,
Give us the strength to firmly hold,
Nor let our banner fall!

* Cant. 2, 4.

† Psalm lx. 4.

A. F. P.





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THE ESCAPED CONVICT;

OR, JUSTICE AND MERCY.

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.



IT is some time ago now, but I remember it as well as though it had only happened yesterday. The train I joined at Blankville was vexingly punctual, and I was unfortunately rather late. So with the greatest haste I got my ticket and entered the first compartment that offered a seat, without for a moment noticing its occupants. The door slammed, the guard's whistle sounded, and with a shriek and a groan the engine drew us out of the station before I had scarcely time to think of anything, save the fact that I was just in time.

"A near shave that, sir," said a voice which caused me to realize I had company. "Another minute and you would have lost your train; it is very punctual to-day," taking out his watch.

The speaker I noticed was an official belonging to the county prison. On the opposite side was a brother official in the same capacity. Both were evidently officers of justice; their swords, hanging from their girdles, representing, no doubt, the penalty in store for capital offenders. On the right of the officer who addressed me was a tall, large-framed, strongly-built young man, wearing the dress usual to convicts at penal settlements. His looks were far from prepossessing; his eyes were sunken, and seemed to look out from their cavernous sockets with a restless, vengeful fire, while his beetling brows and heavy, brutish under jaw gave one the idea of a beast of prey in human form. His hands were clasped between his knees, drawn together by the irresistible force of a pair of powerful handcuffs. I at once took in the situation of the company, and desired to know, if I could, something of the young man, and by some means at least show him that there was something better in store for him than justice, even the *mercy of God*, abandoned though he seemed to be. So, replying to the officer's remarks concerning my being just in time, I said,

"Yes; you are quite right. A little later on my part would have meant being *too* late; rather an unpleasant experience, even though no important issues hang on it. Many have had to regret for life that they were *once* too late, and some for *eternity*. But it is a matter of great relief to a person to find they are just in time."

"Yes," said the second officer, "and so we have felt before now" (giving a significant nod of the

head towards the handcuffed convict on the opposite side).

"A runaway?" I asked in an undertone.

A nod of assent from No. 1 seemed all I was likely to get, or they disposed to give. So without wishing to appear inquisitive in the case, I merely said,

"I suppose the law knows very little of mercy to one who is an offender and proved guilty?"

"No, sir," said my armed companion, laying his hand on the sword by his side. "*Strict justice demands satisfaction for breach of law, and will get it*" (with another significant nod, meant more for the gratification of his inner thoughts than for my special benefit).

"Would it be possible, do you think, for a guilty criminal to be pardoned according to strict justice?" I asked

"Not without satisfaction," was his reply.

"So that when Her Majesty pardons or reprieves a condemned murderer, she does it at the expense of strict justice. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, I hardly intended to convey that idea; yet, I suppose, it must be so, though she has the *right* to do so," he said. "Yet that course of mercy doesn't work well if acted on too frequently; people would soon despise law."

"I think," I replied, "I have heard or read of a certain Sovereign somewhere who can and does pardon the condemned criminal according to strict justice."

"I never did," said he, and looked at me with a curious expression, as if to satisfy himself that I was not a runaway from another county establishment.

"I have never seen a man tried for murder," I continued; "but I suppose if he plead 'not guilty,' as long as he can by his counsel hold to it in evidence, there is hope; but if he plead '*guilty*,' all hope is taken away?"

"Of course," said the officer; "he simply saves the jury their time and trouble, and the court the bother; his own mouth decides the case."

"What then?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing but the passing of the sentence by the judge and the gallows after that!"

"So that his pleading '*guilty*' completely seals his doom?"

"Completely," said he.

"Now here's a strange thing," I went on to say, "that in the court of the Sovereign I referred to

just now the only hope of the criminal is in pleading '*guilty*;' and then, though guilty and thereby under condemnation, that court can free him, and yet be perfectly just in doing so, without for a moment sacrificing the honour of the law."

By this time both the officers and the poor convict were all attention, yet seemed at a loss to understand my meaning. And as we were nearing the station at which I should have to change trains, I at once threw the light on the subject by saying,

"That Sovereign is God, the criminal at the bar is myself, and you each are in the same position, '*condemned already*;' '*for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God*.' Yet, in spite of all this, God Himself has '*devised means*' by which the guilty sinner can be forgiven and freed from the power and penalty of sins; not merely as an act of mercy, but on the ground of *strict justice*—'*grace reigning through righteousness*.' This way is through the sacrifice of His Son, who '*suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God*.'" (1 Peter iii. 18.)

The train drew up to the station. I left them evidently much interested in the subject of justice and mercy. Whether the poor convict ever tasted the sweets of mercy on arriving at his destination or not, I cannot say; but I am quite sure of this, that there is mercy in store for the one who reads these lines, if he but plead guilty, and accept the work of the "Daysman" who was "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) For "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11.) "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son *hath* life; and he that hath not the Son *hath not* life." (1 John v. 11, 12.) "Therefore *choose life*." (Deut. xxx. 19.) For

"Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God sent free.
Take salvation—*take it* now, and happy be."





THE SNOW PRAYER.

THE people were leaving the tent, where the gospel had been preached by a very earnest and devoted servant of Christ; but three lads from a neighbouring boarding-school did not seem so anxious to get away, and kept their seats until the preacher came up to them, and asked if they were saved by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"No, sir, we are not; but we want to be."

The hour was late, and the boys had to be back to the college by a certain time, and so the preacher said:

"Go home, and when you get to your room, read that little snow-prayer in Psalm li. You will find it in verse 7. Good-night, and God bless you."

The next night they were in the tent when the meeting began, and the change in the expression of their faces was remarkable. A bright smile lit up their countenances, as they again heard the gospel that had so recently brought life to their souls.

Going to them after the meeting, the preacher asked what had made the change. Last night they were sad and miserable, while to-night they were happy and rejoicing.

"Oh, sir, we did what you told us! I said, 'Lord, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"And I said the same, sir," said the second.

"And I prayed the same little prayer," said the third; "and to-night we know that our sins are washed away in the blood of Christ; for it cleanseth from all sin."

Reader, I want to ask you whether you know anything of the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus? God says, "Come now, and let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)

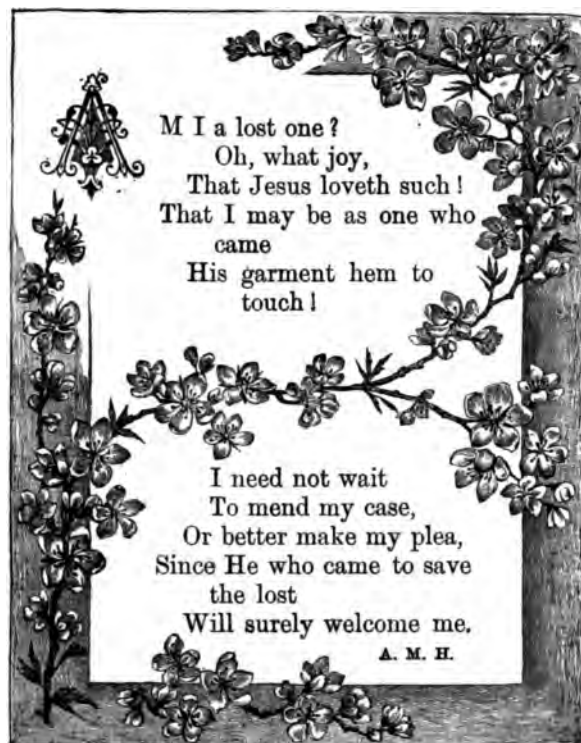
Hundreds believe the devil's lie sooner than God's truth. The devil finds that two *special* lies are very useful in deceiving souls into eternal misery, and hastening them on in unbelief to hopeless destruction. He tells many others; for he is the father of lies, and a liar from the beginning. But is he telling you that you are too bad to be saved, and thus causing you to give up in despair? or is

he whispering that you are not so very bad, and that you do not need to be cleansed? What hell-bred lies! Too bad to be saved! Nay, nay, my reader, that cannot be; for God says, that though your sins are as *scarlet*, though you are steeped in sin and sunken in wickedness, though you have done things that you would not like any on earth to know of, yet your sins can be washed away in the blood. It is a libel on the work of the Son of God to say that His blood is not sufficiently efficacious to purge the vilest sinner from his sins.

Think of the many

who have come to the fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness, and been cleansed and made whiter than snow.

Paul, the persecutor, whose hands were steeped in innocent blood; Peter, the one who denied his Lord, cursing and swearing; the jailer, who had lacerated the backs of the apostles, and thrust them into the inner prison, making their feet fast in the stocks, and on the point of committing suicide, when he was arrested, convicted, and converted to God. Time would fail to tell of Bunyan, and Müller, and others of recent years, who were sinners indeed,



but by the grace of God were plucked as brands from the burning.

Therefore, my friend, believe not the devil's lie; for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin—sins of thought, sins in word, sins in action, great sins, little sins, forgotten sins, and remembered sins. Whether in public or in private, the blood can cleanse them all.

"How sweet! it is true that I am made new,
If washed in the blood that did flow
So freely, to cleanse away the dark stains,
And to make our hearts 'whiter than snow.'"

But you may think you are not very bad, and will get on all right. You say perhaps, like one said to me:

"You believe *many* will be saved?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"A great crowd of people?"

"Yes."

"Well, I mean to pass in with the crowd."

"Do you see that flock of sheep yonder?" said I pointing to a flock in an adjoining field.

"Yes."

"Do you see a black one?"

"Yes."

"How can you distinguish that one from all the others?"

"Because it is different," he said.

That settled the matter. The black one was different from the others, and hence easily distinguished. So it is with the sinner in the day of the Lord. He will not be cleansed from sin, he will not be robed in Christ as his righteousness, and so he will soon be detected.

Do you ask where this cleansing is to be had? It is at the cross. The Lord Jesus Himself has undertaken the sinner's case, and made the way whereby the scarlet-sin-dyed sinner may be made white through the crimson blood.

Reader, are you saved? If so, keep your garments *white*. How unpleasant it is to see white garments stained and spotted! and how much more painful must it be to the Lord to see those whom He has cleansed walking in filthy places, and getting their garments spotted by the world! Pick your way carefully through the world that rejected God's beloved Son, and then by-and-by you will meet with the company who, around the throne, sing glory and praise to the Lord; for they came out of great tribulation, having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

F. H. D.



THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION.

I HAD drunk deeply of the cup of earthly joy in its most subtle and ensnaring form. Education, refinement, and intellectuality were the polished baits which Satan was using to keep my thoughts, desires, and affections on the things of earth; and, alas! too well he succeeded; for though I read my Bible as a book of beauty, and sought a certain kind of comfort in it in times of sorrow; and though I used to enjoy—strange to say—my seasons of prayer and retirement, and went regularly, according to my Scotch custom and training, to the communion table, not knowing in my blind ignorance the awful sin I was committing; yet alongside all this, I was emphatically *in* the world and *of* the world, seeking to do the impossible thing of serving God and mammon.

Satan rejoices to let us have just so much religion as will satisfy our uneasy consciences, but when he sees that we touch but the hem of Christ's garment, and lay our weak hands in His strong hand, then all his rage and malignity are directed against us, and we have to put on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against his wiles, and that we be not ignorant of his devices.

I had a foreign education after going through the preliminaries in home schools. I went first to Germany, where I studied hard, acquiring the language in its colloquial and conversational form, making choice friendships, seeing the manners and customs of the people, going occasionally to the theatre, and living that charming *al fresco* life peculiar to the simple tastes and habits of the Germans.

Thence I went to Paris, where I saw the world in its bolder and more open phase. There I learnt something of the French false philosophy, and became more accustomed to the *worldliness* of the world. There is everything in Paris to speak to the human heart, which, deceitful and desperately wicked as it is, but too readily responds to such beguiling allurements. Even the brilliant, buoyant

atmosphere, in itself so exhilarating, scented with the sweet perfumes of ladies' handkerchiefs, the *recherché* fumes of the dainty Parisian cigarette, and the breath of the highly-cultivated flowers of the "Champs Elysées,"—the sight of the gay throng around,—and the bursts of martial music breaking on the air—all tend to keep the thoughts on this false, fair world, not as it came fresh on the day of creation from the hands of its Maker, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy"—but perverted as it is by sin. I grew familiar, however, with its attractions, and soon took them as the normal state of things, and became accustomed to the Paris world. Learning, literature, music, and the fine arts were, however, my chief aim of life, so that I was never dragged headlong into the whirlpool of fashion and amusement. What I desired I obtained—a first-class education.

It was in Germany I met my school-friend Anna H—, a charming Swedish girl. There our friendship was formed which has been cemented by time. Her father is a Count, moving of course in the first society of the land. Perhaps what first drew us together was her Scotch extraction, for hundreds of years ago the H— family removed from Scotland to Sweden, where they have taken root and flourished ever since. Be that as it may, there was about this young girl something that irresistibly attracted me. She was in fact my *belle idéale*, and we were drawn to each other in a way perhaps which only school-girls can understand. She was tall, bright, fair, and amiable, winning in her manners, and talented without any show of pedantry.

After we had left school we kept up a regular correspondence, which was certainly not marked for its frivolity, but rather characterised by a mixture of deep and even serious thought, and a genial playfulness. There was a religiousness about these letters of ours, which even discerning Christians might have thought spiritual; but I know now that I was not then one of the true sheep of the Good Shepherd, and I fear my beloved Anna still wanders in the wilderness where He found me and brought me home to Himself, but I have a firm faith that she too will hear His voice and follow Him.

It was only last summer I was invited to spend a few weeks with my friend amongst her charming family at W—. I readily accepted her loving invitation, and during those fascinating weeks I verily thought I had found a Paradise below. What was my surprise when shortly after my return to Scotland I found a far greater and hitherto un-

known joy—the only pure joy which alone flows from the ocean of Christ's full love, wherein my soul now finds daily and hourly refreshment.

The house of my friend's father is an ancient castle, which was once the royal residence of Sweden. It stands on a high hill, surrounded by lordly gardens, with a plain of country unbroken by a single rise, extending as far as the eye can reach, like a still, smooth sea.

My friend is the eldest of the family. She had four interesting brothers, one of whom, however, is no longer here, for they have lately received the sorrowful tidings of his having been washed overboard during his first voyage—a bright, joyous creature of sixteen—the pet and delight of the home-circle. And besides there is the sweet little sister Eva.

In this old castle, which has its dungeons and its history and its memories, the late king often stayed as he was passing on his journeys. With his poetic, generous nature, his royal position, and his kingly yet genial manner, he was the idol of the people, and my friend joined in the general homage—his intelligent, superior nature finding a response in her ardent enthusiasm and cultivated taste. Then the late king's brother, who is the present king, and his consort also, make my friend's romantic house their temporary resting-place; and being brought by her position into contact with the flower of society courted, admired, and caressed by all, yet not spoilt or presuming upon such advantages, she has thus grown into the charming creature I know her.

During that stay my literary proclivities were indulged to the utmost, for with the family I had the *entrée* of all the tomes most genial to my tastes and pursuits.

Yet, was I satisfied? I thought so then; but in comparing the fading pleasures of that time with the fadeless joy I now possess, I realise the unspeakably superior happiness of the Christian, for now I have an abiding joy in all circumstances and conditions, whereas all my pleasure then was conditional upon circumstances. Well, I left my friend more closely drawn to her than ever; and soon after my return I found the blessed work of God going on in Scotland. It was not at all in my line, still I was attracted partly out of curiosity and partly from a real desire to see and hear what every one was speaking of.

The text that night went to my heart: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." And was I, with all my religion and education, and love of the beautiful and the true—really lost? Ah! I discovered for the first time that night my condition in the sight of God, and I

was aroused to my pitiful state of sin and condemnation outside of Christ. There was no sense of rebellious pride in my heart, no struggle to free myself from this terrible truth, but just a feeling of need and weakness which longed to take hold of another's strength, and I was solemnised before God. It was just a drawing to Himself "by the cords of love," like a tired child being *kissed awake* in the morning, and almost before I knew I saw the light of His smile beaming down on me, though for days there was no overflowing joy, but just a sweet abiding peace filling my heart, because I was safe in the arms of Jesus.

Now I am rejoicing, and have been so for many months, in this new life, knowing my sins all washed away by the precious blood of Christ, and I would not exchange it for the renewal of all the pleasures which this world gave me—nor for any price; and earnestly I long that those who are still drinking deeply of the unsatisfying waters of this world's "broken cisterns" may find the greater joy, as I have done, of coming to the "Fountain of living waters."

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vii. 37); for Jesus says, "Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John iv. 14.)



A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

BY
G. BREALEY.

WHILE visiting from house to house, a woman in a very curt and snappish manner replied to my enquiries about her husband and her own state by saying:

"I don't know what has come to our Nanth" (her husband). "For days after he went to the meeting he did nothing but mump about, and cry, and groan, and beat himself. He would eat no meat hardly, and I thought he would go downright mope. But now he do nothing but sing; I do think he be ready to dance outright; I don't understand such vagies" (vagaries).

"The reason you do not understand is because you are yet blind to your true state before God. What you say about your husband shows the work of the Holy Spirit on his heart."

"Well, I don't know much about these things, but it don't seem to me that *both* can be the work of the Holy Spirit; for one day he is crying and mumping about, and don't speak a word to anybody, and the next he is singing and fit to go into 'stirica'."

"Yes, both are the work of the Holy Spirit, and I earnestly pray that you may experience the same. But I will try to make plain to you this seeming difficulty. When your husband was crying and so unhappy, it was because the Holy Spirit had shown him his sins, and his wicked heart, and the place where sinners go who die in their sins, and it was this which made him cry. But when the Holy Spirit showed him Jesus, the blessed Son of God, hanging on the cross for his sins, 'the just for the unjust,' and told him of full pardon at once for all his sins through the precious blood of Christ, then it was that he sang for joy. Now your husband is passed from death unto life; all his sins blotted out, never to be remembered by God against him. No wonder he can sing and dance. But *you* are left behind; you are still in your sins, and the wrath of God abides on you. He now belongs to God, to Jesus, to heaven, while you remain as you are, in *your* sins, on your way to hell—to Satan!"

She sat in silence for some minutes, when she said: "Well, sir, if I thought I was on my way to hell I should not have another happy moment."

"Can you read?"

"Yes."

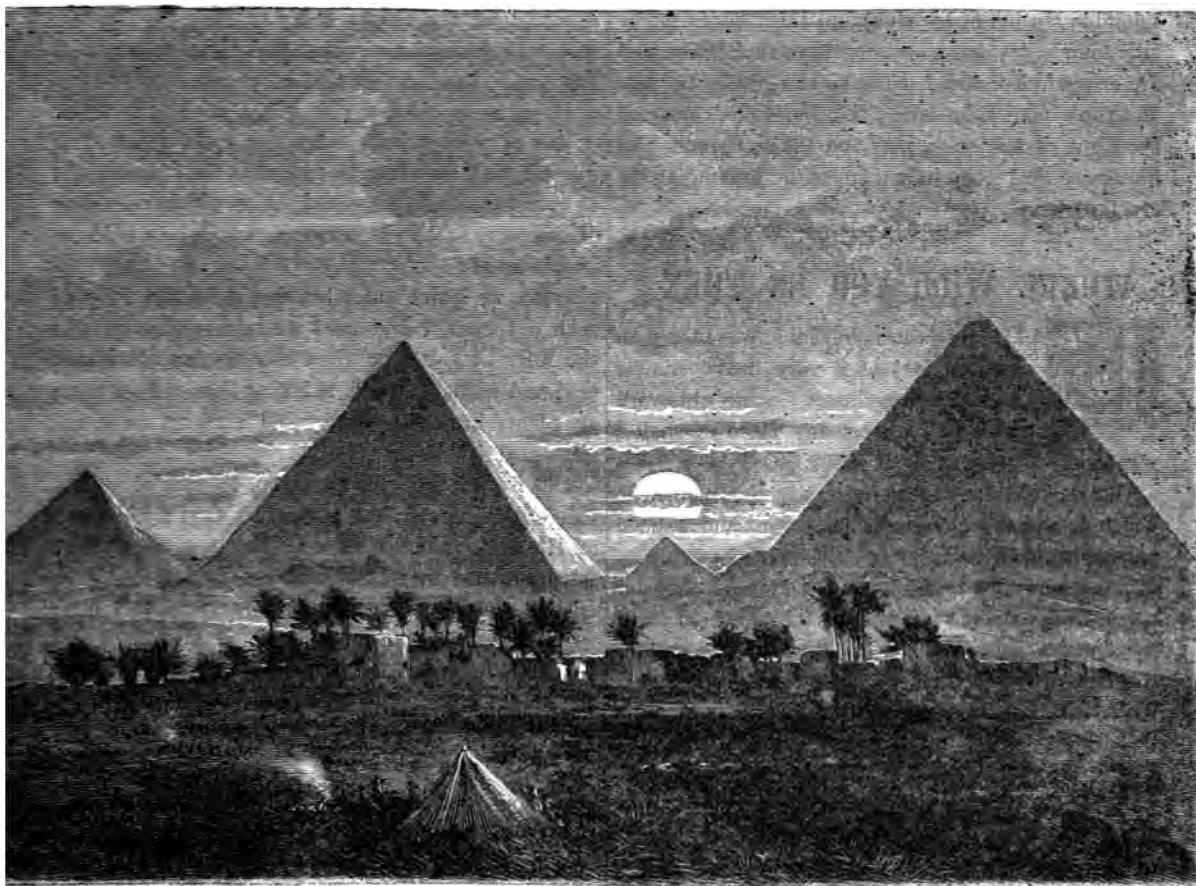
I handed her a Bible, and opened at John iii. 18, "He that believeth not is *condemned already*;" and Romans iii. 19, "Every mouth stopped, and the world become *guilty* before God." We then turned to Hebrews x. 27, "A certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." "This is your expectation, and what you will certainly inherit, unless all your sins are forgiven you, and you become a new creature." And as she read each verse I sought to make her understand it; and when she read the last Scripture, I asked her what she was really expecting as a sinner.

"Well, sir, if that Book be true, 'tis a bad job with me."

"Your husband believed the Book, and that made him unhappy, till he believed that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son' to die for the guilty. And believing God, and receiving His salvation, has made him so happy."

I left her to think over the words she had read and heard, and on my next calling on her found her in deep soul trouble; for the Holy Spirit had shown her her heart and sins, and she was greatly troubled at the horrid sight (as she expressed herself); and her cry was, "Lord, *show me Jesus*, and take my sins away." And the cry of the heart and the prayer of faith were answered; while the Book, which before had no charms for her, became a new Book, and was read with an intense desire to know the will of God, that she might do it.

The Watchman's Message.



THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH, EGYPT.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH, EGYPT.



HE PYRAMIDS are supposed by many to have been built by the children of Israel during the latter part of their 400 years' stay in the land of Egypt, and may have been the work they were engaged in when they were groaning under their burdens, previous to their deliverance by the hand of Moses.

As we think of Israel toiling in the brick-kilns of Egypt, we have a graphic picture of the condition of mankind at large. The sinner is under the power of Satan, is led captive by him at his will; and although he may not be aware of it, yet no less truly has sin forged many a fetter whereby he is

held the lawful slave of the devil. Because of sin Satan holds man in his grasp, and he is powerless to deliver himself. Just as Israel was impotent to break the fetters that held them, so is man unable to free himself from the bondage of sin.

But the need of man ever draws forth the grace of God, and the impotency of man His almighty power. Now He says to Israel, "*I will bring you out from under your burdens.*" This was just what they needed; they could not help themselves; they were in a condition where God must do everything, in the matter of their redemption, from first to last. It must be His work throughout; it must be seen to be all of grace.

Their burdens had been very heavy; they had toiled many long years under their weight; but now

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

deliverance was coming, entirely apart from any work or doing of theirs. Such is the grace of God still. He is ever ready to hear the cry of the needy, and to deliver the bond-slave of Satan from the intolerable burden of his sins; and the voice of mercy still sounds, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are *heavy laden*, and *I will give you rest*." So, like Bunyan's Christian, whose burden rolled away at the sight of the cross, may the anxious sinner find his heavy load gone in a moment by looking at the crucified One.

WHERE WILL YOU BE THEN?

LATE one Saturday evening we entered an omnibus just as a very heavy shower began. Altogether it was an untoward night, and almost any place of shelter was most welcome.

Our only fellow-passenger was a young man, who began to speak at once of the storm, and seemed very, very glad that he was sheltered from it.

After replying to his remarks, we said that our present circumstances reminded us of a time when there was a far worse storm and only eight persons survived it; and further, that the day drew near when a still more terrible storm would sweep over this earth, when none should be able to stand against it; and we asked, "Where will you be then?"

"Oh," he replied gaily, "I suppose with the rest of them!"

Dear reader, we put to you the same question. When there shall be "judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies," where will *you* be?

Will you be in the place of eternal security, your feet having been, while in the body here, made fast on the Rock of ages; or will you be one of those on whom swift, sure, terrible judgment shall fall, as it will on all who "believe a lie, and take pleasure in unrighteousness"?

The devil now bids men to put away from them the thought of the future; he urges that there are plenty going on from day to day not troubled as to it, and at least, if the worst should come to the worst, as men say, the sinner will have plenty of company.

And pray, apart from all other considerations, what will company avail "*in outer darkness*," "bound hand and foot," "weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth," in that "*outer darkness*"?

Did you ever think of this? Do you persist in the folly of going on in your sins, unpardoned, unsaved, lulling conscience with the thought that if the future for the sinner *should* turn out to be so bad as is said (and the enemy seeks to raise the doubt), still, "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and *many* there be that find it."

If so, we would ask you, What would you think if one of your friends forged or stole, comforting himself with the thought that after all, if he should be found out and sentenced, he would have plenty of company in the building in which he would be imprisoned?

Need we point out what would be the folly of such a thought? and need we further urge on you the folly of going on from day to day "without God and without hope," thinking that at least there are plenty in the same way and hurrying on to the same goal?

Oh, we ask you, we urge you, to own yourself a sinner needing salvation; to thank God for the gift of His Son, who died in order that you might have salvation, and listen, not to the wiles of the arch-enemy of souls, which, while they may lull now, will prove themselves in your day of need!

In all your guilty nakedness must you then stand before God, the "refuge of lies" swept away, and, hearing the word "depart," sink into that place of eternal woe "prepared for the devil and his angels."

"Thou shalt . . . stand in thy lot at the end of the days." What will be that lot?

WORDS OF WARNING.

READING still the ways of sin,
Slave to pride and fear;
Careless as thou didst begin,
Wilt thou end the year?

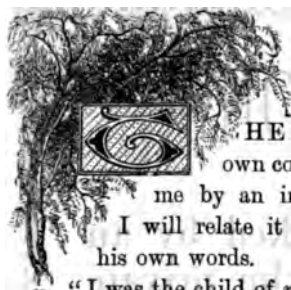
Death attends thy every hand,
Sinner, stop and think,
Soon the treacherous, shifting sand
'Neath thy feet may sink.

Wouldst thou not thy folly mourn?
Hear the warning cry—
'Tis thy God that bids thee—"Turn!
Turn, why wilt thou die?"

Turn! thy soul shall suffer loss
If He be denied;
See, He points thee to the cross
Where the Saviour died.

Lay thy sins at Jesus' feet,
And, with lively faith,
Trust in Him—in Him complete,
Thou shalt conquer death.

Hope will then dispel thy fears,
And—thy sins forgiven—
Thou wilt spend thy future years,
On the road to heaven.



**"I KILL, AND
I MAKE ALIVE."**

THE following account of his own conversion was lately given me by an intimate friend of mine. I will relate it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"I was the child of *religious* parents, and had an acquaintance with the letter of God's word from my childhood, was admitted a member of a Presbyterian church, and continued so for nine years, during which time I thought by praying to the Lord I might be saved. I used to ease my conscience by persuading myself that a person could be saved and not know it, and argued in this way, that faith was the root, and assurance the fruit; that there might be saving faith in Christ without assurance, being weekly taught this doctrine which is so agreeable to nature, and that assurance was something only attained to by eminent Christians. However, this would not always satisfy my conscience, especially when the Spirit of God brought eternity before my mind, and the thought that most troubled me was MEETING GOD. At such seasons I resorted to another delusion by trying to soften my heart, and by prayers—at one time praying nearly night and day for a fortnight; and I hoped, if my heart was softened, and my prayers earnest enough, some great internal feeling would come over me to let me know my soul was saved, thinking that was the meaning of Rom. viii. 16: 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.' I did not know then that the Spirit witnesses through the written Word.

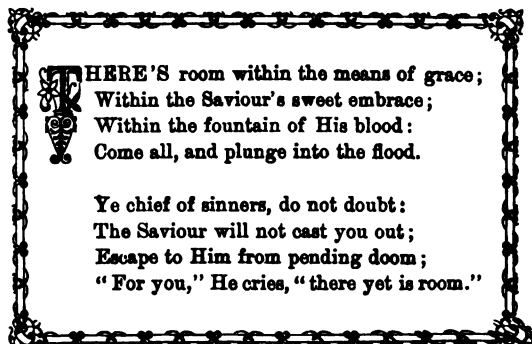
After a fortnight's prayer I thought my heart was softened, and so said to myself, 'If I feel any different to-morrow then I'll conclude I'm saved;' but when the next day came, while at business all these feelings left me, and I gave the whole matter up as a useless search. Three years after the Spirit of God began again to strive with me mightily, after having gone on all this time with an outward religious form without life in Christ. At this time a little book called *Let go the Twig* fell into my hands, and I got some faint gleams of light from it, finding that I had been something like the subject of the narrative, holding on to prayers and repentance instead of letting go everything, and resting helplessly on Christ alone.

The thought came, This is but a story, and I could not venture my soul on that; but just then I began to call to memory what the Bible said in 1 Tim. i. 15: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' This Scripture satisfactorily answered a question that had been long in my mind; namely, 'what I was to believe in order to be saved.' I had believed my Bible from a child, and believed that Christ died for sinners in general, and that I was a sinner among others; but I also knew this had not brought me life. I had the secret conviction that I had to qualify myself for Christ by prayers and repentances; but when I saw, that Jesus Christ came to save sinners, even the chief, then I found that my being a sinner was my qualification for Christ, or what gave me a claim upon Him—that Christ was the Saviour on the one hand, and myself the sinner on the other; but the question was, 'How are we to be united?' Then Acts xvi. 31, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' showed me how the lost sinner and the Saviour were brought together. Then the devil brought the following thoughts to my mind: 'What about the consequences? what would friends say? and what a dishonour to the Lord it would be if my life turned out inconsistent!' But just then the thought came home with terrible power, 'It is THE LAST OFFER! IT IS THE LAST OFFER!' With this before me I could hold out no longer, but was constrained as a helpless and undone sinner to rest in Christ, whom I saw at that moment had died for my sins, and bore the wrath of God in my stead just the same as if there had not been another sinner in the world."

"GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE."

"You take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim."

R. G.



WHAT IS CONVERSION ?



THIS question was asked by an officer one day, and the private replied,

“Sir, it is when the Captain of our Salvation cries—

HALT!

ATTENTION!

RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE!

MARCH!”

HALT just where you are; go not a step farther on the road to destruction. **ATTENTION**, for God is speaking, and He wants you to hear words whereby you may be saved. **RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE**, your back turned to hell, your face Zionward; then **MARCH** on the road that leads to life and Glory.

Conversion is something more than theory, or head-knowledge, or talk. It strikes deeper than the skin, it influences the heart.

Conversion is a turning round, a being something that I was not before, a thinking differently to what I thought before. It is having a new motive power, new hopes, new desires, new relationships, going a new road, sailing to another port, having a new owner, being under fresh orders, having another paymaster, fighting under another captain.

BEFORE, it was self for self; **NOW**, it is self for God. **BEFORE**, it was justification of self; **NOW**, it is condemnation of self. **BEFORE**, it was condemnation by God; **NOW**, it is justification by God.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

BY GEORGE HEFFORD.

FIRE! Fire! Fire!" This was the cry which somewhat startled the inhabitants of Walmer Road, Notting Hill, one quiet Sabbath afternoon. Rushing to the street to ascertain the danger, or, if needed, to render help, a thick volume of smoke was seen to be issuing from a public-house close by. It was at first thought the occupiers were absent; but this was not the case. The interval required by law for the doors to be closed had been taken advantage of for rest, and, unconscious of their danger, all were now in the upper part of the house asleep. The noise of the crowd outside and the crackling of the flames within at length awoke one of their number. At a glance he realized the peril, at once aroused the others, and all hastened to escape. This was not so easy as anticipated, for by this time the fire had possession of the stairs, so that descent by that means was impossible, and all that could be done by them was to rush to the upper windows and cry for help. Kind hearts were there, and willing, eager hands; but all were powerless to assist. Meanwhile the flames increased in intensity, the smoke and heat became intolerable, and it was evident to all that unless some plan of escape was quickly provided, precious lives must be sacrificed. A ringing cheer was given as a tradesman with a ladder was seen approaching; but, alas! when placed against the house, and even raised upon the shoulders of stalwart men, was found to be too short. Another was obtained from the same source, the two securely fastened together, and raised—this time to the window. With trembling hands those inside one by one laid hold, stepped out upon it, quickly descended, and were safe upon the pavement below. Not a moment too soon; for the flames burst forth in all their fury in the room just left. Anxious enquiries were made, "Are all out? Are all safe?" "Yes," was the reply, "thank God! All safe, all safe."

Being an eye-witness of this exciting scene,

I have often thought how strikingly it illustrates the sinner's danger, helplessness, and the way of escape. These people were in no more danger physically than every unsaved one is spiritually. Rocked to sleep, or lulled into indifference by the god of this world, thousands do not realize their peril; but the fact remains the same. God has declared, "The wicked" (and in that class every one out of Christ is included) "*shall* be turned into hell." (Ps. ix. 17.) "Where is hell?" said a sneering sceptic to one who had offered him a tract. "At the end of a Christless life," was the reply. Solemn truth! An old sailor once said "he had been all round the world, but in all his travels he had seen no such place as hell." "Grandfather," said a little child, seated on his knee, "Did you ever die?" No, the old man had never died, or he would have seen and felt it too. Reader, are you trifling with these eternal realities? I beseech you, trifle not. Awake, awake to your danger, ere hell, with all its untold horrors, be experienced by you.

Do you say,

"HOW MAY I ESCAPE?"

Thank God, there is a way—one of His own providing. A ladder has been let down from above, so firm, so safe, so all-sufficient, that none need perish. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." (John iii. 16.) "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 10.) "He, the just one, suffered for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) Christ is the ladder by which we may get from the danger that threatens to a place of safety. He Himself said, "I am the way." (John xiv. 6.) Not *a* way, but *the* way. "Neither is there salvation in any other." No efforts of your own, no self-made ladders, will avail. Helpless, hopeless, cast yourself upon Him. Thousands have done so, and are already before the throne of God. Thousands more are on the way. Join their number, venture on Him; He cannot fail.

"Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude."

And being "safe in the arms of Jesus," let lip and life re-echo the words of Paul, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

But, reader, this should be done at once. In the case referred to a few moments' delay would have been fatal. So it may be with you. "God is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish." (2 Peter iii. 9.) But "he, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)



HARRY, THE DOG FANCIER.

SOME years ago, in the town of C——, where Harry and his dogs lived, there were special meetings being held. There was great interest in the place, and the people flocked to hear. The chief constable had said, if they went on as they were doing, he and his men would soon have nothing to do. The public-houses and streets were being deserted at night.

The largest building in the town was crowded with an "eager, anxious throng." Their looks seemed to say, "Tell me more about Jesus." Even Harry, the dog fancier, had said there was a revival in the town, and all the folks were getting converted.

On his way to see a dog one night, which he thought of buying, he called on a friend of his, who was a farmer. "Have you heard of the revival?" said Harry. "They tell me the folks are all getting converted!"

"Yes, Harry," said Farmer A——, "I have heard of it, and I am going to-night to see for myself."

Harry laughed aloud. "Ha, ha, ha! You'll be getting converted next; we'll be getting a sermon from you then!"

"Well, Harry," said A——, "you know I used to laugh at these things too, but I have heard so much of the meetings, I have made up my mind to

go and see for myself; and I'll tell you what, Harry, you come too."

"No, no," said Harry; "but I'll just call on my way home to-night, and hear what you think."

Accordingly Farmer A—— went to the meeting, and Harry called late on his way home.

"Well, friend, what did you think of the meeting?"

"Man Harry, it was good," said A——, "I never was in such a meeting in my life; I am going again."

"Again!" Harry roared with laughter. "Just as I told you, old friend; you'll be giving us a revival sermon next."

"Well, Harry, it's not fair to condemn the thing before you see it. Just you come to-morrow night, and see for yourself."

"No," said Harry; "I would not go to hear that babbling fellow!"

"Harry, you just do as I have done, go for *one* night, and if you don't like it, don't go again. That is fair, is it not?"

"Well, A——, I'll go for fun; I'll get a rise out of that preacher. Ha! ha! I'll preach one of his sermons down the mine to my mates."

Harry came the next night for fun, to get a rise out of the preacher; but he had not been long in the meeting, when the servant of God slowly quoted John iii. 18. Two words in that verse went right to Harry's heart like a knife—"Condemned already." He felt, *that's me—that's me—that's true*. "Condemned already." Harry left the meeting in deep distress of soul, "condemned already" ringing in his ears—"condemned already." He went to bed, but sleep had left him. "Condemned already" seemed to sound louder and louder in the stillness of the night. He went to work next day in the mine, but all day "condemned already" was sounding in his ears, and burning in his soul.

For two days and two nights Harry could neither eat nor sleep. All his past life came up before him; his life-sins in dreadful array crowded around him. Wherever he turned he could see only one black array of sins against God. Now he felt that God was looking at him. His crimson sins stared him in the face. A holy God was looking right into the dark depths of his guilty soul, and "condemned already" came with tenfold force like thunder to his troubled conscience.

The third night came, but no rest. Harry tossed upon his bed as if seized with fever. His wife got

alarmed. She thought he was ill. Then, as he sprang from his bed, and fell on his knees, and cried out for mercy, she thought he was going mad. "Whatever is the matter with you, Harry?"

"Oh," said Harry, "I am a lost sinner; I am 'condemned already.'"

About twelve o'clock at night Harry sent round to the next cottage for S——, another swearing miner, who he knew had been saved a few days before. When he came in, Harry was in an agony of soul. "Man," he said, "tell me how you got your sins forgiven? I cannot rest; I have been twice in bed trying to sleep, and up again, and on my knees praying, but these words, '*Condemned already*,' keep ringing in my ears. I put my fingers in my ears, and have tried everything, but it is no use—'*condemned already*' seems to be burned right down into my very heart."

S—— got his Bible, and sat down beside poor Harry, and pointed him to the verse, "He that believeth on Him *is not condemned*."

"Man Harry," he said, "I was the same as you only a week ago, but I was pointed to that verse (John iii. 16): 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' You see, Harry, I saw that, in spite of all our sins, God *loved the world*, and that God gave His Son to *die* for the world."

"I saw that was for *me*, because I am in the world. Then I saw that *whosoever believeth* in Him, the Son, hath everlasting life—as it is put a little lower down: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall *not* come into condemnation; but *is passed* from death unto life.' I just believed God, for God spoke in His word to me. I just *trusted Christ*, and am saved."

"I know I am saved, because God says: 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life.'"

Harry's face began to brighten up. "Is that all, S——? Have you nothing to do but just trust Christ to save you?"

"Nothing, Harry, nothing, but just trust Christ to save you. He has done all for you. He died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification. Now you have only to trust Him, the risen, loving Jesus, and you are saved—not condemned."

The same Jesus who says, 'He that believeth not is "condemned already,"' also says, 'He that believeth on Him is "*not condemned*."'"

Then and there Harry trusted Christ as his Saviour.

In the cottage where S—— lodged there were eight more rejoicing in the same salvation; the whole household was saved. S—— went in with the glad news, "Harry is saved!" They all got out of their beds, and went into Harry's cottage, and there and then, between one and two o'clock in the morning, had such a praise-meeting.

Some of the neighbours heard the noise. They went and listened, but it was Sankey's hymns they were singing. What could it mean? A house full of them, all sober and happy, praising God in Harry's house at such an hour in the morning.

"Harry converted! Can it be?" But it was so, and that only too evident.

The news spread, and Harry never tried to hide it. He came right out, straight and square for God. He told it out next day among his mates, that the Lord had saved him about one o'clock that morning.

We saw him next Saturday afternoon going away eight miles into the country to tell his old father. We were asked to take tea with him the following week, and I never enjoyed a visit more in my life, than that afternoon in that plain, neat cottage of the *converted dog fancier*.

He told me, amid a flood of tears, about his visit to his old father. He said: "I did not know how to break the news to him. He is very frail now. He had been praying for me for over thirty years. I had taken him a little present that day when I went over. When I gave it to him he seemed so pleased and thanked me so much, and said it was so mindful. It was the first present I had ever given him, and when I thought of it, and saw the gratitude of the dear old man, I thought my heart would break; and I said to him, 'But, father, would it not be nice if it was from the Lord?' He looked me in the face, and said, 'Aye, Harry, it would.' I fairly broke down, and cried like a child, and said, 'Well, father, it is; I am saved. The Lord saved me on Thursday morning about one o'clock.' The dear old man dropped the present on the floor, and flung his arms about my neck, and he wept like a child for very joy. We both wept tears of joy."

Harry's wife told me that afternoon that he cared more for his dogs before his conversion than for his wife and children. But when he was awakened to

see himself a lost sinner, he forgot his dogs, even forgot to feed them; and one poor animal, a great favourite, was nearly starved to death.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood told me that Harry's conversion had a wonderful effect on the people in the district. Instead of sitting at the roadside on Sundays, betting on his dogs with his chums, smoking and swearing, he cleared out the dogs, and now there was hardly a racing dog to be seen in the place.

Harry was the means of leading many of his companions to Christ. We have often seen him since, and he is still rejoicing; also his friend, Farmer A——, and S——, his mate next door, who pointed Harry to Jesus that morning, and many more who were saved at the same time.

J. M. S.

ONE MEDIATOR. THAT'S IT; ONLY ONE.



It is well the servants of Christ never know all the blessing resulting from their labours; for if they did it is more than probable that the human heart (which is so deceitful) would only be puffed up, and thus lose the joy of leaving all to Him who knows which shall prosper.

True it is that some are labouring among peculiar soil, where the prejudices of the masses have been so worked upon by their teachers that, however faithful and earnest one might be, all seem to turn a deaf ear, and will not listen; but then the faithful servant is not to be hindered by what his eyes only see. The command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel" is ours. "Lo, I am with you," is His, therefore no one need fear, though the weapon may be only a sling and a stone; that which energizes it is the "I am with you."

J. M—— and his wife had both been brought up in the errors of Romanism, and lived on, as thousands are to-day in Ireland, without one ray of light ever dawning upon their path. Not one of the varied religious forms of that apostate Church ever led them one step nearer getting out of the darkness, nor did they ever hear within their gilded temples the cry of there being one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who died for the likes of them. But though the Church of Rome, bound in

error and superstition, could not, God has wondrously raised up here and there living witnesses to the truth, that there is only one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus. It was this verse that first attracted both of them, as one evening they were passing T—— St. Mission Church, and seeing a crowd going in, they were led to make one of them. The words were spoken at a venture, but they were driven home by divine power. The one who addressed the meeting that evening never knew how he was being used of God; but so it was. Both man and wife were brought out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light through the one precious gospel message.

The change in both their lives was soon made manifest, and they never had any desire to go back to the errors of Rome. On the contrary, though their pathway was no easy one—for persecution beset them everywhere—they maintained unto the end a simple faith in the preciousness of the blood of Christ, and His power to keep them. It is now about two years ago since I first met the wife of J. M——, who had been compelled through sickness to come into—— infirmary. Here we had ample means of proving the reality of her faith. With her it was so different to many who merely profess. There was no wailing of having done no one any harm. No expression of satisfaction that, though others had lived lives of sin, she had not. She knew that she had a heart open before the eyes of Him who could read her through and through, who knew her altogether, and knowing this she could say—

"I the chief of sinners am,
Yet Jesus died for me."

And in the childlike faith and confidence of this she lived, until a few months after she was called up higher to be for ever with Himself. The husband at this time came into the infirmary through sickness, and enjoyed much the visits of God's children. He loved to hear the truth in its simplicity. He had been brought up so long in mere shadows, that, having embraced the Substance, nothing else would satisfy him but a personal Saviour, whom he had found so precious. Several times he left, thinking he was better; but about three months ago he returned never to recover. The thought of this gave him no uneasiness. His hope was cast within the veil. His last hours on earth were full of joy. Several times he repeated the words—

"I am resting on Jesus;"

and calling one of the sisters, he asked her for his favourite verse, "There is one Mediator." "Yes, that is it; one—only one—between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." This was said with emphasis, that others in the ward might hear. Then he cried out with ecstasy—

" 'Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou hast made me whole.' "

On wishing him "Good-night," with the promise we should meet in the morning, "Yes," said he, "we shall meet in the beautiful city;" and shortly after, when going by his side, he had peacefully fallen asleep.

Dear reader, are your hopes thus centred on a living Person? Is the One whose name you sometimes take upon your lips a reality to you? If so, confess Him. Tell out with boldness what God has done for you. It may be that not two, but many thousands, shall be your crown of rejoicing in that day when the Lord shall make manifest the service rendered for Him.

"Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round you,
And day begins to fade?

"Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

"Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.

"The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

"Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.

"Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden crown
Shall be thy just reward."

J. L. D.



A Bright Hope.

REFERENCE has already been made to that joy which was one of the chief characteristics of primitive Christianity. When the fire of persecution burst upon the disciples they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus. But they also had a more permanent source of divine joy than even the persecution to which they were subjected. This was assuredly in connection with the promised return of the Lord Jesus Christ. The second coming of the Lord is the bright hope of the individual believer as well as of the Church. Hence the apostle Paul could remind the saints at Thessalonica that they had been "turned from dumb idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven." From this we assume that such is a healthy condition of soul for every believer, whether recently converted to God, like the Thessalonians, or more advanced in the divine life. It is clearly not a question of attainment, but the normal attitude of the Christian. In the last chapter of the gospel according to Luke, it is very evident that the joy of the disciples was occasioned by the reality of the prospect of the Lord's return. If this had not been the case, they could not have been so happy, surrounded as they were by circumstances which were calculated to cast them down, and to fill their hearts with grief. What are the facts? The Lord Jesus had led them out as far as to Bethany, and there He lifted up His hands and blessed them. "And it came to pass, while He thus blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." What occasioned this joy? It could not have been caused by the departure of their Lord and Master. They might have been crushed with sorrow, and overwhelmed by a sense of their loss and bereavement, while "they looked stedfastly toward heaven as He went up." Had it not been for the hope-inspiring words of the two

men that stood by them in white apparel—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." With these tidings burning in their hearts, they were able to return to Jerusalem with great joy. They had seen Jesus go into heaven; they had also begun to live in the power of the hope of His return. They were looking for this same Jesus to come in like manner as they had seen Him depart, and the bright prospect of His second advent filled them with joy. The words spoken by the two angels must have brought very vividly to the minds of the disciples what the Lord Himself had told them before His crucifixion. He had been speaking to His beloved ones, and comforting them respecting His departure. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again*, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John xiv. 1-3.) Jesus knew that there was cause for their trouble of heart. They had learned to love Him, their hearts having been won by His grace and truth. He had taught them to trust Him, and now He was going away from them, and the consequent grief was a real one. But how does He encourage and comfort them? By the blessed truth of His second coming. By nothing short of His own personal return. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." What other construction could possibly have been placed upon these words? They were given three great reasons why their hearts should not be troubled respecting His departure. 1st. He was going to His Father. "I ascend to my Father." 2nd. He was going to be occupied for them while absent from them. "I go to prepare a place for you." 3rd. He was coming back for them. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." There can be no uncertainty here for the simple mind and true heart. Did not the Lord Jesus go away? Was it not a personal departure? Assuredly. In like manner would He return. It will be the same Jesus with the pierced side, and the hands marked with the print of the nails. Those blessed hands were uplifted in blessing when He went away, and they will be raised in blessing when He comes again. The disciples then were living in this expectation. This also is what the Christians at Thessalonica were waiting for. They were not waiting for death. That was clearly not their hope. It is very possible that one who has been converted to God, and is waiting for His Son, may

pass through death, but that is not what he is taught to look for. Death *may* come. Christ *will* come. Death is not a certainty for the believer. But, says one, "It is appointed unto men" (*not all men, as often quoted*) "once to die, and after death the judgment." Quite so. The apostle is merely stating here what is generally true of the human race, without interfering at all with the doctrine of the second coming of Christ. He also says, "We shall not all sleep." Therefore we should not look down at the grave, but up at

THE MORNING STAR.

At the close of the book of Revelation the Lord Jesus Christ presents Himself to His own as the Morning Star—"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and Morning Star." The morning star shines in the night. At the dawn of day, and before the sun rises, it may be seen. While still night time its soft and radiant light is shed. "The night is far spent," writes the apostle, "and the day is at hand." The Lord's absence is that which defines the period of the night. When He appears the second time it will be as "the Sun of righteousness with healing in His wings." (Malachi iv. 2.) As such, His power and influence will be felt by the entire world; but during the present long dark night, that set in when He left the world, the heart that is waiting for His coming again is cheered by the light and lustre of the morning star. Happy portion for all believers! The Morning Star is now shining brightly for the saints who are looking for Christ. "Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." "For our conversation (or citizenship) is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour." From these and other kindred passages it is evident that it is the Lord Himself for whom all Christians should be looking. Should death come, the believer can say, "It is well with my soul." The last message from the Lord to His own is, "Behold, I come quickly." If the believer is walking in communion, he can return but one answer to this announcement—"Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." It is the Holy Spirit in the believer, and in the Church, who produces this response. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." The Christian who is thus waiting for the Lord is not unmindful of those who are unsaved. While looking up to heaven, and saying, "Come, Lord Jesus," he can also turn to those who are not safe in the ark, and cry, "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." May we thus be found in these last and closing days in the attitude of men who are waiting for their Lord, and occupying "till He comes."

"Lord Jesus, come
And claim us for Thine own;
Our weary feet would wander o'er
This dark and sinful world no more;
Come, Saviour, come."

W. H. F. C.



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"TOO CHEAP!" "TOO DEAR!" "TOO LATE!"

WHAT I HEARD AT THE "BIG SALE."

BY

W. J. H. BREALEY.

"**W**HAT on aith is the matter to-day?" said old Timothy Hastings to his neighbour, Nat Drummond, who happened to pass his garden gate one bright morning in September. "Seems as though all the world and his wife were turning out. What's up, Nat; d'ye know?" The fact was, there was to be a big sale at

farmer Knighton's that day, and the quiet country lane seemed all alive; for pedestrians in knots of twos and threes, horsemen, market carts driven by gaily-dressed, buxom-looking farmers' wives, gigs, traps, and other vehicles, were keeping up a constant rattle past Timothy's cottage on the morning in question. "Why where have you been lately, that yer didn't know about the sale? Looks as though ye've just come out of the ark. There's to be a great sale up at farmer Knighton's to-day; the bills have a-been out for more than a week," was Nat's reply to the wondering cobbler.

Following the line of travel of the market carts and their drivers, we come at last to a snug farm, with its homestead yards and bartons swarming with people—a constant clatter of voices, interspersed here and there by one louder than the rest

calling out to some unruly bullock or perverse hog that was not at all favourable to ropes or hurdles. On a waggon, wheeled to the centre of the yard, stands the auctioneer, his tongue specially oiled for the occasion, and particularly glib in enumerating the virtues of a young colt he is offering for sale. His keen and restless eye peers among the motley crowd around him, as if feeling its way into the innermost thoughts of his audience; while, encouraged by nods and winks, and various other signs, his tongue is spurred to a perfect rattle as he says, "Five! ten! fifteen! six—sixteen! seven—seventeen! and going, going at seventeen! Seventeen the last bidder! and going! Eight! Thank you. Going at eight! eight pounds only offered! and going, going——" A sharp rap on his pocket-book from his hammer settles the case, the bargain is made, and a fresh beast is offered to the public. The same thing is repeated on a hundred different lots; the changes on "going, going, gone!" being rung out in a variety of keys with accompaniments.

Who is there but has felt the magic spell of the auctioneer's hammer as it is lifted, while with anxious eye the last bidder waits for it to fall? At the sale in question the writer was much impressed with *three expressions* which were repeated again and again during the day. The colt was sold for eight pounds ten shillings, and no sooner had the hammer dropped than more than one farmer said, "*That's a bargain, whoever has it. Worth double the money! Dirt cheap!*" Another animal was put up for sale and bought at a comparatively low figure, when a bystander ventured the opinion, "*Dear at any price! Dear in a gift!*" Hurrying

through the yard was a stout, red-faced son of the soil, the perspiration standing in beads from his forehead. Taking off his hat, in which he carried his handkerchief, and applying the last-named article, also of a ruddy complexion, to his reeking head and neck, with apparent anxiety he asked when "lot twenty-five" was to be sold. He had walked some miles to be at the sale, and he particularly wished to purchase it. To his dismay the person addressed replied, "You be *too late*, maister! A day behind the fair." And a titter of ridicule passed round the group of men, to the chagrin of the disappointed farmer.

These three expressions were often repeated during the day—"Dirt cheap!" "Too dear!" and "Too late." And echoed and re-echoed in the writer's mind for many a day after—"Dirt cheap!" "Too dear!" and "Too late!"

Many a bargain is struck on the supposition that it is cheap, when after consequences prove it to have been *too dear*.

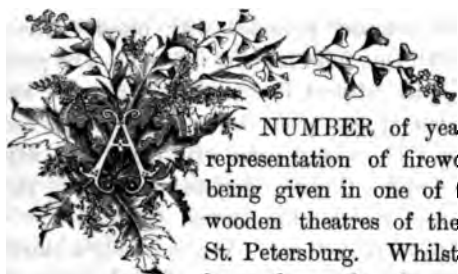
A gaudy exterior—French-polish and veneer—goes a long way with some people, but others are not so foolish, knowing that it is "not all gold that glitters." Many a young man bids high for pleasure, for worldly advancement, honour, and wealth. He sees them in their glitter and tinsel, and believes they are well worth the sacrifice he makes; and barter health, strength, time, life, his soul, and all his hopes for eternity, to obtain the coveted prize. He perchance just grasps his choice in time to find it "*too dear*." Wealth, honour, and fame prove deceptive as the mirage. The gaily-painted butterfly his eager grasp had caught lies crushed within the hand that holds it. The rainbow-tinted bauble has burst, and the votary for the prize is left to mourn his loss, to find the cost too great for the boon—it is "*too dear*." Others again are persuaded that earth, with all its gains, its pleasures, and its honours, is not soul-satisfying, and fully intend some day to "seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" but, like the farmer at the sale, awake at last to the terrible fact that it is "*too late*." The die is cast, their time and opportunity gone, and though never intending to delay too long, procrastinated just long enough to be "*too late*." Has the reader found the world unable to give peace? the pleasures of sin unable to give happiness? or religious exercises unable to satisfy? What you seek—peace, happiness, and eternal satisfaction—may be obtained on certain terms, and,

when received on those conditions, will prove to be "cheap" indeed—cheap at any cost. First, because of the *easy terms* on which they become ours; next, because of *their value* when enjoyed; and, lastly, because of their *enduring nature*. *What are the terms* on which you may receive them? On the same terms as a beggar receives a coin, or a guilty criminal receives a pardon—simply and solely as a *gift*. "Oh, but you make salvation too easy, and the gospel *too cheap*!" said a farmer the other day. "I don't believe salvation is so cheap as that." "Well," said I, "how much have you got to pay? Have you anything that can purchase it?" "Well, I hardly know how to answer that question; but I don't believe in a gospel *so cheap as that*," he replied. And perhaps the reader says the same. But how can a bankrupt, who has no assets, discharge his debts and satisfy his creditors? Such is the sinner in his natural state—"having nothing to pay." (Luke vii. 42.) Yet suppose a premium *was* placed on pardon, and peace, and eternal life—be it ever so small a price—how should he pay it who had lost all, and *had* nothing to pay save the catalogue of his debts? An inventory of debts never can pay the creditors. Now seeing "we have nothing to pay"—the needed blessings are purchased for us at infinite cost—a mighty stupendous price *was* laid on them by God, even the price of precious blood. It cost God and His blessed Son terribly dear to make the gospel cheap to us. But the price having been paid, a full discharge may be obtained "without money and without price" (Isaiah lv. 1), as a free gift "through Jesus Christ our Lord." Then, when received, *how much are they worth?* What are they capable of doing? They give joy under the heaviest trials; rest in the sharpest conflicts; satisfaction in the deepest needs ("as rivers of water in a dry place"); strength to overcome the severest temptations; new desires; new pleasures; new hopes; a new nature—and for *how long?* Till eternity waxes old, and God ceases to be. The love bestowed is everlasting (Jer. xxxi. 3); the life given is eternal (John iii. 16); the strength for the way is "as the days" (Deut. xxxiii. 25); the inheritance "fadeth not away;" and the happy inheritors shall long enjoy the work of His hands in the "building of God, eternal in the heavens." Is not this a priceless boon? and at any price would it not be cheap? What if you have to suffer a little temporary loss, a little shame, a little sacrifice! will not the blessings in Christ more than make

amends? Look at the matter straight in the face, and be content to receive the gift by accepting Jesus, as God's sacrifice for sin, and *your* Saviour; for you will prove Him worth the price He asks; viz, your poverty, sin-ruined rags. Exchange them for Him to-day, while you read these lines. But take care it be not hereafter said of you, "He was *too late*." "Because there is wrath, *beware* lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." (Job xxxvi. 18.)

THE CLOWN AND THE BURNING THEATRE.

BY A. MARSHALL.



NUMBER of years ago a representation of fireworks was being given in one of the large wooden theatres of the city of St. Petersburg. Whilst interesting and amusing the vast crowd

that had assembled to witness the spectacle, the manager discovered that the building was on fire. Earnest and strenuous efforts were put forth to subdue the fiery element. The attempts, however, were fruitless, and the flames burst forth in terrific splendour. The people, who were utterly ignorant of the real condition of things, looked on with admiration. The clown was instructed to acquaint the audience with the state of matters. Rushing to the front of the stage, in solemn and earnest tones he shouted aloud, "FIRE! FIRE! SAVE YOUR LIVES!"

The crowd applauded the clown for performing his part so well. The manager, seeing the mistake that had been made, and knowing that every moment was valuable, lifted the curtain, from whence issued dense columns of smoke. Then the people were aware of the dreadful danger to which they were exposed. Terror seized hold of them; shrieks and cries of horror were heard from every part of the building. A rush was made for the doors. One of them would not open, and as the mass of human beings swayed to and fro, hundreds were crushed and trampled to death. Next morning it was discovered that seven hundred precious souls had been called to meet God through the dire calamity.

This solemn incident aptly illustrates the condition of the great majority of men and women. Exposed to a more fearful and terrible fire than that which enveloped the poor theatre-attenders of St. Petersburg, they seem to be utterly careless or ignorant of the fact. In 2 Thess. i. 7-9 we read that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." The "whole world" has been brought in guilty before God (Rom. iii. 19), and every unsaved sinner is *already condemned* (John iii. 18), "rescued unto the day of judgment to be punished." (2 Peter i. 9.) The clown lifted the warning voice; but it was unheeded. The people thought that he was acting a part, and counted him clever for performing it so well. When the danger was known they endeavoured to escape; but with many it was too late.

Unsaved fellow-traveller to eternity, have you not been warned again and again of coming wrath and judgment? You have been told that a holy, righteous God will by no means clear the guilty (Exodus xxxiv. 7), and that He must punish every one who refuses or delays to accept of His great salvation; and yet you seem utterly careless and unconcerned, though you know you are not ready to meet God. How is this? Why is this? You profess to believe that God's word is true. Has He not in that blessed Book distinctly declared that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and *all the nations that forget God*"? (Psalm ix. 17.) Have you *made up your mind* to spend eternity in hell, where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever" (Rev. xiv. 11); "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched"? (Mark ix. 48.) I am sure you have not. Don't allow the devil to cheat you out of your precious soul. Oh, how Satan is succeeding in ruining men and women! How busy he is, and how cunning! Trying to persuade some that there is no future punishment, and, if this is not believed, that a merciful God won't punish any of His creatures for ever; quieting the fears of the openly wicked. If awakened, lulling them to sleep by whispering in their ears, "Time enough." Contrasting the condition of moral, respectable professors of religion with others, and doing his best to lead them to think that they do not need to be born again.

It is said that the Maories of New Zealand, for

the sake of the heat, erect their rude dwellings on ground under which there are boiling springs, and that when dancing the crust sometimes breaks, and they are boiled alive. If unsaved, you are in a far worse and more dangerous condition than the poor Maories. At this moment you are on the very brink of eternity. At *any time* you may be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and then waken up beyond the reach of hope. Trifle no longer! Tarry not nor linger, but escape for your life. A pardon has been provided at an infinite cost, and is pressed on you for your acceptance. Will you take, or will you refuse it? Accept it through believing on Him who died on Calvary's cross to save you from the flames of a never-ending hell. Neglect it, and you perish for ever. "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with the everlasting burnings?" (Isaiah xxxiii. 14.)

"SOLD TO SATAN;"

OR, "IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL."



HAVING lately had occasion to consult the works of a German poet, I came across a weird story which impressed me much. It is merely a tale; yet has bound up in it an awful meaning, fit for the thoughtless, careless days in which we live.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, there lived an old doctor, learned in all man's wisdom, skilled in the dark things of earth; aye, in magic lore and witchcraft. Men thought him blest of mortals for his great fame, yet in his heart was deep unrest. He had fathomed full many mysteries of earth, yet oftentimes did he feel the nothingness of it all—feel his own helplessness when brought face to face with the great realities of time and eternity. Then was he miserable, that those great mind-faculties he possessed must here confess themselves baffled; and he longed to pass the border of life, to pierce the gloom—death's curtain—and see what lay beyond; but, anon, love and life, fear of "the hereafter," together with God's

watchful providence, kept him back from self-destruction. The tale runs on to tell how one day, in one of his magic books, he discovered a spell wherewith to summon up a spirit from the lower world. He yielded to the temptation, and the devil himself appeared in answer to the summons, and asked what he wanted. He, poor mortal, told him his desire; and there and then the devil promised that he would let him know everything; but on one condition—that, after in this world, and by this means, he had seen into everything, and tried every pleasure, he would hand himself over to the devil's pleasure in the world hereafter. The doctor agreed to these terms. "What did he care for yonder world! this life was all he wanted!" and so the compact is sealed with blood. Then does the Evil One fulfil his part full well. The poor victim is fully satisfied for the time being with his bargain; but at last there comes a time when the devil says, "Thou must come with me;" and, nay or yea, despite threats, despite entreaties, the wretched man vanishes into eternal perdition!

"Only a story," you say. Yes, it is only a story, the offspring of the imagination of a clever man. But do you not shudder as you think of how much truth after all there may be in this fable? that it portrays exactly what is in fact happening this very day; aye, with many men, with many women! Methink I hear some one saying, "The devil is a myth. Hell has no existence." Ah, dear friend, God is a reality. There is a God who is infinite purity and love, and there is a heaven where He dwells; and so surely as these exist is there a hell for those who reject His love, a devil who is evil itself, who fights against God, who will at length find his place along with his victims in the lake of fire. Deceive not yourself. There is a hell, there is a heaven; and in this brief span of time must you decide in which place you will dwell for all eternity. But again you say, "No one ever saw the devil in person; nor would any sane person make a compact with him." Just consider for a moment. In this world there are two forces—spiritual, if you will have it. There is God entreating men to be saved, to turn to Him and live, by the love that He bears mankind; and, by the wondrous sacrifice of His beloved Son on the cross, He adjures them to accept of Christ, and with Him eternal life. He says, as Joshua did of old, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Aye, we can hear the words of Elijah re-echoing down

through the ages of time: "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, follow him." The almighty God of heaven and earth condescends to beseech you to take the love-gift He offers—His only begotten Son. On the other hand is the prince of darkness—the devil, the father of lies—striving with all his fiendish might to draw men to their destruction. Even as in one ear of this poor man of the story heaven's music sounded warningly in vain, while in the other the devil poured his fiendish counsels, so while the Spirit of God is striving with you to look to Christ and live, the devil is saying, "Time enough; make the best of the world; take your fill of pleasure, and at the last (the eleventh hour) turn to Christ." Is that not making a compact with the devil? Ah, trust him not, he will deceive you, will fail you at the last! He is too cunning perhaps to shock you with presenting the bare alternative of his bargain to ask you to barter away your soul's welfare for the pleasures of this world; for he knows that you would shrink back with horror at once, and perhaps be startled thereby into accepting safety through Jesus Christ. No; he only persuades you to slumber on, simply to neglect to consider the matter at all, until it is too late. But methinks there are some who, when brought almost to the settling-point by the strivings of the Holy Ghost in their soul, say, "No, not now; I must have this world's joys, and I don't care nor believe about the next world. There is no use of counting on uncertainties. I will have the world, and the devil too, if need be." Ah, my friend, what a bargain! On the one hand, pleasure for this short span of life; and on the other, an eternity of fearful woe and torment. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Ah, the devil will give you your fill! He will mayhap strew your path with flowers, so as to cover the flames which ever would belch up and startle you out of your sleep. Aye, but all the time he is weaving his fetters tighter and tighter round you, and thinks with fiendish glee of the time when your life shall run out, and you shall be at his mercy. Ah, that poor fool made his soul over to the devil in letters of blood. Yes, and you too are trifling with life and death. Blood made the compact more binding, and blood alone will it be that can annul the agreement. You are Satan's by nature and practice, but Christ paid down the

price by His life's blood; and now, if you choose, you can go free. He has "by death destroyed him that had the power of death" (*i.e.* the devil); and if you trust to Him, He will free you from that thralldom for ever and ever. Ah, friends, and you, young man, young woman, I beseech you delay not! "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." The Spirit of God now says, "Come;" but there is a time when His Spirit will cease to strive, and sad, sad will it be for you if there come a day when God shall say, as he said of Ephraim of old, "He is joined to his idols: let him alone." "For he, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy." Then will God, the God of love and grace, have to say, "I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and none regarded. . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." Delay not; it is easier to reject. The longer you put it off, your heart becomes more callous; and at last, if you so go on, you shall be as one for whom there is no hope. Decide then at once. God knows your sinfulness; He knows the "desperate wickedness" of your heart, and yet He promises to cleanse it pure and white, and give you, poor vile sinner that you are, fitness for heaven; and all this if you but trust to the death of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. He suffered on the tree for such as you; yes, for such as you He was crucified between two thieves. Oh, how wonderful! And by this death He atoned, He paid the punishment due to God for the sins of the world. Is not that sight enough to melt your heart? Pure, spotless as a lamb was Christ; vile, sinful are you. He shed His life's blood for you. Methinks I hear Him ask, "Is not that enough?" Won't you then say, "God, I thank thee; Lord Jesus Christ, I bless thee, for thy love and death; it is for me. I believe, I trust thee." Then will God in answer say, "Poor sinner, as thou hast honoured me—honoured my Son in trusting to His death—I do honour thee with life everlasting." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God has set His seal to it with the life's blood of Christ, and all heaven, earth, hell, mankind, or the devil, may not ever alter that grand decree.



MY FRIEND'S MESSAGE.

"EVEN OLD SINNERS MAY BE SAVED."

BY GEORGE HEFFORD.

RETURNING from a service one evening I was accosted by a cheerful-looking old man, who, grasping my hand very heartily, said, "I can say more than your tract, sir."

"To what tract do you refer?" I enquired.

"Do you not remember giving away some tracts the evening before last?"

"Yes," I replied, "I remember that. Did you have one?"

"I did," he answered. "One about a man who up to sixty years of age was a notorious sinner, but who found mercy; and when relating his experience said, 'Thank God, the whole sixty years of sins, black as they were, have been entirely and for ever put away by the precious blood of Christ.'"

"And can you say more than that?" I enquired.

"Yes, thank God, I can say, not only sixty, but over eighty years of sins have been put away by the same precious blood."

"You indeed have great cause for thankfulness," I said. "How was this brought about?"

"For a long time," he replied, "though I kept it secret, I had been troubled about my sins; and as I read that tract, I thought if I had only been sixty years of age they might, like his, have been put away; but I was over eighty, and my sins had been so numerous, aggravating, and so long continued, that I feared there was but very little hope for me. I went to bed, but the agony of my mind became such that I could neither rest nor sleep, so rose again. I felt that I was lost. 'The harvest was passed, the summer ended, and I was not saved.' As I walked backwards and forwards in my room something seemed to say, 'Why don't you pray? You have never asked God to save you.' I fell on my knees, but for a long time words failed me. I could only groan and cry, 'Lord, save me! Lord, save me! I deserve hell; but, Lord, save me!' Blessed be His name, He heard my cry; even while on my knees I realized the forgiveness of all my sins. I saw, clear as noonday, that Jesus had borne them all in His own body on the tree, that He had finished the work, borne sin's penalty, and that all I had to do was to trust Him with my whole heart. I did trust Him, and my soul found rest. That hour I shall never forget. I wanted others to share my joy. How I longed for day, that I might go and tell my friends what great things the Lord had done for me.

Ah, sir, it's just grand to be saved and know it. Do not forget to publish wherever you go that 'EVEN OLD SINNERS MAY BE SAVED.' For one over eighty years has had his sins blotted out by the precious blood of Christ."

After thanking him for his precious testimony and advice, I said, "You can now say with David, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death.' (Psalm lvi. 13.) Now use his prayer also, 'Wilt Thou not deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?' Remembering 'ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. vi. 20.)

"Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own."

I have often told this story of God's abounding grace, and pen it now with the hope and prayer that it may prove helpful to some reader advanced in years, laden with a sense of unpardoned sins, and possibly tempted by the adversary to despair of ever finding mercy at the hand of God. To such I give my friend's message, "EVEN OLD SINNERS MAY BE SAVED." *He knew it* by blessed experience. *So may you.* It is still "a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS." (1 Tim. i. 15.) However deep the dye of your sins may be, or though they were more in number than the stars of heaven, yet "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. vii. 25); and His blood "cleanseth from ALL sin." (1 John i. 7.) Take your true place before God as guilty, condemned, liable to eternal death. Acknowledge thy condition. Keep nothing back. Trust in nothing of your own. Not your tears, your repentance, your sorrow for sin. Not even your prayers. But trust Christ, and Him alone. Trusting Him you cannot perish. Nay, stand at once, "accepted in the Beloved." (Eph. i. 6.) "No more a stranger and foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God." (Eph. ii. 19.) "And when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." (Col. iii. 4.)

But, reader, delay not—

"Time's sun is fast setting,
Its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling
In clouds o'er the sky,
Its shadows are stretching
In ominous gloom,
Its midnight approaches,
The midnight of doom.

Then haste, reader, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing—flee, lingerer, flee."

The Watchman's Message.



'A DEAR FAMILIAR SPOT.'

Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies and Thy lovingkindnesses.

PSALM XXV. 6.

PSALM XXV. 7.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

[Price 2/- per Vol]



MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

AS I wandered round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There the orchard—meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old, moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within,
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my cradle bed.

Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long:
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that cradle bed:

"Hush, my dear, lie still, and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:

'T is the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my cradle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'T is a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
"Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed ever be Thy name."

Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild,
"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
"Bless, oh bless, my precious child!"

Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet graveyard lain;
But her blessed angel spirit
Daily hovers o'er my head,
Calling me from earth to heaven,
Even from my cradle bed.

"CAN'T YOU CALL AGAIN TO-MORROW?"

IN the dark and dingy bedroom of a single-storied wooden erection, comprising only a shop and one room, situated in one of the chief thoroughfares of the port of L—, built temporarily on a space cleared by a fire some short time previously, on a low bed lay the object of my visit—a man, as to years, in what ought to have been the prime of life, but now, through drink and dissipation, a bloated, tossing wreck of one who had seen better days.

Surrounding the poor fellow were his wife, her sister, and a nice-looking old person, whom I soon discovered was a hired nurse, so that he was not lacking the care and attention to the poor body which sickness so much needs.

One interested in H—, as well as anxious for the salvation of his soul, had asked me to call, having at the same time warned me of the state of things likely to be found in the place.

As I have before stated, there was H—, tossing about on the bed from side to side in that utter restlessness which a brain fever by drink gives to a diseased body. Poor fellow! No rest for the body—smooth the pillows, alter the bed clothing, as the three women might—toss, toss, toss!

After talking about his bodily ailments, and listening to what he had to say as to his come-down in the world, one sought to speak of the soul's need, of the claims of a holy God, of what His thoughts of sin are. Yes, beloved reader, God's THOUGHTS ABOUT SIN, not yours or mine, the provision God Himself has made in the gift of His beloved Son; the way that Son had glorified God and put away sin for those who believe from before His all-seeing eye. But oh! to these solemn and blessed truths, what a deaf, deaf ear was turned.

Again the same truths were dwelt upon, and the tossings increased, and at length he gasped out, "Can't you call again to-morrow?"

In vain the wife and sister implored him to listen. The same rebuff, "Can't you call again to-morrow?"

The poor, dear old nurse now moved to entreaty. Getting upon her knees, with uplifted clasped hands, she begged him to attend to his "minister," as she was pleased to call me.

Oh, what a scene in that dingy room!—the dying man, the beseeching wife, the imploring nurse, and myself seeking to reach his conscience and win his heart. I shall never forget it, and may I never witness such another. All that came from the poor man was a persistent "Can't you call again to-morrow?"

What could I do? Oh, Prov. xxix. 1, how true thy word! "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

I left. I DID call the next day. H— was insensible; knew no one. The day following, no change. The one after that he was gone. Gone! but WHERE?

THE PITCHER OF WATER.

WATER nowhere for miles around. It was a period of great drought in the region, and water was scarcely to be had either for love or money. But at a shady spot by the side of a road which ran through that parched-up district, the weary traveller was surprised to find a pitcher of water. He asked no questions, but slaked his thirst and passed on. And so traveller after traveller would tarry at that spot to have a refreshing draught, doubtless praising in his heart the unknown hand that had placed the pitcher of water there. But who placed it there? Well, it was discovered that a poor workman carried the water a long distance every morning, and placed it on the spot where he knew the wearied wayfarer would easily find it. He then came back that long way at night for the empty pitcher; but was never there in the heat of the day to receive the thanks,

far less the money, of the passers by. That was very kind of that man, wasn't it? putting that pitcher there for everybody; for, mind, it was not for a select few, but for anybody. And, do you know, that's just what Christ did for you. The water of life is just as free to you as that pitcher of water was to the weary traveller. Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, and now the water of life is free to you. We do not read that it is free to a select few, but "*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*" (Rev. xxii. 17.)

The weary traveller did not ask any questions, such as, "Is this water for me, I wonder?" No; he was thirsty, and he drank it. Well, there's salvation's streams flowing for you. The great well of salvation is Christ; and God's word to you is, "*Take Him;*" for

"Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love."

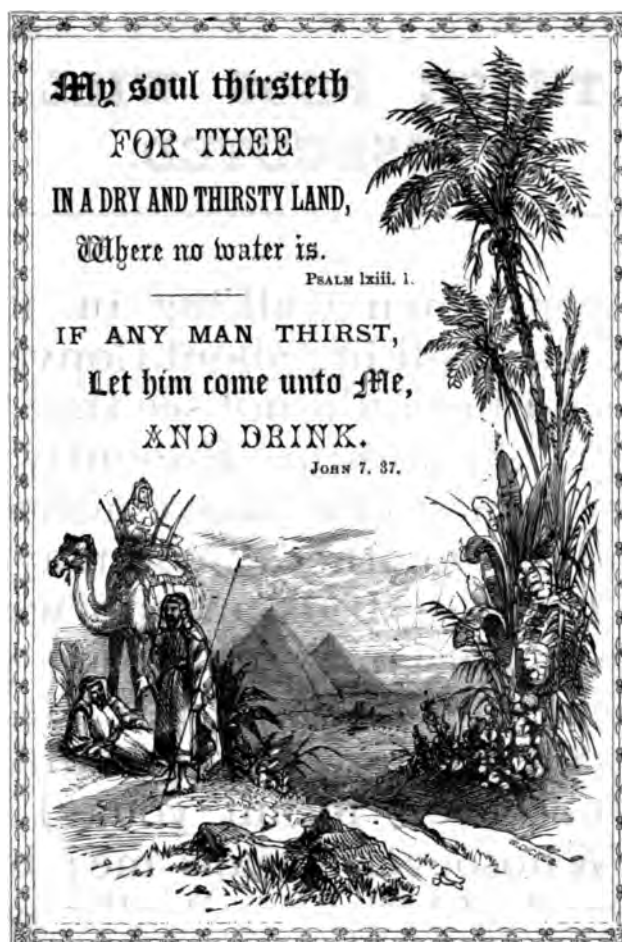
Ah! my reader, that pitcher of water by the wayside is but a faint picture of what

Christ has done for you. These travellers did not ask that workman to send the water. No; he did it without asking. And so God did not wait till we asked Him to send Christ. No. He so loved us that He gave (without our asking) His only-begotten Son. And Christ died for His enemies—for the ungodly. And yet you say you won't have Him. You don't want to be saved just yet. You don't want a drink of the living water for some time yet. Is this the way to treat Christ?

Dear reader, it is only the living water that can *satisfy* a thirsty soul; you may drink of the

pleasures of the world, but afterwards they leave an aching void; it is like trying to quench your thirst with sea-water, which would only make you more thirsty; but Jesus said, "*Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.*"

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."



NOTICE.

**WHOSOEVER TRAMPLES
ON THESE BEDS WILL BE
PROSECUTED.**

TWO gentlemen walking in a public park were talking about Conversion—one said he could not see that “Whosoever” meant him. Presently in their walk they came to the above notice. Said the friend to the other, “You may go and trample on those beds and do what you like.” “Oh no, I may not, don’t you see the notice?” “Oh yes, I see the notice, but you said just now that you did not see that ‘Whosoever’ meant you. I cannot go, for ‘Whosoever’ means me; but you, you can go.” “Ah! I see it all now,” was the reply, “‘Whosoever’ does mean me.” “Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” It does mean me, and is a free, open invitation for everyone to come to Christ.

"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST." *

BY
G. F. PENTECOST.



YOUR theme to-day, dear friends, is "The Precious Blood of Christ." By the term here used is meant the voluntary sacrifice which our Lord Jesus Christ made when He, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself up to God for our sins. When we speak of being redeemed by the precious blood of Christ we do not mean the material element which flowed from His hands and feet and side, but that which the blood signifies.

The Bible tells us—and the Bible knew this fact long before the scientific men found it out—that the life is in the blood. For this reason blood was among God's ancient people held to be very sacred. No flesh was allowed to be eaten until it was well cooked, and all the blood drained out of it. "I will even set my face against that soul that eateth blood, and will cut him off from among his people. For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." (Lev. xvii. 10, 11.) This will help us to understand that when the blood of Christ is spoken of it does not mean that the material blood has virtue in it, but that the precious life which He voluntarily laid down for us is that on account of which we are redeemed, forgiven, and saved. "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi. 28), said our Saviour, speaking of the wine in the communion cup; that is, the wine which He poured out and gave to them stood for His blood, just as His blood stood for His life, which He was then about to pour out or lay down for them.

Many persons get into a debate as to whether we are saved by the *death* or by the *life* of Christ, and will quote different scriptures, each to show that their thought is right. For instance, one will quote this one, "He *died* the just for the unjust;" and again, "Christ *died* for us;" and again, "He *died* for all." On the other hand, some say, "We are saved by His *life*." "Because I live ye shall live also." "I lay my life down for the sheep,"

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&c. Now the truth lies in all these scriptures; we are saved by His death and by His life. Take the last passage, "I lay down my life for the sheep." (John x. 15.) Here we have the life laid down in death; that is, death is the laying down of the life. This He did not against His will, but voluntarily; and then He took it again—that is, He arose from the dead, and now "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." But it was the death, or laying down of that life, that procured salvation for us. Therefore it is that throughout the Bible the death or blood of Christ is magnified. It is very important that we should understand this.

It is quite the fashion nowadays for not a few preachers, who even call themselves evangelical, to make light of salvation through or on account of the blood of Christ, and to speak of it as the "doctrine of the shambles," and a "bloody religion." Well, my friends, we need not be alarmed at such talk; it is very old. Cain did not like it; for when God commanded him and his brother to offer a sacrifice of blood or life, he offered the fruit of the ground. But when he saw that his brother Abel's bloody sacrifice was accepted and his rejected, he was angry. He would not offer a life to God in death, because that would be a bloody religion; but he did not hesitate to slay his brother in anger. That old Cain spirit is still rife. The Jews would not have Christ as an atonement, and so they murdered Him; and the Crucified One is rejected to-day. When Moses offered a sacrifice of blood to God his heathen wife was offended, and called him a "bloody husband."

But I want to remind you, my dear friends, that the whole Bible, which is a revelation of God's will and way of salvation through Jesus Christ, is crimson with the story of the blood. From the offering of Abel, recorded in Genesis, to the song of the redeemed, recorded in the Revelation, the blood is conspicuously present. If you should take a brush and dip it into red ink, and then go carefully through the Bible, and paint over those passages that refer to the blood, and all those promises that are associated with and rest on the blood, you would be surprised to find how red your Bible would be; and then if you should take your penknife and carefully cut out all the passages that you had before marked with the red, you would be more surprised to find how ragged your Bible would be. Indeed, there would be no intelligence left in it. The historical portion would be meaningless,

the ethical teaching would be powerless. No "forgiveness," no "justification," no "regeneration," no "peace," no "joy," no sanctification," no "rest," no "hope," no "resurrection," no "heaven," no "robes washed and made white and clean," no "song," nothing but sin and blackness and darkness for ever.

Oh, blessed be God for these two sayings concerning the blood—one in the beginning, and one in the ending of the Bible—"When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exod. xii. 13); and, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. . . . And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." (Rev. i. 5, v. 9.) I often wonder what those people would do in heaven—if they could get there without the blood—when the redeemed began to sing or to worship the Lamb that was slain. They would certainly feel greatly out of place; but they will never be there. He who denies the blood on earth shall never sing of it in heaven. But now let us look a little more particularly into our text.

1. Peter says the blood of Christ is **PRECIOUS**. This is a word peculiar to Peter. He speaks in his epistles of seven precious things—a precious Christ, precious Corner Stone, precious blood, precious promises, precious faith, precious trial of faith, and precious believers. But we have to do to-day with the precious blood. This word "precious" is an adjective descriptive of the blood. First, it is an adjective of value. We say of gold that it is precious metal, because it is so valuable, because of its intrinsic comparison with other things, and because of its great value in worth and beauty, being the finest of all metals; and we say of diamonds that they are precious stones for a similar reason—their beauty and value. So in comparison with all other blood that was ever shed, all other lives ever laid down, the blood of Christ is precious because it was so rare and unspeakably worthful. But again, the word "precious" is an adjective of relation, and tells how He and His blood stand related to the affections of believers. We say of our children that they are precious to us. We love them; gold and silver would not buy them. Mountains of diamonds would be counted as nothing, if by them we could save our children from depth and loss. So Jesus Christ and His shed blood are precious to our souls. We are bound to

Him, not by a mere perception of His greatness and worthfulness as the Son of God, but also by the cords and bands of our hearts.

II. Now let us consider: Why is His blood so precious to sinners?

1. *Because it is the redemption price of our souls.* In the text it is put in comparison with silver and gold, and so we have the idea of the price paid for our souls. Now, what are we to understand by redemption? It means to buy back or to deliver on the payment of a "ransom," to "set free as a matter of right." Under the old Jewish law if a man through misfortune lost his estate by debt, he might, within a prescribed time, redeem it on the payment of a certain price. If he was not able to redeem it, or buy it back, his "next of kin" or redeemer might step in and buy it back for him; this was called redemption. It is even so now. If a man fails to pay the taxes on his house, it is condemned or sold. The law gives him a certain time in which to redeem it by paying the back taxes and costs.

Now, in the light of these simple illustrations, let us look at the great redemption by the blood of Christ. On account of sin we have lost our place and standing with God. "We are carnal and sold under sin"—under "the curse of the law," and condemned to death—not natural only, but spiritual and eternal. Sin has dominion over us here and hereafter; there remains nothing for us but to be "punished with an everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power." Oh, my friends, if you think sin a slight matter, and the loss of the soul in consequence of sin, a thing lightly jested about and carelessly brushed away from your thoughts, I pray you consider three things:

First, look at that man Dives, whom our Lord presents to us, who lost his soul through love of the world. See him, now that he is dead and buried as to his body. "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." That is the consequence of sin.

Then consider that this is not a temporary consequence, but for eternity; for, says the Saviour, "These," who through love of sin reject the mercy of God, "shall go away into everlasting punishment."

Then, putting that "tormenting flame" and eternity together, consider yourself as being associated or lost in it.

Is not sin an awful thing, if this be the inevitable consequence and end of it? No wonder our

Saviour said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And again, "What shall a man give in exchange for [or to redeem] his soul?" Not silver and gold, for that cannot buy back a soul; not the wide world, for a soul is of greater worth than a thousand worlds, though you make so light of yours; not the blood of bulls and goats on Jewish altars slain, for these could never make the comers thereunto perfect. No, my friends, nothing can redeem your soul from sin, death, and hell but the precious blood of Christ. No wonder Peter called it precious; for most precious it is if it buys my soul back to God out of this awful condition of sin and guilt.

But some of you may be saying that "my soul is not lost yet." Ah, my friend, that is a common mistake! The sum of it is that it is "condemned already." "We all have sinned and come short." Should you die to-day in your sin, without Jesus Christ, your soul would sink into hell as a stone thrown into the sea. This is God's own illustration, not mine.

How unspeakably valuable must be the soul in God's sight! how unutterable His love for sinners! for when there was none who could or would save, He spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us to "bear our sins in His own body on the tree," and to "redeem us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." No wonder another apostle, with a rapture that almost bursts his heart when he thinks of the great redemption, speaks of Jesus Christ as the "Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

But this redemption does more than simply take us out of the power of sin, death, and hell; it redeems us *to* something as well as *from* something. Christ redeems us from under the law, "that we might receive the adoption of sons;" or, as we learn from the song of the redeemed in heaven, "For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God." No tongue can tell of the joys that are wrapped up in this privilege; for "in His presence there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

2. This blood of Christ is precious because of *what it cost the Father*, who gave His Son to die for us, and *what it cost our Saviour* to pay the price. There are those who think of God as an eternally self-complacent, impassible, and passionless Being, incapable of feeling, especially of suffering; that

His love is something like the shining of the sun; it is His nature; He cannot help it, and it costs Him nothing; but there never was a greater mistake. The love of our God to sinners is a suffering love, a love that has led to sacrifice unspeakable and unfathomable because of the depths of it.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." And what did He give Him to? To humiliation, shame, suffering, and death; and to what a death! Even the death of the cross, a death in the which was emptied the curse of the law, the wrath of God against sin. And more than that, He gave Him to die under His own hand; for though, humanly speaking, the Jews murdered Him, God delivered Him up.

In the first year of the war in a Kentucky town a widowed mother gave her only son up to her country. So great was her love for the Union that she said to him, "Go, my son; though you are my only son and child, my joy and support, I give you freely." That was a great sacrifice. Just before the regiment started for the camp at the front, it was drawn up in line, and all our friends came out to bid us "good-bye." That widowed mother stood by her son, her arms about him, all her deep mother-love looking out of her eyes up into his face. Then the bugle sounded, "Prepare to mount." She clung to him with a closer embrace, when in another moment the second blast of the bugle sounded, "Mount." The boy gently unclasped his mother's arms from about his neck, and sprang to his saddle; but the mother lay at his feet in a swoon. Ah! it was costing her sore to part with her son.

Some of you, perhaps, know what it cost you to give son, husband, brother, and betrothed; but could that mother have foreseen what I saw a few days afterward, that only son smitten down by the fragment of a burst shell that went crashing through his brain, and the next moment trampled under foot by the iron red hoof of war, as the battle surged back and forth over the spot where he fell; could she have seen her boy, torn, mangled, bleeding, dying, dead, and buried in a nameless grave, I doubt if she could or would have given her only son. The cost would have been too great.

Could the loyal mothers, wives, and sisters of the loyal North have foreseen all, they would have held back the sacrifice. They gave with the chances in their favour that their dear ones would come back covered with glory. But oh, my friends, when God gave His own He knew what would be the result.

He knew that from His manger-cradle to the cross He would be set upon by the devil, that the very people He came to save would never rest until they had hanged Him on the cross. He foresaw and ordained the fearful temptation in the wilderness. He foresaw and ordained the three years of multiplied suffering—who can know their depth?—in which His soul suffered and sighed and was often amazed. He foresaw and ordained those hours of agony in the garden, where He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. He foresaw and ordained the trial before Pilate, the shameful buffeting, the cruel pillar, and the Roman lash laid over His bare back till His holy and sinless flesh hung like ribbons there. He foresaw and ordained the cross, with its nails crashing through hands and feet, the pierced side, the thorn-covered and pierced brow. Yea, and He knew that in the bitterest hour of His sacrificial agony He must withdraw Himself and forsake Him.

Think you not that it cost the Father something to hear that well-beloved Son cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" And why did the Father forsake His own when He was gladly doing His will? Why? Because He was dying under the curse of the law, in the place of sinners, and so must suffer as a sinner, though He knew no sin. And the Father could not draw near to help. When I think of all this, and that that blood was shed for the redemption of my sins, I say too—IT IS PRECIOUS.

But not only did it cost the Father much, but what must it have cost the Lord Jesus Himself? Was it nothing for Him to leave the bosom of His Father, the unclouded glory of His equal place in the Godhead, and humble Himself to be made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and be made sin for us—to be made to feel the stain and guilt of our transgressions? For the Lord caused all our iniquities to meet upon Him. Sinless and guiltless Himself, He was made sin for us. It is folly for us to say that, being sinless Himself, He could not feel the shame of our sin—that He could not drink the cup of condemnation except in name. For though the "how" of the divine transaction, in which Christ was made to take our place, may be for ever shrouded in mystery, the fact that He was made sin for us remains.

That, being sinless, he yet suffered for us, the just for the unjust, not alone the outward penalties, but the inward soul-agony of the damned, by reason of the curse of the law and the wrath of God, the whole Bible bears testimony. How His

holy soul must have shrunk from the imputation of sin by the Father as He lay there in the garden, with, no doubt, the mockery and turmoil of the powers of darkness about Him, let that bloody sweat testify. How His stainless soul and blameless personal consciousness must have suffered at being numbered with the transgressors, and counted by men to have been worthy of that conspicuous place between two thieves on the shameful cross, let those profound words of the apostle test: "He endured the cross, despising the shame." How that agony must have culminated when the divine justice pressed to his lip the burning cup of wrath due to human transgression!

In those three hours of awful silence, in which the very sun hid his face, and refused to shine, the Son of God was paying the last farthing of our redemption price. O my soul, and this for thee! Precious blood! Precious Son of God! How great was and is thy love to sinners! Alas, alas! that sinners should scorn and despise thee, reject and refuse thee. No wonder the wicked are turned into hell with the nations that forget God; for where else could they go who have no place in their hearts for thy dear love and redemption?

3. But once more. The blood of Christ is precious because *it is the only way of salvation*. This may seem to lower my theme to the level of human selfishness. So be it, if by any means some careless soul may be awakened out of folly.

Some years ago I met a friend on Boston Common. We were both coming that night to New York—I by the Fall River boat, he by the Shore Line Railroad. We presently fell into an earnest conversation on religious matters. He was one of those men who professed greatly to admire the life and character of Jesus Christ, and the system of ethics He taught in the Sermon on the Mount; but he utterly rejected the statement that we are saved by the blood of Christ. I was urging the truth upon him with all the earnestness that I could command. Finally he broke out with a protest against what he called my narrowness and bigotry.

"Why," said he, "it is absurd to say that unless I believe in Jesus Christ as an 'atoning Saviour' that I cannot be saved. Why, what difference does it make by what road we go to heaven, so that we all get there? I have no objection to your going by that 'bloody road' of atonement if you want to; but you ought not to insist on my going that way, if I prefer another one. You might just as

well insist that unless I went by the Fall River Line to New York I could not go at all, when there are seven or eight different lines running daily to New York. Now," said he, "you are going to New York by the Fall River Line, and I by the Shore Line. We shall both be in New York in the morning, and then what difference will it make how we got there?"

This was supposed to be a triumphant and unanswerable argument. I said to him then, as I say to all his class now, and there are not a few of them about:

"Your argument is very good, so far as getting from Boston to New York is concerned. It is entirely a question of taste and convenience which one of the many routes you go by; but in the case of a sinner getting to heaven, it is of no account whatever, for the reason that there is but one way.

"Listen! Jesus did not say, 'I am one way, or a way;' but He said, 'I am *the* way.' 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.' 'No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal Him.' And the apostle says, 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved.' 'For there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.'"

Thus, my friends, you will see that Jesus is the only Saviour, and from a multitude of passages we might show you that He saves alone through His precious blood. "For without the shedding of blood there is no remission." And it is only in Him that we have redemption through His blood. For with His own blood He hath entered into the holy place—the holiest of all—even through the heavens, there to appear in the presence of God for us.

Dear friends, when we think that this is our only hope of salvation, then indeed does it seem to be precious. If there were many ways of being reconciled to God, and this way of blood only one of many, then, however precious it might be on other accounts, it would lose this element of value, that it is the *only* way of life.

I will illustrate this to you by a little incident that came very near being a tragedy.

About twenty years ago a young man—no matter who—was in the territory of Kansas, when the excitement occasioned by the discovery of gold at Pike's Peak broke over the country. Fired with a desire to be in the field of the new Eldorado, he

bought an Indian pony, got together a few things, and slung them in a little bag behind him. After two days he came to a long stretch of barrens—about forty miles—which he must cross. It was not a very hard day's ride, though it was in the short November days. Heedless of any thought of danger, early with the rising of the sun he started across the sterile desert. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold, the path through the tall grass was well marked, and for hours the ride was made with pleasure and good speed.

A little past noon the sky became overcast with dull grey and flying clouds. Nothing for a time was thought of this—the journey was more than half over, and the settlement on the other side would soon be reached. Presently the snow began to fall—at first a few stray flakes, then faster and thicker; then it grew darker, and snowed faster and thicker still. The first thought of anxiety began to creep into that young man's heart. It was still daylight, and the tall grass marked the boundary of the trail, though the snow, by this time covering the bare earth, and the grass catching it everywhere, turned the vast prairie into one vast field of winter fleece. Then with increasing anxiety came increasing sense of cold.

The darkness gathered rapidly in the thick and now fast-falling snow. For awhile all attention was given to keeping the body warm by beating the arms about the body, hallooing, and slinging the legs against the side of the patient pony. But now another horror came. How or when he knew not, he had suffered the pony to step aside from the fast-filling path. But he could easily find it again. A pull of the bridle to the right, a hundred yards in that direction, but no path; then a pull to the left, a hundred yards or more in that direction, but still no path. Now a standstill. Where was he? No sun in the sky to show the direction, no path under foot, no compass—for that had not been thought of; darkness, like prison walls, gathering about; blinding snow falling, clinging to him like a winding-sheet; the cold now piercing to the bones; the conviction now fastening upon him, "I am lost in the snow-storm on a trackless prairie." Then thoughts of death came and pressed him hard—thoughts of mother in the far away Southern States; even the fantastic thought, "Would his body ever be found? Would anybody ever know the story?"

Then the mental scenery was shifted, and eternity opened up before his vision. The great white

throne was set. Heaven and hell were in view. There was the rejected Son of God seated as Judge. Then thoughts of a lifetime of sins—how he had revelled in them, mocked and made light of them; how he had scoffed at religion, turned away from many kindly-meant words of warning by ministers and Sunday-school teachers; and now he was to die and go—where? Not to heaven; he knew he was not fit for heaven. He had rejected Christ. To hell. Alas! where else?

Now he deplored his sins, and almost cursed his folly in not having spent a different life; now wondered if God would forgive; now wondered what many things meant he had heard in church. All this time the cold seemed to abate. The pony was wandering aimlessly about. Then came the fatal sense of drowsiness. This awakened him to fear. He had been dreaming and freezing. Now terror seized him. Leaping from the pony, or rather tumbling off, he gathered his numbed limbs under him as best he could, and began to stamp on the snow, and beat about with his arms until circulation was again felt.

Then, with the instinct of self-preservation, the thought of a fire occurred. Instantly falling down on hands and knees, groping in the now darkness and snow, he began to pull up large handfuls of grass, and, beating the snow off, lay it in a pile. Then, as Providence would have it, his hands fell on a little low brush growth—a kind of hazel bush. Quickly breaking its brittle branches, and laying them on the pile of grass, the thought came, "Now a fire, and all will be well." A piece of newspaper for kindling, and then a match. A match! The heart almost stopped beating. Had he a match? Many had he used that day in lighting pipe and cigar; but had he any left? Instantly finger and thumb went into vest pocket. For a moment hope died, and then revived. Yes, there was a match; but just one. One little sulphur match—only one.

That young man's life, and his salvation too, were wrapped up in that match. For should that fail him, he must die in his sins and go to hell. From a frozen prairie to a burning hell. No pleasing contemplation that. One match. What do you suppose would have bought from him that match? One hundred of them could be bought in the next settlement for a cent, and yet if Pike's Peak, with all its stored wealth, could have been crumbled into diamonds and laid at his feet as the price of that match, he would have laughed the offer to scorn. Why? Because it was a match? No; but because

it was the only match he had. If that failed him, he was a dead and damned soul.

My hearers, do you wonder that when he drew that match across his sleeve his heart well-nigh stopped beating? Do you wonder that his eyes almost started from their sockets as he watched, with a great lump in his throat, that little pale blue flame, as it seemed now to die out and then struggle for life, until at last—oh, thank God!—it reddened into fire, and kindled the paper waiting to receive it, and the fire was built that saved his life. My friends, I relate the incident to show you the value there is in an only Saviour. If I had the charred stump of that match now, I would frame it, and hang it in my study. I would write this legend under it, "His only match; it saved him."

Now what shall I say to you? The blood of Jesus Christ is precious because it is the sinner's only salvation. My dear friends, Jesus Christ, the Crucified, stands between you and the eternal burnings. If you miss Him, if you reject Him, oh, then God pity you! You are a hopeless lost one, and in hell you will soon lift up your eyes, being in torment. "For without the shedding of blood there is no remission." May the Holy Spirit incline you to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ this very hour and be saved!

HUMBLE, LOVING, TRUSTING.



HUMBLE, loving, trusting

I would ever be;
Growing, blessed Jesus,
Daily more like Thee.

Willing to be nothing,
Setting self aside,
That my Lord and Master
May be glorified.

Full of tender kindness,
Full of Christ-like love;
Telling weary wanderers
Of the home above.

Trusting when I cannot
See His guiding hand;
Trusting when I cannot
Fully understand.

Humble, loving, trusting,
Saviour, I would be;
Growing ever daily
More and more like Thee.

M. F.

BIBLE-WOMAN.—MRS. HAWKINS, of 36, Baker Street, will be glad to hear of an earnest Christian to labour among the poor of Lisson Grove and neighbourhood as Bible-Woman. Address as above.



LONDON: J. E. HAWKINS, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.;
and 86, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1884.

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THE TAMPERED MIRROR.

BY A. MARSHALL.



QUEEN ELIZABETH, though one of the best Sovereigns that ever occupied the throne of England, was extremely vain and proud of her personal attractions. Her courtiers, well aware of Her Majesty's weakness, nourished her pride and flattered her vanity.

It is narrated that on a certain occasion, suspecting that the mirrors with which she was supplied were tampered with, she demanded that a true glass should be brought to her. Those in attendance trembled as they heard the command; but the queen's wish must be obeyed.

As she gazed in the mirror, and saw the truthful reflection of her countenance, she discovered that she had been deceived; and instead of appearing young and beautiful, the marks of age and decay were distinctly noticeable. She could not, however, bear the naked truth; and raising the glass in her hand, she dashed it to fragments on the ground.

The word of God is the *true mirror* in which men and women should view themselves. In it there is no caricaturing or misrepresentation. Man's likeness is faithfully portrayed, and, though not flattering, it is absolutely correct. (See Rom. iii. 10-18 for the portrait of the natural man). Many, however, like Queen Elizabeth, cannot bear the naked truth, and prefer viewing themselves in the false and deceptive mirrors of men's opinions.

Here is a young man who is conscious that he is

not what he ought to be. Day by day he lives for self, and sins with a high hand. He is unwilling to look at himself in the "true mirror" of God's word. He views himself frequently with extreme complacency in false mirrors. He firmly believes that he has a great many "good points" and "redeeming qualities;" and, though he is far from being "perfect," he thinks that a "merciful" God will overlook his "few failings," and take him to heaven at last. Poor fellow! Were he only to gaze at himself in the true mirror, he would discover that, from the sole of the foot even unto the head, he is polluted with the leprosy of sin, and is utterly unfit to appear in the presence of a holy and sin-hating God. (Isaiah i. 6; Psalm xiv. 1-3.) The fact is, he does not *wish* to know the "naked truth," and he excuses himself by declaring that he is "too busy" to view himself in God's true mirror.

There is a young woman looking at herself in a false glass. Though often warned of coming wrath, and pointed to a way of escape, she does her very best to banish all thoughts of judgment and eternity. She does not like to be pointedly spoken to about her condition. She thinks "there is a time and place for everything," and considers that "religion should be kept in its own place." The "time" to her to think about her soul is the Sunday, and the place the "church." Though she has "no time" during the week to attend to the concerns of eternity, she always manages to *take time* to read novels, deck her body, attend the concert, the pleasure-party, or the dance. She "intends" becoming a Christian before she dies, and in the meantime she tries to silence her conscience by

thinking and talking of the inconsistencies of professors of religion. She refuses to look at herself and her ways in God's true mirror, and prefers the false glasses of fellow-sinners.

Look at that respectable religious professor, who stands high with his friends and relatives. No one can blame him for inconsistency in character or conduct. He is esteemed and beloved by all; he relieves the poor, helps the distressed, visits the sick, and is a "friend in need" to many; he is, however, only a *professor*; he has never been born again. Though Scripture expressly declares, "Except a man be born again he CANNOT see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3), he does not consider that *he* requires to experience such a change. As he looks in the false mirrors supplied by his flatterers he is assured that it is all right with him. He was "always a good Christian," and he cannot remember the time when he did not believe on Jesus. Ask him if he is saved, or how long it is since his sins were forgiven, and he tells you that he has not "got the assurance," and would not like to be so "presumptuous" as some. Were he to look at himself in God's true mirror he would there discover that he is nothing but a poor sinner clothed in his own righteousness, which is but "filthy rags" in the sight of a holy and just God. (Isa. lxiv. 6.)

Speak to yonder young man about his soul. His friends and acquaintances think well of him. They say that he is a "good-hearted fellow," and "would not stoop to do a mean thing;" but he is still unsaved, and he knows it. Again and again he has been troubled about his soul. Once he was dangerously ill, and as he thought on the day of reckoning he trembled, and promised to God that if He would raise him from his sick-bed he would become a Christian; but he is now farther off from salvation than ever. Once he was nearly converted; but, not wishing to be saved then, he resisted the Holy Spirit, and now he can listen to the most awakening appeals without being troubled. He does not care to view himself in the "true mirror;" he gazes in the world's glasses, and sees—"Time enough;" "Don't trouble yourself about religion;" "Enjoy yourself while you are young." In God's mirror we see that he is already condemned (John iii. 18); but a pardon is offered and pressed upon him. He won't, however, view himself in the *true glass*.

Are *you* saved, dear reader? Are *you* born

again? Don't say you "hope" so or "expect" so. If you are really a new creature in Christ Jesus you know it. If not converted to God delay not a moment longer. Look in His mirror, and you will see His heart of love. Don't neglect it or throw it aside. He gave His own dear Son to save you from hell. Every hindrance to your soul's salvation is taken away; every barrier is removed. He appeared to "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." (Heb. ix. 26.) The sin question has been settled. Justice is perfectly satisfied. Enter then into life and liberty through believing on Him who died that you might live. (John v. 24; Rom. iv. 4, 5.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.



AN'S LAW.—It was a "pitch dark" winter's night, and we were rattling along at express speed upon the London and North-Western Railway, alone in a compartment. We had not long left Rugby on our way to London, having a "spin" of some seventy miles before us to the next stoppage, when suddenly we heard a "click" at one of the doors, and to our surprise a strange man entered!

Before we had time to consider how best to receive the intruder he quietly took his seat. We soon found out that the stupid fellow meant no harm, and was but a half-tipsy commercial traveller, whom we knew by sight as representing a firm of merchants in the metropolis. To him also we were known by sight. He had seen us get in at Rugby, and, foolhardy man, at the great risk of his life had travelled along by the foot-board from another carriage, merely because he "felt lonely" by himself, and wanted company.

What foolish and risky things men will often do under the influence of drink! Many a sad accident and many a railway mystery might be explained in one word—*Drink*.

This accursed influence had so deadened fear that for several moments this stupefied man must have stood, or hung, unconcerned upon the brink of eternity! One false step, a single slip in his grasp, and all would have been over as regards this life. "After this the judgment!" But for the mercy of God he must have perished in his sins! Alas! many, it is

to be feared, are cut off in their sins upon the railways without time even to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," from other causes as well as drink. Without a warning whistle or a danger-signal's flash they pass out of time to the sinner's eternal doom, if they are unsaved. How awful to die without Christ!

This man, you will say, had broken the laws of the railway company by his foolish freak, and deserved to be punished. Precisely so. But as no one who saw him informed against him he escaped, like many more who break man's laws and are never found out.

GOD'S LAW.

Now we turn to another law, in the breaking of which every one of us has been detected. Yes, and there are many millions who have been pronounced "guilty before God," and who are yet going about every day as careless and indifferent as if nothing had happened! And what makes this fact all the more sad is, that although they are in the greatest possible danger of eternal wrath every moment, and although a way of escape is open for them, they wilfully or ignorantly refuse to take advantage of it. Let us try to explain this shortly.

Away back in the beautiful Garden of Eden we find man, whom God created for His own glory (Isa. xliii. 7), living in a state of absolute innocence. There was then no hard toiling to earn one's bread, no sorrow, and no death, *because there was no sin*. But man disobeyed God, believing the lie of the evil one instead. He travelled along the foot-board of disobedience and *fell!* from innocence down into sin and guilt and *death!* (Rom. v. 12.) The train of innocence left him fallen, bruised, and helpless. To drop our figure, we all partake of the like fallen nature; of this the Lord convicts us. The sum of it is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all thy heart*, and with *all thy soul*, and with *all thy mind*—thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Matt. xxii. 37-39.) Surely before this standard every honest heart must say, "I am guilty."

Don't let us be deceived by trusting in doing the best we can. Neither let us seek to find a refuge in this—"If we are only sincere in what we profess, it will all come right in the end." Paul was, no doubt, thoroughly sincere, and thought he was doing God service in hunting the disciples of the Lord to prison and to death. His zeal was all against God! Being no worse than somebody else, or doing no one any particular harm, is no better plea. Judged by God's standard, all have sinned—all are guilty.

And He who knows all, and from whom no secrets are hid, "will by no means clear the guilty." (Exod. xxxiv. 7.) We read that those who do not keep the law are "cursed." (Gal. iii. 10.) Indeed, were it possible to keep it—all but one point—that one failure would make us guilty of all. (James ii. 10.) What then is to be done?

Dear friend, this is what we wish now to tell you. *All has been done for you*, and what we want, what God wants you to do, is simply to believe His message to you. The Lord Jesus Christ has *DONE everything*.

"Nothing, either great or small—
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."

Listen then to God's good news, and see how sinful man may become.

Free from the LAW.—Not only was the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God without sin; not only did He keep the law of God perfectly in all things, but, in obedience to the will of God, and in love to us, He laid down His life for us. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.) In this way Christ "redeemed us from the curse of the law," having become a curse for us. (Gal. iii. 13.) In other words, while we were guilty, and deserved to be punished for ever, Christ, the Holy Son of God, came and died in our stead, *that we might escape!*

"He was wounded for *our* transgressions, He was bruised for *our* iniquities . . . and the Lord hath laid ON HIM the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 5, 6.)

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man (Jesus Christ) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe *are justified from all things* from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

Jesus took our place, and God laid our "iniquities upon Him, and punished Him in our stead." But where is He now? He is raised from the dead, and seated at the right hand of God. (Heb. i. 3.) No sin is upon Him now. And this is God's proof to us that "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. viii. 1, 2.) Listen to this precious text: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9, *R. V.*)

Let us try to illustrate these things very simply. Not long ago, in a ragged school in Whitechapel, a poor lad was so astonished at what his teacher told him that he went out and tried to explain the lesson to his companions in this way: "It was like this," said he, placing two bricks upon the head of another lad, "You see them bricks?" "Yes." "Well, suppose them's our sins. God put our sins on Jesus like that, and when our sins was on Jesus, God punished Him awful!" Presently seizing the bricks, he threw them away. "Now they're gone," said he, "and Bill"—the lad who was made to bear the bricks—"has nothing on him!"

This dear lad had learned his lesson well. Has not God said, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more"? (Heb. x. 17.) "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." (Isa. xxxviii. 17.)

No just law can claim punishment twice for the same thing—

"Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

So every one who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is saved, forgiven, and *free from the law*. Reader, is this your case, or is the sentence of guilty condemnation still hanging over you? "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but *the wrath of God abideth on him*." (John iii. 36.)

NOW.

There is only one word in God's time-table. That word is *now*. When the train has passed the signal-box of time, whether it sweeps upwards along the celestial route, or downwards through the ever-increasing darkness, the hands of the clock never move. They stand fixed for ever at eternity! *To-morrow* is a favourite word with careless people. They are ever putting off for a to-morrow which they may never see. In the devil's language no word more often occurs than to-morrow. It is a misleading, fatal word, as all Satan's words are. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

The devil's to-morrow is full of fair promises which never come to pass. He cannot give what he does not possess. He cannot do more than share his own fortune—"The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)

None better understand the importance of *now* than those connected with railways. How sad to think that many who do so, as regards the things of this life, neglect the *now* which God has given in regard to eternal things.

Listen to three important *nows* mentioned in the Bible, and may you hear and obey before it be too late! The first is: "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." (Acts xvii. 30.) He is saying to you *now*, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11.)

The second *now* is this: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." (Isa. i. 18.) Yes; God is willing to forgive them all just *now*, if you will only "repent and believe the gospel." (Mark i. 15.)

The third *now*. Oh, if we could take this to the lost—to those who have passed away in their sins—how gladly would *they* receive it! But it is not for them; their *now* has gone for ever. It is for *you*. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Oh, take salvation at Christ's hands *now*! He is ready to save you. "Him that cometh to Me," He says, "I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) These are His own precious words. Will you not come?

One night we besought an ungodly woman to consider the importance of these things. She put them off, as so many—perhaps *you* among them—are doing. Although in apparent health, she died suddenly not many hours after. Her opportunity was lost for ever! "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.) To-day—this moment—is yours; to-morrow may never come to *you*. God says, Now is the time.

WHOSOEVER.

This is one of the most precious words in the Bible. It means every one, and therefore you. How beautiful to find God speaking to each one of us in this way: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) It does not say *whosoever* is good, and temperate, and steady, though these things are very proper. Oh, no! God says that *whosoever believeth in His Son* shall not perish. But you ask, May I, a poor unworthy sinner, be saved through simply believing in His Son? God says so, and that is enough.

"No word He has spoken
Has ever been broken."

God loved—loved me. God gave—gave His Son. I believe in Him. Now, what follows? I shall not perish. I *have* everlasting life. Praise God! all who believe in His Son may say this truly, because God says so. It is no presumption to believe what God says.

Nothing can make you more fit than you are, and God's salvation is to *whosoever* believes in His Son. Do you believe in Him?

Does it seem too easy? God has made it easy for you; but think of what it cost God! Think of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ for sinners! "He died, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." *Whosoever* will may be saved now upon the ground of what Christ has *done*. He is the only Saviour; trust Him. His work—His name—is our only plea with God. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

Another *whosoever* is equally striking. It tells us who may, and how *we* may, obtain the forgiveness of our sins. "To Him"—that is Jesus—"give all the prophets witness, that through His name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive the remission"—or forgiveness—"of sins." (Acts x. 43.) Are there not many who believe in Jesus and yet do not know the forgiveness of sins? But *whosoever* believeth in Jesus may *know* this, because God says so.

Once more. Must we not be born again? Indeed we must, if we are not already. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.) Are you perplexed about this statement? Let us try to clear matters up by quoting another very precious *whosoever*—"WHOSOEVER *believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.*" (1 John v. 1.) Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ? If you can say from the heart that you do, then God says you *are* born of God. You may safely trust God to keep His word, and praise Him as a child of God.

RECONCILED.

This is our last word, and it is a very expressive and a very beautiful one. Once, at the close of a gospel meeting, we found a young man lingering behind, and sobbing greatly because of his sins. He had that evening been let out of prison. Through association with evil companions he had left a kind

father's home to become a thief! Almost in the first act he was caught and sent to prison. Now that God had discovered to him his sinful condition, and led him to the Saviour, he was anxious to return home. But he had disgraced his family; how could he be reconciled? Some kind friends interceded; his father frankly forgave him all, and he was received back to his parents' love—reconciled. "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way." (Isa. liii. 6.) Every unsaved one *is* astray now—is lost. Thank God, "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) All who are astray are the enemies of God, but "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.) Oh, the surpassing love of God! By His death Jesus Christ *has* made reconciliation between God and us. We need no further intercessor. If you will only come to God, through believing in Jesus, He will give you a ready welcome, "and your sins and iniquities He will remember no more." When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through our Lord Jesus Christ. (Rom. v. 10.)

Are *you* reconciled to Him? If not, you are still at enmity against Him—fighting in the ranks of Satan against God!

All the pleasures of the world are like "the husks that the swine did eat." There is no substance in them. The prodigal of whom we read found this out. But when he came to himself he said, "I will arise, and go to my father." Then think how the father ran to meet him—just as God is willing to meet you now, if you will but come and try Him. "When he was yet a great way off"—like you, perhaps—"the father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." (Luke xv. 20.) Then there was joy in that father's heart, and joy in that young man's heart. This is to be reconciled, this is to be truly happy here, with the promise of eternal happiness above. And you can never know what happiness means until you are reconciled to God. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth." (Luke xv. 10.) Oh! will you let them rejoice over you now? "As though God were intreating by us: we beseech you on behalf of Christ, *be ye reconciled to God.*" (2 Cor. v. 20, *R. V.*)

W. C. M.

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THE FAIR HOLIDAY, AND WHERE IT WAS SPENT.



— E— was just like most other young men. He did his work, smoked his pipe, took his leisure, enjoyed a walk, and went in for a "lark" now and again. Previous to what we are about to relate, meetings had been held in the village, and a companion of M—'s professed conversion. M— did not; he would not remain to be spoken with. The meetings were past, and things were going on as usual, at least man would say so; but, dear reader, God takes notice of every gospel meeting you have been at, and all the times His dear Son has been presented to you. On every occasion that you have refused Jesus, you have gone from the place, certainly not as you went, but harder, and more inclined to go on in sin.

M— E— was a miner by trade. Early this year, one morning in March, he, along with the rest of the workmen, was at his work as usual. At the breakfast hour they met, partook of their morning meal, and having a little leisure ere they resumed work, they talked together as to how they would enjoy things at the fair in the afternoon, each one trying to excel the other in telling what they were going to do then. An hour afterwards they were all at work, and the time for the fair was nearer than when they spoke of it, not thinking then that one of their number was to spend it somewhere else than on earth.

M— E— was at his work as the others, when, without a moment's warning, he was all but buried beneath a huge mass of ironstone. Warning was given, and willing hands were in action at once to get the now groaning lad out from beneath. With much difficulty they accomplished it. He was still in life, suffering fearfully, and conscious that he had got his death-blow. Carefully he was placed in a "tub," to be conveyed to the pit-head. Seeing one of the managers near, he beckoned for him. The manager at once approached, thinking M— wanted some relief, and proceeded to adjust him accordingly. He was stopped, however, by M— saying, "No, no; it is not that; speak to me about my soul. Oh, if I had only my life to begin again, how differently I would live!" The manager was

a Christian, and M— knowing that had called him. He was spoken to about the dying Lamb, and the blood that cleanseth from all sin. When they reached the pit-head the doctor was there. M— greeted him with the words, wrung, I doubt not, from the bottom of his heart, "Doctor, could you keep my life in till I see my mother?"

We can judge his thoughts as he pictured death and dying alone. We say no more. His own words tell his state, and speak home to you, dear reader. You have got to meet God. Well, then, are you ready? Have you seen that dying Lamb, and known the cleansing power of His precious blood? Let conscience answer.

The doctor's answer to M—'s question was, with a choking voice, and eyes filled with tears, that he thought his case was "hopeless." Tenderly he was carried to his lodgings, surrounded in death by those who had been his companions in life. As in life, so in death. In life the cheer they had to give was temporary and transient. In death the same; for worldling comforters are worse than useless.

M— put to silence those who sought to buoy him up with false hopes and lying words. His answer to one who said, "Keep up your spirits, you will soon be better," was, "Oh, no; I will soon be dead! Run, get some one to speak to me about my soul."

A Christian was fetched, who on entering waited a moment on the door-step. His ear had caught a sound from the sick man's chamber, and what was it? "*O Lord, have mercy on my soul! O Lord, have mercy on my soul!*"

The Christian visitor entered the room, and spoke to him of Christ, but received no reply; he had become unconscious, and soon died. The question was settled for M—; a question that has also been asked of you—"Where will you spend eternity?"

The gospel is: "Christ died for *our* sins, was buried, and rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." (See 1 Cor. xv. 1-10.) "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree." (1 Peter ii. 24.) Do you now receive Him? (John i. 12, 13.) If so, God declares you are "born of God." (v. 13.) See to it now.

J. B.



The Watchman's Message.



JACOB FEEDING THE FLOCKS OF LABAN.

JACOB.

THE life of Jacob is full of interest, and furnishes much for our instruction and warning. In our picture he is in a strange land, away from his friends, away from his home, and supporting himself by feeding the

flocks of Laban. How did he come there? Did he, like the prodigal, wish to avoid his father's smile, and so take a journey in a far country? No, such was not the reason; it was on account of his sin against his brother. His father was old and nearly blind, and knew that soon he would put off this tabernacle, and, as was the custom

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

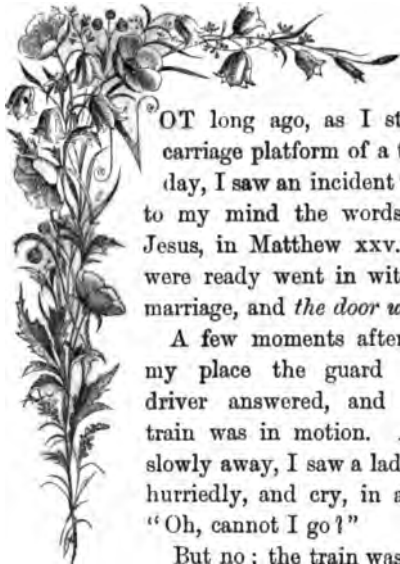
in those days, he called his eldest son to him to receive a blessing. But Jacob, who was sharper than his brother, and with the help of his mother, came and feigned to be Esau; thus he deceived his father and received the much-coveted blessing.

His brother, finding it out, threatened to take his life, and he has to flee, and comes to Laban, and gets taken on as a shepherd.

Sin always brings a punishment, and generally in the same way: here he cheated his brother, and now he is cheated by having his wages changed time after time; he works seven years for one of Laban's daughters, and gets the other one—thus how true the scripture, that "*Whatsoever* a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. vi. 7.)

Dear reader, I want to impress this one fact on your mind, that if you sow to the wind, you shall reap the whirlwind; if you sow to the flesh, you shall reap corruption; but if you sow to the Spirit, you shall reap life everlasting. Jacob was loved by God, although he so often sinned against Him. The Lord said, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the *God of Jacob*;" and will you, my reader, say, "This God is our God for ever and ever"? D.

THE ORRER OF SALVATION.



NOT long ago, as I stood upon the carriage platform of a train the other day, I saw an incident which brought to my mind the words of our Lord Jesus, in Matthew xxv.: "They that were ready went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut."

A few moments after I had taken my place the guard whistled, the driver answered, and instantly the train was in motion. As she moved slowly away, I saw a lady step forward hurriedly, and cry, in a piteous tone, "Oh, cannot I go?"

But no; the train was moving faster and faster. The guard, when appealed to, made answer, "If she wanted to go why did she not take her place?"

Ah, why? because she thought she had plenty of time, and so she stayed talking with her friends.

Oh, reader, perhaps, like this lady, you have purchased your ticket; that is, you have a copy of God's word, which is able to make you "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." A very small sum will purchase it, but unless you take your place it will avail you nothing. If you are not "in Christ," it will only condemn you. Think, dear reader, what did this ticket avail the lady so long as she was not in the train? and what will it avail you to have God's word in your hand, if you do not accept its invitations?

Dear reader, do you intend to be ready when the Lord calls? Then, I beseech you, take your place. There is not a moment to lose. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

A short time ago a contractor for a section of new line in W—— determined to open it by publicly offering a free pass to all who would avail themselves of the opportunity. The effect was marvellous. As the time drew near, the people came streaming from all directions, some running, others walking quickly, but all with decided energy, pressing forward, determined to be in time.

As I stood and watched the different groups pressing towards the station, the thought of God's free offer, and man's utter rejection of it, came to my mind most painfully.


Here was a man offering a free ride (not costing above a shilling), and the whole town, as it were, rushing to avail themselves of it; while God, in His precious word, is offering to man "eternal life" far more freely than this ride was offered; for in that offer every man must come to a certain place, but the unfailing word of God says (that Scripture which the Lord Jesus says cannot be broken), "that whosoever" (which means you, me, or anybody else) "shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This is the measure of God's love to the world, and what is the response of the world to it? "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" "We will not have this Man to reign over us." This is the response of the world to God's offer, according to the unfailing word of God.

And now, reader, how is it with you? Are you neglecting God's free gift? Remember, it is written, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"



STORY OF A RICH FARMER.

“ HE ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully : and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits ? And he said, This will I do : I will pull down my barns, and build greater ; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But *God said unto him, THOU FOOL, THIS NIGHT THY SOUL SHALL BE REQUIRED OF THEE : then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided ?*” (Luke xii. 16-20.)

People would say this was a wise and prosperous man. He had possibly worked hard in his younger days to make his fortune, and the best thing he could do was to settle down, and take it easy. There was no fear of want ever staring him in the face, for he had plenty ; so it was all right. But God says this man was a fool, because he had not calculated on the probability of his death, nor had he anything laid up for eternity. When he left his earthly possessions that night, and entered eternity, he saw what a fool he had been ; but, alas ! too late to be wise.

Reader, are you a *fool* ? I don't mean in regard to your business, or your fortunes ; but as respects your soul. There are many shrewd business men who are fools in the sight of God. They live despising the unsearchable riches of Christ.

What are *your* possessions for eternity ?

When death draws its veil across your eyes, and closes them to all you have on earth, what shall your lot be, and where your portion then ?

THE LOST CHEQUE.



HERE was a hue and cry all through the office ; for a valuable cheque was missing, and no clue of its whereabouts to be found.

It was very unpleasant ; for suspicion rested upon some of the clerks, and a question as to who could have it and what could have been done with it was asked all round, and still no answer could be given. It was safe enough in the morning ; for it came by post enclosed in an envelope, and now it was gone. The waste-basket was searched through several times, and still it was not found.

“ I think it must be in that waste-basket,” said a junior clerk.

“ You had better look for it then,” impatiently replied the chief clerk, who had just gone carefully, as he thought, through the contents of the suspected basket.

The lad went to work, and examined each scrap of paper and envelope, when by-and-by he exclaimed, “ Here it is ; I thought I would look till I found it,” and there crumpled up was the missing cheque.

How this little incident reminds us of those parables in Luke xv. The sheep was *lost*, and the shepherd sought for it until he found it. The piece of money was lost, and the woman searched for it diligently. She got a candle and a broom, and there she was sweeping and looking, when by-and-by she saw the shining piece of money ; and calling her friends in, she said “ Rejoice with me ; for I have found the piece which I had lost.”

Dear reader, do you know that you are *lost*, and the Lord Jesus is *seeking* you ? for He came to seek and to save the lost.

The sheep could not find its way back to the shepherd, and the cheque was unable to find its way back to the desk, and the piece of silver was incapable of going of itself back to the woman's pocket ; and so the sinner is unable to find his way to heaven by himself. His back is turned to God, and he is going farther away from Him ; but Jesus wants you to return, and He says, “ I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” (John xiv. 6.)



What MAN says.

I DON'T believe in this conversion.



NOBODY knows whether they are saved or not.



I WILL do my best to please God; and what more can a person do?



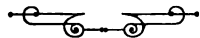
I AM not nearly so bad as some people I know.



I DON'T believe in answering any of these questions people put to you about your soul.



I BELIEVE I shall get to heaven some day.



What GOD says.

EXCEPT ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

MATT. xviii. 3.



WE know that we have passed from death unto life.

1 JOHN iii. 14.



THEY that are in the flesh cannot please God. The carnal mind is enmity against God.

ROM. viii. 7, 8.



THERE is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

ROM. iii. 23, 23.



BE ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.

1 PETER iii. 15.



THERE shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

REV. xxi. 27.

GOD SAYS,

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways
My ways."

ISAIAH lv. 8.

READER, HAVE YOU BELIEVED GOD?

THE FARMER'S TESTIMONY;

OR,

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND
THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

BY S. BLOW.

IT was Whit-Tuesday; on the previous day we had been to a fellowship meeting, and were walking across the country to a similar gathering of Christians. Being acquainted with only part of the way, and as the route we took was by footpaths and narrow lanes, we had to inquire several times of some labourers, who were busily at work in the fields, if we were in the right road, and to whom my friend, who accompanied me, quoted suitable gospel texts on leaving them. Just as we were approaching the little town we were bound for, and at a cross-way, we noticed a farmer on horseback, thickly wrapped about the face and mouth, looking very ill. As he passed us we remarked to each other that he looked weakly, and no doubt we should have spoken to him then, but his attention was drawn to a boy who passed at the same time, driving a horse and cart; but the Lord gave us a more favourable opportunity. In a little time we saw him return, and when he got close to us, my friend, fancying he knew him, made some casual remarks about the weather, and then respecting his health. After informing us about his complaint, he said to my friend, "I know you and your brother well. We have frequently met at E—— Market."

This friendly recognition naturally gave us more liberty to speak to him about his soul; so, after making some remarks in reference to his removal from a former place to the present locality, and how for the last three years he had had serious attacks of bronchitis, and that he had just had a long and serious one, I said to him, "Now if you had died in one of these attacks, where would your soul have gone?"

"To heaven," he replied.

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes."

"Then you know you are saved and pardoned?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known that?"

"Only two years."

"Where was it; at any preaching or meeting?"

"No; it was at home, in my own house. I had had a bad attack, and was in my bed unable to speak, and while in this helpless condition I thought if I were to die there are but two places—good and bad, heaven and hell—and I felt I should go to the latter if I was not converted—not changed. When I got a little better (I don't know why) I could not tell my wife then what had crossed my mind, though I knew she was a Christian, and had prayed for me for twenty years. The governess who used to instruct our children I knew to be a Christian. One day I told her my experience, and what I felt when I was ill, and how my conscience troubled me, and how my heart and soul was still in unrest. She directed me to the Scriptures, especially that verse, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I acknowledged I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; but I had to confess I did not feel a change, or had peace in my troubled soul. Of course I have learned since that I was looking within, or expecting to *feel* something. At last I unbosomed my mind to my wife—told her all that passed between my soul and God. She directed me to the same Scripture, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Still I could not *feel* I was saved, but this particular passage of Scripture kept constantly speaking, or sounding as it were, in my ear; and I kept repeating, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Still I had no rest of soul, no peace at heart. During the time when my soul was passing through such a conflict there were two Christian gentlemen staying in the town close by us, so my wife asked me if she might call them in one day to see me. I was glad of this proposal, as I longed to converse with some one who might be able to help me in the Scriptures. When they came they specially referred to the same Scripture which had been constantly recurring to my own mind, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' How or why, except by the Spirit of God, when they were speaking and quoting this Scripture, all at once light dawned, light broke into my soul, and that moment I had perfect peace, perfect rest. And now I know my soul is saved, my sins are all forgiven; and I see it all now. I was looking for some feeling *within* instead of *without*, at Christ and His finished work." Then, turning to my friend, Mr. T—— said, "There is another Scripture I like. It is in the Epistle to the Romans." As he could not at that moment recall the chapter and verse, Mr. T—— replied, "I

expect it is the tenth chapter and ninth verse, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "Yes, that is it—thou shalt be saved; and if God says it, it must be true."

Such in substance was the testimony of this farmer. Though a man advancing in years, yet but a baby, only two years old, in Christ.

Beloved reader, do you say you would like to be saved? God's answer to a despairing, anxious soul is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Not believe in your feelings, experience, or even contrition, but on the Lord Jesus Christ. When God exhorts, through His Word, the sinner to believe, He tells him what he is to believe, and whom he is to believe. Christ is presented as the *object* for faith to lay hold of. Christ is the object for faith to rest on. God never tells the sinner to believe in anything short of His *beloved Son—Himself*. He gave Himself a sacrifice for sin, hence He is worthy the sinner's trust, the sinner's full confidence; and when He says "the sinner is saved by only believing in Him," He means what He says, and will assuredly *save* the sinner who trusts Him.

My friend, Mr. T——, once said to a young person, "Well, Susan, when are you going to be saved?" She promptly answered, "I am already saved, sir." Can you say that, dear reader? "Is you soul saved?" I inquire. Can you answer, "Yes, it is!" Then it was *Himself*—Jesus—who saved you.

HITHERTO—HENCEFORTH.

1 SAM. vii. 12; Ps. cxxxi. 3.

HITHERTO the Lord hath helped us,
Wondrous love and pity shown;
Henceforth let our lives bear witness
We are His, and not our own.

Hitherto His arm eternal
Has defended us from ill,
Henceforth let us trust, and fear not;
For His power can keep us still.

Hitherto our Guide has led us,
Safely led us day by day;
Henceforth let us follow closer,
Asking Him to choose our way.

Hitherto He has not failed us,
But has proved a faithful Friend;
Henceforth we shall find Him ever
This same Jesus to the end.

M. F.

"WOULD YOU BE HAPPY IN HEAVEN?"

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.



ABOUT three years ago, as nearly as I can remember, I was travelling on the Great Western Railway to a town at some distance, where I hoped to spend a happy and profitable week in conference with Christian friends. At Gloucester Station I was joined by some of these from other parts, who were destined to the same town and for the same purpose. Just as the guard's whistle gave the signal for the start the door opened, and two gaily-dressed young ladies entered and took their seats opposite each other. Upon the train slowly steaming out of the station these new-comers took each a scrutinizing glance at the occupants of the carriage, which consisted of two gentlemen friends of mine, myself, and two elderly gentlemen, strangers to me, one of these latter sitting next the elder and more giddy of the two young ladies. Having satisfied their curiosity apparently on the character of their travelling companions, each took out a railway novel of the sensational type and attempted to bury herself in its contents; while my friends and myself conversed on our anticipated conference, and by degrees got enthusiastically engaged in the subject of God's grace, God's truth, and God's Son. During this our animated conversation, in which all present with the exception of the ladies took part and seemed to enjoy, we had produced our Bibles, and were making frequent reference to Holy Writ.

Presently the novels were found incapable of absorbing the mind as completely as was desirable, and the conversation above referred to seemed to break in upon the enjoyment of the readers, when one of the young ladies said to her companion, in tones sufficiently loud for all in the compartment to hear, and which was evidently the intention of the speaker,

"Maud, isn't it positively abominable to think we must be bored to death with this religious nonsense wherever we are? This is the third carriage we have got into, hoping to escape it and have ourselves let alone, and here we have it again worse than ever. I declare it's positively a nuisance."

"Yes," said her companion, "gentlemen, if they were gentlemen, would surely consider the presence of two ladies, and not monopolize the entire carriage

by their religion, as though we hadn't enough of it at church on Sundays."

The elderly gentleman, who was then and is now quite unknown to me, turning to the last speaker, said, "Pardon me, miss, but I am not aware there has been anything objectionable in the conversation you so strongly speak against. We have merely been speaking of some very great blessings and joys which are ours through the love of our heavenly Father. Surely to speak of these precious things ought not to be distasteful to you."

"Oh, yes, they are," replied the haughty girl; "there are times for all things, and surely a railway carriage is not the place for such things. We surely ought to have our ears spared from being dinned by religion on week days; we get enough on Sundays."

"Do you hope to go to heaven some day?" asked the stranger.

"Of course I do. We all do, I should think; but we don't want to die just yet, or to be constantly told of it in one way or another," was the young lady's answer.

"You will excuse my asking another question. I am an old man, and have seen a little of life—more than you have. We shall probably never meet again on earth, but let me ask you this, "If a *few minutes'* conversation about Jesus and His love is so abhorrent to you, how could you be happy in heaven, where for endless ages the same theme is continued?"

The words seemed to have a wondrous power. They were calmly, quietly, kindly spoken, and therein was the secret of the effect they produced. The young lady couldn't reply; her tongue seemed chained, and, turning ashy pale, she remained as a statue till the train stopped at the next station, when without a word, but a sad, sad look at the gentlemen in the compartment she was leaving, she and her friend passed through the doorway, and was seen no more.

But never till my dying day, if I am called upon to have one, shall I forget that look of untold sadness, of emptiness and woe, as depicted on her countenance. Yet is she not a sample of thousands besides? Is not the name of Jesus distasteful to vast numbers? It may be the one who reads these lines may often have *felt* as this young lady felt, although the feelings may not have expressed themselves in so many words. If so, let me ask you, Is it not evident from that fact, ere heaven *could* be a

heaven to *you*, a great change must take place in your desires, your tastes and feelings—a radical change of nature? This change so needful is what the Scripture terms the new birth. And does it not appear clear, that "*except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God*"? (John iii. 3-5.)

Imagine a vagrant from the back slums of East London being placed, in his rags and filth, within the drawing-room of Windsor Castle, in the presence of Her Majesty and the nobility of the land. Imagine his feelings of shame if you can. How would he shrink back, how cower under the blaze of the lights, and be tortured by the answering reflections of his shame in the glittering mirrors around him! How by very contrast would he loathe himself, how long to escape and hide—himself his very shame! Then think that that cowering being is a little picture of what you would be if taken to heaven without being "*made meet* for the inheritance of the saints in light." But you say, "I am doing my best to make myself fit." As well may that street vagabond qualify himself for royalty and palace society by borrowing the left-off clothing of some nobleman as you or I by any efforts of our own. There can possibly be no means at our command; for we are by nature *enemies*, and as enemies "*far off*," "*condemned already*;" yes, even more if more can be said, "*Dead in trespasses and sins, having no hope*." Then what *is* to be done?

"Is there *no hope*?" said a lady at a meeting, a little while ago, to a servant of God.

"No and yes," he replied. "There is positively no hope whatever in *yourself*, but there is abundant reason for hope *in God*."

God has "*devised means whereby His banished be not expelled from Him*." (2 Sam. xiv. 14.) The mighty gulf between sinful man and a holy, sin-hating God He has bridged *Himself* "in sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemning sin in the flesh." "He died the Just for the unjust, that He *might* bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18); so that now, by virtue of that way made by the death of Jesus Christ for sin, any sinner who trusts his sinful, guilty soul to the merits of that atoning death shall receive the reconciliation. Not pardon merely, but favour, divine life and eternal inheritance, made "*accepted in the Beloved*." The abandoned wretch of the slums of vice and evil may now *enjoy* the pleasures of the King's banqueting hall; for the banner which floats over it tells him of the precious blood of Jesus, which *has*

washed his crimson sins away ; of the loving heart of the Father, which receives him as His child ; and of the Holy Spirit within, the gift of the Father, which testifies that all, though it seem so incredible, is nevertheless blessedly true ; for "the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." (Rom. viii. 16.)

The matter stands just here. God declares you are guilty and condemned, and need a change of heart and nature before ever you can have a *title* to heaven. While He does this, He likewise proves to you that you are helpless to produce this change yourself, but that He is able and willing to do it for you alone on the ground of His sovereign grace for Jesus' sake.

Are you willing to agree to God's terms and end the struggle, submitting to His righteousness ? I pray you accept His proffered love and grace, and you shall know what by grace thousands have known before, that

" 'Tis *heaven below* to feel His love flow,
'Tis *life everlasting* this Saviour to know."

Then, whenever life shall end and eternity begin, it will be your joy to know that heaven, with all its glory, its songs and its service, will be a *home* for you, purchased by the precious blood of Jesus, and you made meet to inherit it by His grace and His everlasting love.

But on what are your hopes of heaven *now* resting ? Think not lightly of the matter. Be assured you need a change of heart, and this can *only* be effected by the Holy Spirit of God. (John i. 13 ; iii. 5.) While this is true, it is also true that the Holy Spirit works this change on the heart by the *word* of God. (See 1 Peter i. 22-24.) "And this is the Word which by the gospel is preached unto you." Believe it, rest upon it, and the blessing shall be yours.

"Nothing to *do*, sinner, only believe,
God *gives* salvation, come now and receive ;
Jesus has suffered for sin on the tree,
There is the way, sinner, open for thee.

"Oh, hear His voice, sinner, time hurries on !
Soon will thy short day of mercy be gone ;
Life's narrow way will close, death shuts the gate,
Then, oh, thy bitter cry, 'Lost ! lost ! too late !'"



"THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST."

A TRUE STORY.

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."—1 PETER iii. 18.

HE was at one of our public schools—bright, intellectual, and outwardly happy ; but deep in his inmost heart lay the earnest desire, felt many years back, but never yet satisfied, for the true, solid happiness not to be found in this world's pleasures. The son of Christian parents, with Christian surroundings and a Christian training, he was not himself a Christian. Once indeed, a year or so before the time of our story, he had been very much impressed with the words of a sermon from the text, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." But though *willing*, he knew not how ; and as his reserve would not allow him to unfold his anxiety, he went on *unsatisfied*, yet ever *hungering*.

At the time of which we write he had been attending some classes preparatory to confirmation ; but though the teaching was clear and distinct, the darkness only increased, and hope ever disappointed was giving way to despair and even to wilful sin, when the following circumstance happened :

After returning from the last class on a Saturday evening—hardened rather than softened—he was asked by one who had attended the same lectures whether he wished to be confirmed. "No," he replied decidedly. "I know I am not a true Christian, and I do not wish to play the hypocrite. Do *you* ?" "Yes, I think so," was the somewhat diffident reply. "I believe that Jesus Christ died for *me*, and that is all I have to do."

Quicker than a flash of lightning, more sudden than an electric shock, a stream of light poured through his soul from the Sun of Righteousness. Not more startled was the man in the gospel story from whose eyes the scales fell. He did not *speak* a word, but stood as if transfixed. He saw it all. The simple words, "I believe that Jesus Christ *died for me*," though he had heard them hundreds of times before, revealed to him the whole secret, simple though stupendous, of God's way of peace.

That he was a sinner, guilty in God's sight, he knew before ; but the remedy for this sin he never knew. *Now*, he sees "the just dying for the unjust." "Him who knew no sin being made sin for him, that he might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

This was the turning-point of his life. From that day a change came over him, inexplicable to the world, but as real as it was sudden. He is now at one of our universities, preparing his mind to preach this same message to others. Though often assailed by doubts from within, from without by scoffers and professing Christians, who deny the need of a change of heart, that one memorable moment—when the light of God streamed into his soul—stands out before his eye indisputable, inexplicable, unprecedented, the key-stone of his earthly life, the beginning of his eternal.

Reader, have *you* known this change? Has the light of God shined into *your* heart? You answer me, "No." Then it is for you I write this story, that you may see from it how *simple* is the way of salvation. It is because of its *simplicity* that so few among the upper class are children of God. The gospel is too *simple* for their educated minds. It is through its simplicity that so many more of the poor of this world receive it. Their very ignorance is their greatest help. "Not many wise men after the flesh . . . are called," because their wisdom cannot stoop to the gospel's *simplicity*.

Reader, have you been seeking for this peace, this consciousness of sin forgiven? Perhaps you say, "I have heard that Jesus Christ died for me; but it brings me no joy. My sins are not washed away." Pardon me then if I say that perhaps you have been looking for something too high, too intricate. This young man had always attended a church where the gospel of Christ was preached; he had heard often of Christ's sacrifice for sin, and yet he did not know Christ. It was *too simple*; but the simplicity of the trust of his friend on that memorable evening showed him his mistake. So do you, dear reader, come with me to the foot of the cross of Christ now, and *become a little child*.

Look at the sufferer. Who is He? Jesus, the Son of God. Why is He there? Because of sin. Whose sin? Mine and yours. He saw your sin must shut you out of heaven for ever; He saw you could do nothing to atone for it, so out of love He came down to bear the punishment instead—to die, and so satisfy the law's just demands, to endure God's wrath due to sin. He is dying there, "the just for the unjust;" that is, He is being punished for sins which man has committed.

"It is finished!" He is dead. The atonement is made, and it is now a righteous thing for God to pardon a sinner. It is now in the power of *every man* to claim this pardon for his own, of *every sinner* to come and receive as a *free gift* the pardon,

"the everlasting righteousness," which Jesus has purchased with the price of His own blood.

Is not this simple? Is it difficult to take an offered gift, to put out your hand and receive it? You say, "No; but is that really all?" Yes, it is really all. To take the *gift* which Jesus is offering you to-day—eternal life. He died that you may live; He paid the debt—you may go free the moment you trust His word.

This is the simplicity of the gospel, the faith of a little child who trusts simply to its mother. Oh, reader, I pray you, believe this *simple* story! Accept for your own this offered gift *to-day*.

But perhaps you tell me, "I don't care at all for these things; I have no desire to become a Christian." Then I ask you to think a moment. God has given you a *soul*. (Gen. i. 7; 1 Cor. xv. 45.) This soul, because eternal, must live for ever. Where then, I ask you, will you live in this never-ending eternity? God speaks of two places, and two *only*—heaven and hell. Is it not, I ask you, the duty of every sensible man to consider this question? Is it not of much more importance than the subjects which occupy your attention every day of the week? It is.

You say, "Of course I should like to get to heaven." But, my reader, remember, "As the tree falls, so must it lie." As you live, so must you die. You cannot call life your own. It may be taken from you at any moment; and if you die unprepared, without this pardon of sin, there remains nothing for you but everlasting punishment from God—"the blackness of darkness for ever."

Believe me, I only tell you this because I know it to be true, and I earnestly desire that such would not be your doom. "*To-day* if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart, lest He swear in His wrath, that you shall never enter into His rest." "*Behold, now* is the day of salvation."

Brother or sister, who read this tract, hear my testimony; I write it in the sight of God, to whom I must render an account of all that I say or write. I tell you that the love of Jesus, the friendship of Jesus, the consciousness of His pardon, constitutes the whole of my happiness—a happiness so solid, so lasting, so indestructible that nothing on earth can take it away; and often my heart bleeds when I see men and women around me without it, without the desire for it, and satisfied with something so hollow, so transitory, that it is not worth the name of happiness. Does this satisfy you? It cannot. It never did me; it never will you. God

has made man for Himself, and He never lets a heart find rest until it finds it in Him.

Reader, I long for your soul. I yearn to be the means of pointing out to you the simplicity of the way of obtaining salvation, pardon, and peace. I am perhaps the same age as yourself, with the same world before me, the same waters of death to pass through. Shall we spend eternity together?

Brother, sister, let you and me spend it together in those blessed mansions, prepared in heaven for those "who had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, hear me then while I once more tell you the simple story!

"God hath made Him who know no sin to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

H. C. W.

"I DO WANT TO BE SAVED."

IT was in the height of the summer season, at one of the fashionable watering-places, when crowds gathered daily at the seaside, that I felt constrained to address them on the love of God in Christ to perishing sinners. On one occasion I noticed a young woman of interesting countenance but poorly clad, and with unwashed hands and face, listening with unusual earnestness. Presently she joined us in singing a gospel hymn with remarkable clearness and power. At the close of the meeting I spoke to her. She said she liked singing hymns better than songs, and would come to the meeting every day.

Soon after this, the weather being unsuitable outside, we held our meetings in a mission-room on the beach. At the end of the address one evening I saw, amongst others, the same young woman, but looking more wretched and dirty than before. As soon as I had spoken to her she burst into tears, saying, "I do want to be saved."

I knelt down by her side, saying, "Let us pray about it."

She knelt at the same time, sobbing still, in broken sentences saying, "I do want to be saved to-night. I was so sorry when the meetings were over on the esplanade; but I am so glad I've found them out again."

After a short time in prayer I said, "If you are willing to come to Christ now, He says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Yes," she said, "I will come to Him now. I am a great sinner, and I want Him to save me."

I said, "Jesus Christ came into the world to

save sinners.' 'He came to seek and to save the lost.' 'Christ died for the ungodly.'"

After a while she was able to believe, and felt the burden of sin was gone.

She then told me that she had no friends, no money, and nowhere to sleep that night. I thought of a home some miles away, and as it was now very late, there was but the bare chance of her being received; yet I determined to try. It was a weary journey up and down hill, and by the time we reached the place it was past the hour for retiring to rest. My heart sank within me when, after knocking at the door and waiting for some time, I heard a voice from within saying:

"It is too late to open the door to-night; you must come again to-morrow."

Lifting my heart to God for success, I said:

"I have a young woman with me, without money or friends. I have brought her a long way. She needs a home such as yours at once."

I could hear voices within speaking in an undertone, and after awhile the heavy bolts were drawn back, and I was admitted alone, leaving her still outside. I said all I could of her most interesting case to the matron, who then consented to speak a few words to her. And never shall I forget her touching and simple story, as she told it in answer to questions put to her by this kind matron. Her mother had died, leaving a large family of very young children. Her father, at work in a brewery, went home drunk nearly every night. He frequently turned them all out of doors, or left them without food. One night, about three weeks before, she said he was very violent, and turned her out of doors. She told her tale of sorrow to a young man of her acquaintance, who had persuaded her to leave the place, and go and live with him, which she did. After about a week he left the town, leaving her, many miles from her home (such as it was), to seek a new lodging, and with but a trifle of money.

One day, feeling very wretched, she wandered down to the beach, and was drawn to the meeting by the singing. Then, turning towards me, she said, "I saw this lady standing on a seat speaking to the people about the leper, who came to the Lord Jesus and said, 'If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' I felt I was like him; I wanted my sins cleansed away in His precious blood. I knew He could wash them away, but was not sure He would." And then, addressing me, said, "You told the people that Jesus would not turn any poor sinner away, because he had but little faith, and that we may be saved at once; for immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

I felt tears of joy swelling up that the Lord had led this one out of the path of sin and death into the marvellous light of the gospel. She was received into the home; and I returned, rejoicing that there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

E. P.



LOW: J. E. HAWKINS, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.;
and 36, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

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SIX POOR TRAVELLERS;

OR, THE OPEN DOOR.



SOME years ago, while passing through the town of Rochester, my attention was arrested by an old-fashioned building which stood in the High Street, over the door of which a stone tablet announced that, by the bequest of a certain gentleman, "six poor travellers, not being rogues or vagabonds," were nightly lodged, entertained, and provided with a few pence to carry them on their journey the next day.

My curiosity was aroused, and although it was bitterly cold, the keen wind driving before it a drizzling rain, causing the few passers-by, whom, like myself, business had compelled to be out, to hurry on to seek the shelter of their homes, I concluded to wait, and, if possible, who would apply for the charity. Addressing myself to a policeman, who by this had stationed himself near the door of the house, I enquired at what hour the poor travellers were admitted.

"Six o'clock," was his reply. I had not long to wait. Soon the church clock, at hand, chimed out the hour of six, and be-

fore the last stroke had died away, at least twenty men had ranged themselves along the pavement. They came hurrying along from all directions—and a motley crowd they were. There was the farm labourer in his white smockfrock, the mechanic out of employment carrying the tools of his craft, while here and there could be seen one of the genuine beggar type, shivering in the bitter wind, his countenance bearing the pinched and haggard appearance which tells most unmistakably of long acquaintance with want and privation.

But what struck me most was the eagerness depicted on every face. Each had his eyes fixed on the door, which he knew would soon open, and all else seemed forgotten in the one desire to get within the house of charity.

At length the door opened, and an old woman, looking as antiquated as the building itself, came out, and through the half-closed door could be seen the ruddy glow of the firelight within, in strange contrast to the inclement weather without. She quickly selected six, and I noticed that they were the most respectable ones—the poor shivering beggars were rejected—and then the door shut.

The look of eagerness gave way to one of disappointment, and the unsuccessful applicants dispersed, with the exception of one young man, who lingered for a moment, and then, turning to the stern-faced policeman, asked, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, sir, where am I to go?"

I have never forgotten the incident, trivial as it may appear to some; and I now use it in order to contrast God's door with man's door.

Reader, God has opened a door for you.

travellers—those who are travelling on the broad road which leadeth to destruction. He has opened a door of wondrous grace and mercy for such.

Let me ask you, Is this your condition? Do you know yourself as a poor traveller—poor because you are without Christ? In a word, Do you know yourself as *lost*? If so, draw near, I beseech you, to God's door, and let us see what He has written over it.

First I see *His gift*, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

Now look at the *class* He addresses. "*Whosoever* will, let Him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

Now see the *invitation*. "Come, for *all* things are now ready." (Luke xiv. 17.)

Do these precious Scriptures satisfy you? or are you saying, "I cannot think that He will receive me, I am so sinful."

Look again, dear reader, at His own words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

If you are still in doubt, take your Bible, turn to passages in the gospels where sinners came to Jesus, and I am sure you will not find *one* instance of a soul being turned away.

Jesus is now exalted; but although He is surrounded with the highest glory of heaven, His heart of love remains the same. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and *to-day*, and for ever." (Heb. xiii. 8.)

But remember that, while the door of grace is open as wide as the abounding mercy of God and the precious blood of Christ can set it, although it has remained so for nearly 2,000 years, although God is now, as it were, holding that door open, that you, for whom He has waited so long, might enter—a time is coming, we know not how soon, when the door will be shut for ever; and if you are *outside*, no power on earth, or in heaven, can open it again for you. "When *once* the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to *stand without*, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, *I know you not whence ye are*." (Luke xiii. 25.)

Come then, now, while God is calling. Enter the open door, and everlasting life shall be yours, through the Saviour's precious blood.

W. E. W.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY;

OR, A RELIGION OF REALITY.

BY W. H. BREALEY.



I was a sultry day in June. A group of some dozen or twenty soldiers were taking some refreshment at a small coffee marquee near their encampment. Hard by a gospel tent had been erected, and a faithful servant of God was at the time referred to preaching to a goodly number of soldiers who had gathered within it. Wishing to add to the number of listeners I joined the group of men in the refreshment marquee, and by way of introduction offered each a little book, which all thankfully received, while I remarked at the same time that the weather being so hot and their military exercises so fatiguing, no doubt they found a rest, shelter, and refreshment most enjoyable.

"There's no mistake about that," said a sunburnt young man, throwing his hat on the table and himself on a form beside it; "there's no mistake about it, and I for one am always glad when 'tis over for the day;" and scanning my appearance with one eye, and winking to some of his comrades with the other, he added for the benefit of all:

"I suppose you are one of them gentlemen that's come to convert us miserable sinners?"

A suppressed titter from several greeted this enquiry; and many looked upon it as the gauntlet thrown down, and waited for me to take it up and enter the lists.

Affecting not to observe their expectancy, I replied, "Indeed, are there such gentlemen in the neighbourhood? I should like to see them; for they certainly must be very remarkable specimens of humanity to be able to convert miserable sinners. I remember when I was miserable enough, and tried in vain to find a friend who could convert me; and when I failed in that direction I went into it with all my might to convert myself; but I was equally unsuccessful in this as in the former attempt. Really I should like to see such an one. But didn't you call yourself '*miserable sinner*'? You don't look very miserable. Do you think you *are* a sinner at all?"

"You mustn't take people by their looks at all times," broke in an intelligent-looking man, also in regimentals; "for while the face may be an index of the mind, it isn't always so."

"I suppose then," said I, "you have proved to

the contrary. Anyway *your* face seems bright enough. Do you mean to say it covers a heavy heart?"

"No, sir, thank God," he replied; "it doesn't *now*, though it has often done so before now."

"So you really know what it is to have a truly happy heart, do you?" I asked. "How did you get it? I should so much like to know" (for I thought a page of that soldier's real history would have greater weight with his comrades than volumes from me, and besides, I wished to get them to see the truth from a soldier's standpoint).

"Well, sir," he began, after finishing his cup of tea, and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, while the whole company were eagerly listening to every word—"well, sir, it's just like this: I wasn't always as I am now, in more senses than one, and I can say heartily, thank God for it. You must know, sir, that I was brought up most respectably and religiously as a boy. My father was very well-to-do in this world, and wishing to educate me according to his station in life, put me for some years to St. — College, where I succeeded well. From thence he removed me to the — County School at —, where I obtained honours. Some of my compeers and inferiors at that time are among the chief men of the county. But I always had a longing for the world and its pleasures, and when at twenty-one my father gave me £3,000 to start in life, I determined I would first see something of the world. I travelled here and there, crossed to America, travelled the Continent, and in three years returned to E— penniless and in disgrace. Ah, sir, that's just like the prodigal over again! I began to be in want, not merely of money and friends, but of that which money nor friends can ever buy. I wanted peace of conscience. I walked from E— to T—, a distance of thirty miles, only in time to hear that my father had died several months previous, and out of despair I enlisted, and was drafted to Bristol. Oh, how I longed to see mother! but I was ashamed and afraid; for somehow, though I could face father, my mother's looks, her patient endurance with me, though she never said a harsh word to me, I never could stand. I knew she would welcome me, but my conscience wouldn't let me go back, so I stayed away. A friend met me in the city, and carried back word home. Whether it was the news of my disgrace or not I can't say; but mother was taken ill, and I was sent for to come and see her. I asked permission of Colonel M—, but he couldn't or

wouldn't grant it till the Saturday. I left Bristol by the night train in uniform (I was not allowed to go in plain clothes), and on my arrival at the T— station a friend informed me that my mother had passed away, and was to be buried that day. At first my determination was to go and throw myself in her grave, if only I could rest in peace with her; but no, I was afraid; my sin haunted me. Then I resolved to attend her funeral, and thus pay the last tribute of love to her memory; but as I looked on my red coat I knew what other friends would think if I attended in colours, and my pride gained the mastery. I returned again to Bristol, and sunk deeper in sin and misery. I married, and in a little while left my wife. When two years ago on this ground the colour-sergeant handed me a letter from her, begging me to return, I resolved I would do so. She was then in London, somewhere in Camden Town. I walked from Bristol, and got to — Bridge on a Saturday evening, when a little boy said to his mother, 'Why, there's father!' He had known me by my photograph, which his mother had always carried with her. I dared not look, and walked on. I at last found my way to the street, and as God would have it met my wife at the very corner."

"What did she say?" I asked.

"*Say, sir? Nothing.* She took me by the hand and pulled me indoors, weeping for joy; and, sir, she never mentioned my wickedness, not a word about my neglect; but she said, 'Harry, 'tis so good to have you back again, and God has saved my soul since you left home, and has made me so happy, and I am sure He will yours, if you would like—and you will like, won't you, Harry?' and she burst into tears again, and, sir, I thought my heart would break. I never seemed to be such a sinner as I did then in sight of those tears. I said, '*Like, Fanny, like, 'tis what I am longing for; but 'tisn't for me; I'm too bad. There's no hope for me.*' 'Oh, yes there is!' she said. 'You are the very one; for "this is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."' 'No, Fanny, not *you*,' I said, 'not *you* the chief; 'tis *me*.' Well, sir, next day was Sunday, and I went with my wife to a mission-hall, where she had been converted, and that day *God* converted me. Yes, it was *God*. He enlightened me to see myself; and then, when I came to Him as I was, He showed me His blessed Son, who died for me. And just as Fanny told me, He never mentioned

my sins, only to say, 'Son, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.' Ah, sir, I wouldn't exchange places with the richest man in the county! I am not what I once was, thank God. I was once rich, yet miserably poor. I was once seemingly happy, but miserably wretched. Now I am poor, but wonderfully rich—wonderfully happy." And turning to his fellow-soldiers, said, "You know me, mates, and you know what I say is true, don't you?"

"Yes," said a chorus, "you are all right." "And," added a young fellow whose eyes had filled and refilled with tears as his comrade had been telling his story, "that's what I call *real religion*—something *worth hearing*, and *worth having*; and that's what *I intend* to have, or nothing."

Whether more than he had it or not I cannot say, but I believe *he* went away the better for the soldier's story, and so did the writer. Has the reader proved the realities of a Saviour's love? You may be a very affable and engaging companion, and yet there may lie underneath the merry laugh and the joyous expression a weight of care, that finds vent in the sigh, and perhaps the tear, when you are quite alone. The friend comes by, the tear is brushed away, and the sigh is succeeded by the smile, and yet the burden within lies untouched. Why should you remain so, when Jesus has said, "Come unto me, *all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*"? Just make trial of His willingness and power while you are reading these lines, and you shall know the reality of rest, like the soldier Harry, and rejoice to sing—

"I left it all with Jesus, long ago;
All my sin I brought Him, and my woe;
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His small still whisper, '*Tis for thee,*'
From my heart the burden rolled away. *Happy day!*"

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called "the sons of God."
No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh;
"Accepted in the Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.
What we in glory soon shall be,
"It doth not yet appear;"
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.
With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

SURE OF HEAVEN.

"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

2 COR. v. 1.



"**Y**E is sure of heaven." Such was the remark once addressed to me by a companion in regard to a young man who had impressed us by his consistent life. I was a boy then, and for some time attended a Sunday-school class which this young man taught. He was one whose life told of the joy and peace in his soul, and we who came in contact with him could not but be deeply impressed with the reality and earnestness of his Christian life. And while another member of his class and I spoke of it together, it led my companion to make the remark, "He is sure of heaven."

I thought at the time, and often afterwards, how I should like to have those words said of me. How happy I should be, could I myself say that I was sure of heaven. Alas! I knew that such a hope was not mine. I knew that, if I continued to live as I was doing, there could be no heaven for me.

I saw comparatively little of that young man. I only attended his class a few times, as it was some distance from the village where I lived, but I heard some time after that he had been called to enjoy the fulness of the joy of that heaven to which he had looked forward.

It is now some years since this incident in my life occurred, and during the interval I also have been enabled, by God's grace, to make my calling and election sure. I can now say that *I am sure of heaven*.

Reader, you ask, perhaps, as many others have done, "How can any one say he is sure of heaven?" I know that to many it appears presumptuous to say so. A young man once said to me, "I don't see how any one can, in this world, be sure of being saved." That young man did not appear to be very familiar with the truths of the Bible, else he would not have made that assertion; because God's word plainly shows how a man *can* have a present assurance of salvation, and that if he does not make sure of the matter in this life his hope of eternal life is without foundation.

For your sake, dear reader, whose hope of eternal life is not sure and certain, I write these words.

You no doubt have a desire to be saved—to enter heaven when death calls you from this world. Let us consider how your desire can be fulfilled. In God's word (John iii. 3) we find this written: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." *Have you been born again?* You don't know that you have. Then where is your hope? You ask what being born again really means. When a person experiences the new birth, or is born of the Spirit, his nature is changed. The sinful desires that were wont to bind him give way to other desires. His aspirations are now drawn not after the world and the flesh, but after a life of holiness and purity. His aim is now to live with Christ—in Christ, for Christ. The world ceases to exercise its fascinating influence over him, and he seeks to live ever under the conscious guiding of the Holy Spirit. This preparation is necessary, in order to render heaven acceptable; for heaven is a place of purity and holiness, and nothing that defileth shall enter therein.

"How can I be born again?" In John iii. 16 we read, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The *new life* commences by believing in Christ. The moment a soul trusts in Jesus Christ, that moment the new birth takes place; everlasting life has begun, and the Spirit's work of sanctification goes on. From the moment a soul believes there is a new experience—"old things pass away, all things become new." All this is the result of *believing* in Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour from sin, and there can be *no spiritual life* until the sinner thus entirely places faith in Christ. With the new birth comes new desires—"not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" and to such there is *now* no condemnation. (Rom. viii. 1.) In 1 John v. 13. we read, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that YE MAY KNOW that ye have eternal life."

Heaven is the realization of all the desires of the Christian—the new desires of the one who has been born of the Spirit. In this world he has not got freedom to enjoy the new life. Sin is all around, and he wants to breathe an untainted and pure atmosphere. The flesh is a burden because of disease, and he wants to have no corruption, no defilement. The body is weak and subject to weariness, and he wants to be continually praising God. In the heavenly city these hindrances will be done

away with. In heaven there will be spotless purity and holiness. Sin will be for ever put away. There will be no disease or corruption; for "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal body shall have put on immortality." There will consequently be no weariness, no decay. There will be unending and uninterrupted enjoyment of the presence of God, in whose presence is fulness of joy. Heaven will be a place of wondrous glory, of infinite delight, and of unspeakable happiness; for though God has told us many things of what the inheritance of the saints is to be, yet it will far exceed our highest anticipations; for He has said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." (1 Cor. ii. 9.) Yet, with all the resplendent glory that it is possible to conceive of, heaven, to the redeemed soul, will be embodied in this one object—praising for ever the Lamb who loved him, and whose blood cleansed him from sin, and the brightness of whose presence will be the glory of that place, and who will be the attraction toward which the attention and desire of that glorified host will ever be drawn.

Believers in Christ have this to look forward to; assured of an entrance therein simply because the God of truth has promised it, and they have trusted that promise. But what to those who will not believe in the Son of God? Ah! if they were only to lose the great blessing that is conferred on every believer it would be an untold loss. But that is not all. The believing soul is no more sure of heaven than the unbeliever is *sure of hell!* God speaks as plainly of the one side as the other: "He that believeth on the Son *hath everlasting life*: and he that believeth not the Son *shall not see life*; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.) We are told of glory, delight, and happiness awaiting the believer; but we are told as emphatically of the doom of unbelievers: "Weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. xxii. 13); "The unbelieving . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi. 8); "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15); "Then shall the King say unto them on His left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. xxv. 41.)

Reader, where will you spend eternity? Do you say you are not certain about it? Then do at once make sure about a matter that is to you of such untold importance.

J. C.

BLANDINA;

OR, THE SLAVE MARTYR.



DURING a long persecution of the Christians, towards the end of the second century, Blandina, a female slave, suffered for the name of Christ.

Her tormentors urged her to deny Christ, and to confess that the private meetings of the Christians were held only for wicked practices. Every possible invention of cruelty was used in torturing her; but she stood firm, patient, and peaceful. Her pains were excruciating, but her heart was restful and cheerful, and she steadfastly refused to deny her Saviour. Her only reply to her persecutors was, "I am a Christian, and there is no wickedness among us."

Day after day she was led out to the amphitheatre, and there mocked, derided, and treated with the most extreme cruelty from morning to night, until those who inflicted the suffering were perfectly worn out with fatigue.

During the closing days of her life she saw many fellow-believers die for Jesus' sake, and so pass into the rest of the Saviour's presence; and she longed for that rest too.

At last her time came. Once more she was brought forth; and after they had inflicted stripes upon her, they placed her on a hot iron chair; then she was enclosed in a net and thrown to a bull. The animal tossed her several times, and a soldier then thrust a spear into her side—and the ransomed, happy spirit of the dear slave martyr was in the palace of the King.

Do you ask what powerful principle possessed the woman, and enabled her to endure such things, rather than deny Christ?

1st. It was the principle of FAITH. Jesus was to her a bright reality—a near and personal friend. She knew "whom she had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which she had committed unto Him." Through faith in Jesus' blood her sins had been all forgiven, and she had peace with God. She simply but firmly trusted

His word, and her reliance upon the Lord's grace made her proof against the most cruel persecutions. Her heart was believingly fixed upon Christ; and therefore the scourge, the rack, the wild beast had lost their terror for her.

Do *not*, dear reader, believe on the Son of God? Have you peace with God?

2nd. Again her soul was filled with LOVE—love to Jesus. His grace did not pass by one who was in the lowest social condition, a poor debased slave. Even she, among many others, was precious to Him. He had died for her, He had redeemed her; and His mighty gospel had reached her in her ignorance and sinfulness, and made her wise unto salvation.

Do you wonder then that she loved Him?

She loved Him much, for she felt that He had done much for her. Surely it was this constraining love in her heart which enabled her so cheerfully to endure so much for the Lord Jesus Christ.

May I earnestly ask the reader, Do *you* love Christ? If you believe in your heart that He loved you, and gave Himself for you, then I am sure you can respond with all your soul, "Yes, I do love Him: He is my all;" and—

"If all the world my Saviour knew,
Then all the world would love Him too."

3rd. Consider, lastly, how the dear martyr of our story must have been sustained by the good hope of a bright future. Death was to her but going home to the Lord. Present suffering was but for a moment; but the glory was for ever. Heaven would far more than make amends for the short-lived torments of earth.

Yes, the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled awaited her; and Christ dwelt in her heart—the hope of glory.

Again, in closing, do I solemnly ask, Have you such a hope, dear friend? Are you *sure* that all is well with you for eternity? That you are born again? If not, He waits to save you *now*. His blood cleanseth from all sin.

Will you, by God's grace, take Christ as your Saviour now—WILL YOU?

"He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son *shall not* see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him." (John iii. 36.)

W. R. L.



The Watchman's Message.



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

THE story of John Maynard has been told many a time; but we do not tire of reading of those whose love to their fellow-men has led them to sacrifice their lives for others, and it leads us to think of Him who died in our stead, the Just One for we the unjust.

A steamboat was making her way through the sparkling waters of Lake Erie, and the pilot at the wheel was old John Maynard, but more often called "Honest John," because he was known to be a real Christian, and had a kind word for everybody.

The land was about ten miles off, when the captain coming up from his cabin cries to a sailor,

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

"What's all the smoke there coming out of the hold?"

"It's from the engine-room, I guess," said the man.

"Down with you then, and let me know."

The sailor disappeared for a moment beneath, and then returned much faster than he went, and exclaimed, "The hold's on fire, sir!"

The captain rushed down and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow. No one had seen the accident, and now not only much of the baggage, but also the sides of the vessel, were in a smouldering flame. All hands, passengers as well as sailors, were called together, and two lines being formed, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were passed and repassed. Filled from the lake, they flew along the line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on the other side to be refilled. It seemed for a few moments as if the flames were subdued.

"How's her head?" shouted the captain.

"West-sou'-west, sir," answered Maynard.

"Keep her sou'-and-by-west," cried the captain; "we must go ashore anywhere."

It happened that a draught of wind drove back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more furiously towards the saloon, and the partition between it and the hold was soon on fire. Then long wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the skylight, and seeing this the captain ordered all the women forward, the engineer put on his utmost steam, the American flag was run up, with the union down, in token of distress, and water was thrown on the sails to make them hold the wind, and still John Maynard stood by the wheel, though now he was cut off by a sheet of smoke and flame from the ship's crew. Greater and greater grew the heat; the engineers fled from the engine-room; the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow; the sailors were sawing planks to lash the women on; the boldest passengers were throwing off their coats and waistcoats to prepare for one long struggle for life. And still the coasts grew plainer; the paddles as yet worked well; they could not be more than a mile from shore; the boats were seen starting to their assistance.

"John Maynard!" cried the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said John.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer?"

"I'll try, sir."

Noble fellow! and he did try. The flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him; his hair was singed, and his blood seemed ready to boil with the intense heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel as firmly as he could. A few minutes after and the vessel struck, and all save he to whom, under God, they owed their lives escaped, either in the boats or by swimming to land.

Dear reader, may this little narrative lead you to think of Jesus, who suffered on Calvary that you as a sinner might have everlasting life.



CASH TO GO ON WITH.

LIVERPOOL merchant met an acquaintance one day in the market, and, knowing him to be an ungodly man, began to urge him, as he had done before, to come to the Saviour. The other stopped him by saying, "It's no use trying to make me a Christian. If I were one to-day, I should go back again to-morrow. You know how I'm living, and I've got *no power* now to break my habits and be different." Our friend then saw that he did not understand the gospel at all, though he fancied he did, and he asked him—"If you, as a merchant here in Liverpool, were to become unfortunate, fail in business, and get into debt, what sort of a friend would you want to help you?" "Why I should like one that would pay my debts," he said at once. "So you would; but would that be enough? Would that put you back where you were before?" "No," he said, after a moment's thought, "I should want him to give me *cash to go on with* besides." "And that's just what Jesus Christ would do for you," said the Christian: "He doesn't only pay our debts; He gives us cash to go on with too."

God has sent Jesus into the world to be a Saviour. Whatever He does, He does in the right way, and thoroughly. Now we want a great deal more than an old score cancelled; we want power not to contract another. God's offer in the gospel is *Christ for us*. If we accept it, we find we have a *new life* by His Holy Spirit; and, with this new life, *new powers* to break the habits, and keep under the passions which mastered us before.

Reader, trust Him for *everything else besides*. He is the sinner's friend in the most desperate circumstances. However shamefully bankrupt, God has pledged His word that this Jesus will pay all his debts and give him cash to go on with too.

THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.

"And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when He seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you."—Exodus xii. 22, 23.

NOW did the firstborn sons of the thousands of Israel know for certain that they were safe the night of the Passover and Egypt's judgment?

Let us take a visit to one of their houses and hear what they have to say.

Peace rests on every countenance. There they stand, with girded loins, and staff in hand, feeding on the roasted lamb.

What can be the meaning of all this tranquillity on such a solemn night as this? "Ah," say they all, "we are only waiting for Jehovah's marching orders, and then we shall bid a last farewell to the taskmaster's cruel lash and all the drudgery of Egypt!"

"But hold! Do you forget that this is the night of Egypt's judgment?"

"Right well we know it; but our firstborn is safe. The blood has been sprinkled according to the wish of our God."

"But so it has been the next door," we reply; but they are all unhappy because all uncertain of safety."

"Ah!" firmly responds the first-born, "but *we have MORE THAN THE SPRINKLED BLOOD, we have THE UNERRING WORD OF GOD ABOUT IT.* God has said: 'When I SEE the BLOOD I will pass over you.' *God rests satisfied with the blood outside, and we rest satisfied with His word inside.*"

The blood of the spotless and unblemished first-year lamb has been duly sprinkled with the bunch of hyssop on the lintel and two side-posts, and we are fully assured of shelter.



SPRINKLING THE BLOOD.

SHELTERED by the SPRINKLED BLOOD,
Israel's hosts in safety stood,
Nothing better than before,
They the lintel sprinkled o'er;
They had simply God obeyed,
Hence not one need be afraid.
Sheltered by the SPRINKLED BLOOD
Of the blessed Lamb of God,
All believers jointly stand,
Safe from the destroyer's hand;
In themselves all still defiled,
Yet each owned by God a child.

Nothing in themselves to boast,
In themselves, poor, wretched, lost,
But in Christ beloved, forgiven,
Sons of God and heirs of heaven;
They have to the refuge fled,
Now they live, who once were dead.
FAITH IN GOD hath made them whole,
They have joy unspeakable;
They in Jesus have believed,
They in Him have life received;
Wanderer, hear the voice of God,
SPEAKING STILL THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

JESUS CHRIST!

Neither is there Salvation in any other:

"Look unto Me, and be ye
Saved."

ISAIAH xlv. 22.

"Come; for all
things are now ready."

LUKE xiv. 17.

FOR THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME

"Seek ye the Lord while He
may be found."

ISAIAH lv. 6.

"Call ye upon
Him while He is near."

ISAIAH lv. 6.

UNDER HEAVEN GIVEN AMONG MEN,

"Acquaint now thyself
with Him."

JOB xxii. 21.

"In all thy
ways acknowledge Him."

PROV. iii. 6.

Whereby we must be Saved.

ACTS iv. 12.

—* FACTS. *—

BY CHEYNE BRADY.



ALWAYS accept a fact. I don't care what my brethren may say or think, but when I find a fact I accept it, and act upon it."

Such was the very sensible utterance of a clever doctor, who availed himself of each newly-discovered fact in medicine, whether allopathic, hydropathic, or homœopathic.

Facts are stubborn things, and they cannot be gainsayed. He is a wise man who accepts facts and acts upon them. It is folly to refuse the testimony of ascertained and well-established facts.

Now the "fact of facts," and the most indisputable and generally admitted fact in all history, is the death of Jesus Christ.

Have you accepted that fact, my friend, and how does it affect you?

Here are six facts which intimately concern you. Just consider them, and their bearing and relation to yourself.

FACT No. 1.

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

FACT No. 2.

Sentence has been pronounced: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

FACT No. 3.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died as a substitute for sinners.

FACT No. 4.

An eternal life of happiness is offered *now* to all who will receive and trust Christ as their Saviour.

FACT No. 5.

An eternal life of misery awaits all who neglect this great salvation.

FACT No. 6.

The Lord will come again.

Accept these facts and act upon them here and now, which is your truest wisdom.

"IS THAT ALL?"



HAVING accepted an invitation to preach in the east of London, the first thing was to find the mission-hall. Up one street, down another, until I was bewildered in a labyrinth of streets, evidently tenanted by those who had nothing to lose. I therefore stepped into a general shop to seek direction.

"You wish to go into that street?" asked the shopman.

"I am going to preach there."

"Have you your watch and money with you?"

"Certainly."

"Then you had better leave them with me. It will be easy for you to take them in, but very hard to get them out again, especially if some of the tenants there see a man decently dressed, alone, and not knowing his way."

"Is that the kind of place I am trying to find?"

"It is; and you had really better be guided by me."

Now it has been my hobby to seek out the very worst parts of nearly all the cities in England, and some in Scotland and Ireland. So I declined the offer.

"Very well," said the civil shopman; "if you lose them, don't blame me; and take one piece of advice—keep in the middle of the street as you go."

I thanked him and went on my way, following his advice to keep in the middle of the street, well knowing that in so doing I was preventing any human beast of prey from springing upon me and taking me unaware. The caution was needed. Here and there a fur-capped ruffian showed himself, causing me to slacken my pace to prove that I was not afraid of him; here and there "something" that should have been a woman hurriedly crossed my path. Very rarely the measured tread of a policeman sounded on the hollow pavement, giving a relieving sense of security until the sound died away, until at length I reached the mission-hall of which I was in search.

On entering I saw that the hall was filthy with the grime of London low-life neighbourhood; the seats, attached to desks, had apparently never been washed since they were made; the floor in the same condition.

The walls had dirty remains of pictures on them, and a few women and children were gathered to

listen to my address, under the care of a very dispirited attendant at the hall, who was drawing a baize curtain to shut off about two-thirds of it from view.

I felt aggrieved at the prospect, and much inclined to grumble that I had been brought half a dozen miles from home, on a wild, gusty night, into such a neighbourhood, to talk to such an audience. But having found my way, and engaged to speak, I at once commenced. I suppose there was the usual singing, reading, prayer, and address, but this I have entirely forgotten. When the service was ended, the grumbling fit returned, as I prepared to retrace my dangerous way towards home.

I had descended the two steps from the platform, and was passing on, when a shaky voice said, "I want to speak to you."

Turning at the request, I saw a very old woman, with an exceedingly dirty face, and hands still more filthy, holding on to the rail in front of her seat, and trembling with excitement or nervousness—perhaps both.

I was wearied, dispirited, hopeless of having done any good, and wishing myself at home. So I asked curtly, "Well, what is it?"

"I am seventy-three years old," she said.

"Well, what is that to me?" I thought, but said nothing.

"And I can see to work as well as ever I could."

"Don't see what I have to do with that," was my silent comment.

"And I can earn my living by needlework."

"Why do you tell me this?" I inquired.

"Because I want you to know that I don't come here to beg," she said. "I know well enough there's a lot of lazy wagabones as comes for nothin' else, but I'm none o' that sort; I earns my living by my eyes and fingers, and begs nothin' o' nobody."

"But what do you want from me?" I coldly inquired.

"I'm seventy-three years old," she repeated, "and I can't expect to live very much longer. I have been listening to you talking about the gift of God; I knew I had not got it, and I made bold to ask you to tell me more about it. Remember I'm a poor old woman of seventy-three, and make it as plain as ever you can."

If a blaze of light had flashed into the dirty hall, I could not have felt more astonished than I did at the old woman's request. I had not expected—scarcely desired—any results from my address; and

yet here was an anxious inquirer. Not a common occurrence, when we do not expect or desire results they scarcely ever appear. It became interesting; but I remembered the six miles to go, the dangerous way, the late hour, and the expectants at home; and how to reconcile these discordant things was the problem—how to lead an anxious soul that had been seventy-three years in utter darkness, most speedily and safely into the light. I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and a thought came that I at once put into action. I put my hand into my pocket, produced sixpence, and commenced conversation.

"Mother, have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she replied.

"Have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg."

"No one said you did, but that doesn't answer my question, which I intend to repeat until you reply plainly—Have you had any tea?"

"I tell you," she gruffly rejoined, "I'm not one of your beggars; I can earn my own living, and didn't come here to beg."

"That doesn't answer me," I continued; "and I intend to get an answer before I say any more. Have you had any tea?"

"No, I ain't," she shortly rejoined, hoping to get rid of the subject.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she again repeated.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"No, I ain't," she repeated, more angrily than before.

"I thought not," I continued. "Now see here is sixpence, just the thing you want. It will buy you bread, butter, tea, sugar, a bundle of wood, a candle, seven pounds of coal, and a ha'p'orth of milk; and so give you food, light, and warmth."

If any one who reads this begins sceptically to inquire concerning this method of expending sixpence, the old woman did not; *she knew* by many years' experience the statement was correct in her locality. But she only repeated, "I didn't come here to beg."

"You have not been accused of begging, or anything else," I continued; "but I want to make it clear to you. This sixpence is mine, given in charge to me to give freely to any one that needs it. Your need of it is very sore; you are trembling with hunger and cold as you stand there. In your poor garret it is dark, hunger-bitten, cold; no light, no

fire, no food. The money I offer will produce all these things which you require so much. Take the money; it is mine to give, and you want it."

Still she said, "I didn't come here to beg. I only wanted you to tell me how to get safely to heaven."

"That shall surely come after; but I want to settle this first—or perhaps they will come together. Now be advised; take the money."

"I cannot," she said; "I have never taken charity; I didn't come to beg."

"Well, think once more before I go. Your room is dark and cold; you have great need. I offer you a free gift, just what you want; if you won't have it, and lie tossing all night with cold and hunger, you can't blame any one but yourself."

The picture of the hungry night was no new thing to her, and signs of relenting appeared in her face. Almost unconsciously she stretched out fingers, drawn like birds' claws with age and labour, but she did not take the money readily; little by little she came nearer and nearer, until at length her fingers closed upon the coin. She raised it from where it lay in the palm of my hand, and held it in her trembling fingers.

"Well, have you got it at last?"

"Yes, but not willingly," she said.

"How did you get it?" I asked.

"You gave it me," she replied.

"Did I give it, or did you take it?"

"I took it," she said; "but surely it is all the same."

"Not quite, for what I want to teach you," said I. "For you want the gift of God, which is eternal life; you want pardon for all your sins; you want peace with God; you want His Holy Spirit to teach you the way to heaven, and to make you fit to be there. Now, just as all your wants for the body are met in the gift of the sixpence, so God has met all our wants for the soul, in the gift of Jesus Christ, His Son. In Him God has provided all that we need, for time and eternity. But we must take Him, and as God's free, undeserved gift; this is just what we are so unwilling to do. We want to earn Him; we want to deserve Jesus and heaven. But we never can. We do not like to take Him as a gift. Just as you were so unwilling to accept the money, so thousands are unwilling to accept Jesus on the *only terms* they can receive Him."

"I never saw it so," she said; "I thought I had to earn heaven."

"There are untold thousands like you," I answered, "who turn away, despising and rejecting the *gift* of God. But I hope you will be wiser; and just as you have freely taken the gift of the money now, just as freely take the infinitely greater gift of Jesus Christ. You have only to take what is ready and offered."

"But must I not repent and believe?" she inquired.

"These *gifts* are included in the gift of Jesus, just as food, and light, and warmth are all in the sixpence; you have only to accept humbly God's free gift of Jesus Christ."

"Is that all?" she asked, in astonishment.

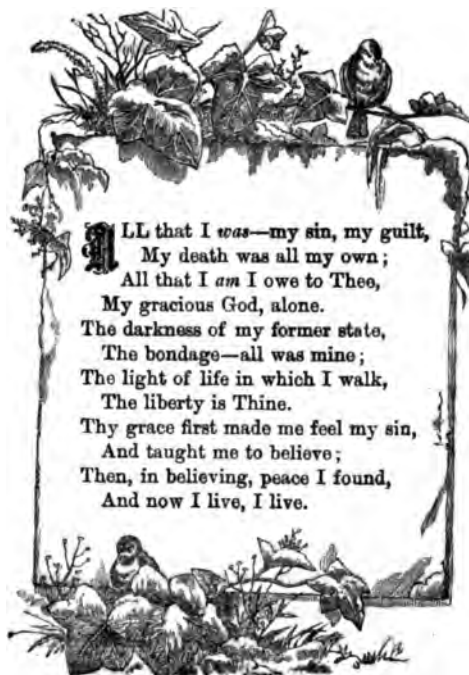
"That is all," I replied; "repentance, faith, teaching, heaven, are all in Jesus Christ."

"Then I am a saved old woman," she loudly cried, clasping her drawn, withered hands together with the sixpence between them; "for I will take the gift of God, and take it *now*."

"Thank God," I most rejoicingly exclaimed; "truly I have not laboured in vain."

I went on my way home with eyes brimming with tears of gratitude for the Lord's loving-kindness, in making the darkness light to that poor woman, seventy-three years old.

Reader, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Is that all? That is all.





An Address by Mr. Müller at the Wednesday evening meeting of Leominster Conference. August 20th, 1884.

MATT. vii. 7, 8.

I HAVE it laid on my heart to throw out some hints with reference to prayer. The first thing that I would observe is this: our heavenly Father knows how we are situated whilst passing through this present evil world. All the trials, the difficulties, the perplexing circumstances, and the temptations to which we are exposed, He is intimately acquainted with; and for that very reason His word is full of promises, so that we should be encouraged to roll our burdens on Him. For it is not His will that we should carry them in our own strength; but speak to Him about everything, walk with Him continually, and so roll all our burdens on Him. He not merely invites us to do this, but He advises us, He exhorts us, to do so; yea, I may say, He commands us to do so, in order that we may find ease and comfort in our trials and difficulties. And it is because we do not make a good use of our God that we so frequently find a trying state of things in this world. Were we habitually to roll our burdens on the Lord, our position would be a hundred times better than it is.

Dear brethren and sisters, are you in the habit of rolling all your burdens on the Lord? Just as trials come, do you bring them back to your heavenly Father? This is the reason why He lays them on you. And if you make the attempt to carry them in your own strength you will oblige your heavenly Father to increase the trial and burden, so that by the weight you may be at last forced to come to Him, and leave it with Him.

Then again, our precious Lord Jesus Christ has passed through this vale of tears, and "was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." All His temptations were from without, none from within, because He was the spotless One. Nevertheless Christ was abundantly tried, difficulties befalling Him without number or measure. And

He knew how it would fare with us who would be left in this world, and thus His love led Him to make this provision for us, that by prayer we should bring the burden back to Him.

Now let me affectionately ask you, my beloved brethren and sisters. Do you take the advice of our precious Lord Jesus Christ? And do you believe what He says when He speaks, as in these verses, "Ask, and it shall be given you . . . and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Oh, let us take it to our hearts! I believe He means us to understand literally what these words convey to us. "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

But wide, and broad, and deep though these promises be, they must be taken in connection with other portions of Scripture. We must compare Scripture with Scripture, because again and again we find that one part supplies another with what is wanting.

For instance, let us turn to 1 John v. 13-15. Here is the first condition to be attended to. If we desire our petitions to be answered, we have to ask God for the things which are according to His will. We have no warrant to expect an answer contrary to His will. And should we be little acquainted with the will of God about any matter, the first thing is to ask Him to teach us and instruct us. We may also ask the help of our elder brethren. But this point must be attended to, that we ask for things according to the will of God; for He loves us with an infinitely wise love, and not like foolish parents who give to their children all they ask for. He desires the true, real happiness and blessing for His children, and therefore only gives what would be for their blessing and profit.

But while this is one condition, it is not the only one. The Lord Jesus said we should ask in His name if we wish our petitions granted. (John. xiv. 13, 14.)

Beloved elder brethren here all know what it means to ask in the name of the Lord Jesus, but, for the sake of the young believers present, I will say that it means this—we have to ask in union with Christ, as members of the body of which He is the Head. We stand before God in the righteousness of Christ; we are justified by faith in His name, and therefore we come before God as those who are one with Him. We—so to speak—put Christ forward, and ourselves we put in the background.

We are in ourselves entirely unworthy of receiving one blessing of the hand of God. I do not question whether brethren agree with me in this or not; but I repeat, Ask God to show you that all you deserve is hell and eternal torment. This is the one only thing that we have merited. Nothing else do we deserve; and therefore all we receive (out of hell) must come in the name of Christ.

And now this makes the matter so precious, that we are not only permitted, but commanded, to come in the name of Christ. I have been made clean by the power of the blood of Christ. I myself deserve nothing but punishment; but the Lord Jesus Christ is worthy to receive the choicest of the blessings which God has to give. Therefore, if I put myself in the background, and put Christ forward, and in His name ask the choicest of God's blessings, they are granted to me.

It is deeply important that we understand this. Do we habitually plead the worthiness of Christ when we come before God with our petitions?

But these two are not the only conditions that we need to remember in order that our petitions may be granted. There is another point, and that is, that we exercise faith in the power of God and in His willingness to hear us. (Mark xi. 24.) We have therefore to exercise faith in the power of God, and in the love and willingness of God to grant us our requests. And this is made a condition in this passage. We must be looking out for the answer. There are few children of God who doubt His ability to give, but many doubt His willingness, forgetting that large word of the apostle, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things"? It was in the way of grace that He gave His Son for me; so is He, in the way of grace, willing to give me with Him everything that will be for my good. What more can we have than this?

Now suppose those three things are found in us with regard to prayer, and suppose there be another added, which is an important one, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." That is, if we walk in the fear of God, and do not allow anything contrary to the will of God in us, then there remains one thing more—that we continue to wait on God till the answer comes. But we so frequently break down. We begin well, but we do not go on. If month after month, and year after year, we have been praying, and if our petitions

have not been granted, the thought comes, Will God answer? Many break down because the petition is not granted so quickly as they expected. Parents pray for their children. They begin to do so; but we should never forget that what we have to do is just to continue, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, until the answer comes. For God knows the best time for us, and He will in His own time give us our requests. It may be for the trial of our faith, or of our patience, or to see if we are in earnest, that He waits. For these and other reasons the petitions may not be answered so quickly as we desire.

Young evangelists ask God for the conversion of many souls. They go on praying and preaching, but do not get the answers. It may be that they are not prepared for the blessing. If their petitions were granted, it might be an injury to their souls. Therefore He waits till they are prepared to receive the blessing. So with Sunday-school teachers. They ask God for good things for their children, yet do not receive the answer. Now let us go on, and patiently, quietly wait on the Lord. The blessing most assuredly will come.

Now are we all in the habit of thus going on patiently, perseveringly, month after month, and year after year, waiting on God? Then let us set out afresh with renewed earnestness and faith. To all our petitions, as they have been according to the will of God, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, and believing in the willingness of God to give what we have asked, the answers must come. I have myself had to wait for a long time to get certain blessings. In many instances the answer has come instantaneously, or in the same hour, or the same day; yet other times I have had to wait years—ten years, fifteen years, twenty years, and upwards—yet invariably at the last the answer has come. And I say it to encourage my brethren and sisters in Christ, Go on waiting, waiting, waiting. Begin afresh to bring your petitions before God. He will hear you. For one thing I have been praying for thirty-nine years and nine months, and the answer has not yet come. Last evening I prayed for it, and the evening before last I prayed again. When travelling in India and in America, year after year I have been praying, and I am sure that in the end the answer will come. I have received tens of thousands of answers to prayer; but in this particular I have to wait. Many of you remember our departed brother Ricards. For his parents I prayed

that they might be converted. At last the answer came, when the father was between eighty and ninety years old. This very individual had cast off his son entirely; for years he did not allow him to come into his presence. At last he sent for him, and then would scarcely allow him to go out of his hands; yet for twenty years I had to pray for his conversion. So with the mother. She had lived a very moral life outwardly, very pharisaically; but at last she saw that nothing but Christ would do for her, and she was saved.

Therefore, beloved younger brethren and sisters, begin afresh with greater earnestness than ever, and you will receive the answers at the last. The Lord delights to bless His children, to give them everything that is for their blessing and comfort; and especially does He delight to bless parents in praying for their children. But if we have set them a bad example, should we have let them go on in a self-willed course? Then the first thing is to make honest confession of our sin and failure, that we deserve all these things that come upon us; and let us humble ourselves in the dust before God, yet pleading the merits of Jesus, and we shall find that God is ever ready in His pity and compassion to forgive us. Then with renewed earnestness let us begin to pray.

My universal remedy for every difficulty, for every trial, is prayer and faith. And in this way for fifty-five years I have been going on. For three and a half years after my conversion I did not do so, but for fifty-five years I have been walking in this way, and I desire on this very ground to encourage my beloved brethren and sisters in Christ who have not tried this universal remedy, and they will find, as I have, that it suits every difficulty and trial.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has increased; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house. Back numbers will be supplied at half-price; viz., 250 for 10/-, 500 for £1.

"I WILL GO BEFORE THEE, AND MAKE THE CROOKED PLACES STRAIGHT."

ISAIAH XLV. 2.



"I WILL go before thee,"
Loving words of cheer;
Oh, they fall so sweetly
On the Christian's ear!

Going on before us,
To prepare the way,
Make it straight for footsteps
Always prone to stray.

Not on stranger journey
Would He have us go;
Sends He ne'er His children
Ways He does not know;
But He goes before them,
Makes the crooked straight;
Was there ever caring,
Ever love so great?

Yet, alas! how often
Drooping faith looks on,
Deems the pathway rugged,
And beset with thorn.
Could we but remember
First on them He trod,
And they 'd lost their sharpness
'Neath the foot of God.

As the pillar guiding
Oft bade Israel stay,
So He'd sometimes have us
Wait upon the way.
Oh, to patient tarry
Till He calls once more;
Journeying, or waiting,
Have Him on before.

If the way seem puzzling,
And we long to know
Which would be the pathway
He would have us go,
Then the promise shineth,
With its golden ray:
"I will go before thee,"
I will show the way.

"I will go before thee;"
May we careful be
Just to tread the pathway
Where His print we see;
So that those who follow
Be not led astray
By our erring footprints
Leading other way.

Master! keep Thy children's
Feet so prone to stray;
Keep them ever walking
In "the narrow way;"
Pressing "onward, upward,"
To the goal in store;
"Looking unto Jesus,"
Who has gone before.

A. F. F.



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"SO HARD TO BELIEVE;"

OR,

"DIRECTLY I GAVE UP, THE BURDEN WENT."

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.



THE night was cold and stormy. Heavy masses of clouds were rolling from the west, and though the sun had not been set for more than an hour, it had grown in that time to almost midnight darkness. The road I had to travel was at the best of times rough and lonely, and on the night in question rougher and lonelier than ever—at least, so it appeared to me. I was going to preach at a village mission-station some two or three miles off, and on such a night over such roads I could not summon sufficient courage to ask a friend to accompany me; besides, I thought the quiet time would be no ill-preparation for the service before me. So starting alone, I walked the greater part of the way, until, passing a snug farmhouse, the thought occurred to me to ask young farmer Railton to walk with me to the meeting. Many times previously had I sought to deal with his conscience in the sight of God, but each time he had left me undecided and unhappy.

"Perhaps to-night," I thought, "he may be led

to trust the Saviour;" and with a fervent prayer that it might be so, I called at the house. He was indoors, and after a little conversation went with me to the meeting. The night was still dark; but the rain had stopped, and here and there a star glimmered out from behind the heavy framework of inky clouds, like a candle from some cottage casement, and seemed to inspire me with a fresh hope concerning Ralph, who accompanied me. What if the dark clouds that had gathered so long around his mind should to-night be broken up, and the light of heaven stream through! Our conversation soon turned on the old topic, when he said, "I know what you say is true; I feel it, and have felt it for a long time, though I never said as much before; but it seems to me to be *so hard to give up, and to believe.*"

"Well," said I, "I don't quite understand what you mean" (for I wanted to draw him completely out of himself, and bring him face to face with God); "I don't quite understand what you mean. Who wants you to give up anything? 'So hard to believe.' Believe *whom?* believe *what?*'"

Here he seemed puzzled, and replied, "Well, I scarcely know how to answer that question, for, after all, I don't see why it should be so hard to believe God; but yet to me it appears so hard to give up."

"Give up what?" I asked.

"Oh, to give up one's self."

"So," I said, "if you were drowning, and a friend plunged in to save you, you would consider it so hard to be obliged to give up yourself to him. Is that what you mean?"

"No, not exactly that, for I don't suppose I should be so mad as that, if I were drowning."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, because I should know if I didn't, I must be lost."

"What chance do you think you have of being saved from wrath, if you *don't* give up and trust the words of Him who cannot lie?"

Just then the clouds parted, and a beautiful patch of blue with bright stars appeared overhead, and caused us both to look up. Pointing with my finger to the spot, I said:

"Do you mean to tell me, Ralph, that you are not afraid of making God a liar? 'For he that believeth not, hath made Him a liar,' the Scripture says. Answer the question to your own soul's satisfaction, and to God's."

We arrived at the mission-room, and I took my place in dependence on God to speak, he to listen. The service was a solemn one. The subject was, "Sin—where?" Several remained to be spoken with, and among them Ralph. The words on entering the room had sunk like lead on his heart—he had made God a liar—and I found him sorely troubled. We knelt together; we turned to scripture after scripture on our knees, as his tears fell hot and fast. He paused at Isaiah liii. 6, "The Lord hath *laid on Him* the iniquity of us all." For some moments neither of us spoke. At last he broke the silence, saying, "O Lord, help me to believe, help me to give up. Thou hast said thou hast 'laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' Lord, thou hast said it. I see it; I do believe it. Praise be to thee." And then his sobs of joy were heard by all in the room. I remained somewhat longer than the rest that night; but Ralph was waiting in the road, and his first words were, "Oh, sir, I should never have believed it if I hadn't known it myself; but *directly I gave up, the burden went.*"

"Tell me all about it," I said. "How was it the burden went?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "t'was like this: I knew for a long time I wasn't right; my sins terrified me; but for a long time I fancied I wasn't so bad as some, and should stand a good chance at the judgment-day. But the scripture you read in Romans (chap. iii.) said we were 'all under sin,' and there was 'no difference;' and that one in John (chap. iii. 18) said we were 'condemned already.' Now I saw it was all settled already, and I was lost, and I had no hope. You went on, if you

remember, sir, to show what God had done with sin when He laid it on His blessed Son, and that now sin need be no hindrance. This was better for me, I thought; but still I couldn't see how *my* sins could be got rid of, until I saw in John iii. 16 God's promise to give everlasting life to 'whosoever believeth.' I then saw it all; *why* God could do it, because Jesus had paid the debt. I saw it was *God's* words, and it all depended on what He said. So I just *gave up to it* because He said so, and directly I gave up, the burden went."

I have many, many times seen Ralph since the above-mentioned circumstance took place, now some years ago, but he always has the same story to tell; he has no burden now, he "just gave himself up" to God's promise. Has the reader done so? If not, the way is open, for "God is no respecter of persons." Trust Him as Ralph did, and you shall be able to sing as truly as he does—

"I left it all with Jesus long ago;
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe.
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His small still whisper, 'Tis for *thee*,'
From my heart *the burden rolled away*—
Happy day!"

A PRODIGAL'S STORY.

Being an extract from a letter to a servant of Christ, who forwards it for publication, avouching its correctness, and testifying to the writer's present faithfulness to Christ.



DEAR—, I gladly give you the following particulars of an incident that occurred in connection with myself at the Sailors' Rest, trusting that they may be to the glory of God, and an encouragement to you, as showing how God's infinite love and mercy can use the simplest means, when the motive is for His glory and the work set apart and consecrated to His service, to make Himself known unto the vilest and most hardened of sinners, and, as man would judge, hopeless cases.

It will be five years since I was first awakened to a sense of my danger as a sinner, the means used being an open-air service, and a text in the mouth of a sailor—a poor Shetlander, with rather bad English. I was laughing at his accent; but he wisely used God's word, and I felt I dare not laugh at that. The next night the same man was the means, in God's hands, of leading me to Christ. For a time all went well, and I was full of joy and happiness; but I fear I began to walk carelessly,

and being weak and very ignorant in matters spiritual, I was all the more likely to slip. I believe God now saw fit to chastise me; for I had a fall from a building, a considerable height, and a narrow escape from being killed. I soon recovered, but with an ungrateful heart I murmured at God's dealings with me, and immediately came the fall into sin—my old enemy, *drink*, got possession of me again.

For nearly five years I wandered over Canterbury, Otago, and Southland, a helpless, miserable, drunken object. I made a few ineffectual, short-lived rallies, which only served to show me the strength of the chains that bound me. I fairly groaned under the bondage of the Evil One, and saw nothing before me but death in its most degrading form. I believe firmly that there are thousands in New Zealand who know their doom just as assuredly as does a criminal under sentence of death, the only difference being, the criminal knows the day of his execution, the drunkard does not.

Such, then, was my condition, when, about eighteen months ago, I entered Port Chalmers, after a weary journey on foot all the way from Christchurch. It was a wild night, the 27th December, 1882, raining in torrents and blowing hard. I was poorly clad, and of course soon drenched. I crept up the stairs leading to the Sailors' Rest, feeling more like an intruder than anything else, for it was a place, I thought, for honest, hard-working seamen, and not for such beings as I; but the night outside would have driven one anywhere for shelter.

I began looking at a table covered with *Illustrated News, Graphics, &c.* I had considerable taste for drawing, and pictures were at all times a source of delight, supplying the place that music does to other people; but I was so wretchedly wet and miserable that I could not settle. I wandered over to a table covered with Bibles and tracts in various languages, turning them over, comparing one with another. I dropped across a leaflet containing a hymn new to me, beginning—

"I need Thee, precious Jesus, for I am full of sin."

But it was the second verse that spoke home to my heart—

"I need Thee, precious Jesus, for I am very poor,
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay."

I read these and the remaining verses till the tears stood in my eyes, but I brushed them away, and throwing the leaflet down, I moved to another part of the room.

I then noticed that you were sitting at a table, with a nice-looking young fellow, apparently belonging to one of the vessels in harbour. You were engaged explaining some passages of Scripture, to which he was listening with deep attention. Between that young man and I what a contrast! It seemed, if possible, to make me more wretched than before, as I thought of the peace, light, comfort, and respect I had forfeited. How far, very far, even a child of God may wander.

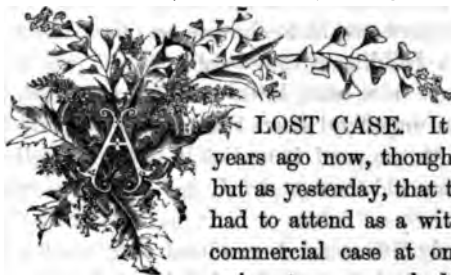
Again I drew near the table, lifted up the leaflet, and read—

"I need Thee, precious Jesus, I need a *Friend like Thee*—
A *Friend* to soothe and sympathise, a *Friend* to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus to feel each anxious care,
To tell my *every want*, and all my *sorrow share*."

Yes, I thought, that is just the *Friend*, the *Saviour*, I want *just now*. But, oh, how far I have wandered, feeling almost at times that the gospel was *only* a beautiful story. Thanks be to God, it is such to me no longer; but that Saviour is a living, real, and present Friend, whose bright love warms my heart and soul as I write this. As I read that leaflet, I thought how happy would I be if I again had that love of Christ in my soul, and something seemed to draw me to seek Him; but the remembrance of former failures rose up like a black wall in front of me. I left the Sailors' Rest to go I knew not where. It was a bitter, wild night, and though I was no stranger to hardship, and an adept at making the best of things, yet it seemed as if every place of shelter was closed against me. How true it is, "Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." (Ps. cvii. 17.) To add to my misery, I was exhausted from want of sleep, and the inclination to drop down anywhere was terrible, though I fought hard against it. About two o'clock in the morning I went down one of the piers just at random. I jumped on board the ship *Dunedin* as I saw the large fires of her freezing machine. I asked the fireman if he would let me dry myself—God bless him; for he received me kindly, despite my appearance, bringing me tea, and making me as comfortable as lay in his power. I think he was the same young man I saw with you in the "Rest." May God reward him. I stayed till about 4 o'clock.

When I left, the wind and rain drove into me as hard as ever, and I was a second time drenched, which fairly made me cry out aloud, though I knew no human voice could hear me, and, I thought, to call upon God would be sheer mockery after my rejection of Him in quieter moments. However, I felt I deserved all I was suffering, and much more besides. I believe all this was being used as a rod to bring me back to Christ; for somehow I connected my sorrows with my rejection of the Saviour's love. . . . On the last day of the old year 1882—a Lord's-day—I strolled into the Queen's theatre, and there I heard such an address to "backsliders" as I never heard preached before—right dead at *me*. I seemed as if I was the only hearer in that building. I believe to this day that that sermon was preached especially for me; others may have been blessed, I certainly was. The whole address could scarcely have applied to any other in that theatre but *me*, at least, so I thought. The blessed Spirit of God, whom I had so often grieved, used the word preached in bringing me back to my Father, from whom I had so long been a wanderer. I was so overcome, through the power of the Spirit, by the representation of God the Father's infinite love and mercy in the story of the "prodigal son," that I there and then yielded myself up to God in Christ, to His care and keeping, to do with me as He chose. If He left me alone I should perish, if He took me up I should live. Need I tell you I was received with the kiss of peace that very night. New Year's Eve it was, and a glad New Year to me. Oh, the riches of the treasures of knowing Christ Jesus, precious, real, and dear to my soul, so that, if I may use the expression, I have felt the very *touch* of the *Master*, till my heart and soul has panted to burst the bonds to get nearer and nearer to His own blessed self, to behold and be for ever with Him! I may add that my life since that New Year's Eve, 1882, has been one of continual, moment by moment, faith on the Son of God. In *His power* to save and keep me, even from the appetite for drink, I have proved Him faithful that has promised; also, I may add, from smoking, another practice to which I was addicted, I have experienced, through His grace, an entire and happy deliverance. I desire now to present myself a living sacrifice—holy—acceptable unto God, which is my reasonable service.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S LAST PLEA.



LOST CASE. It is several years ago now, though it seems but as yesterday, that the writer had to attend as a witness in a commercial case at one of the assize towns reached by the

L. B. and S. C. Railway. Being uncertain when the case would come on, we could not well leave the precincts of the court, and therefore spent our time chiefly in listening to the arguments of counsel on behalf of their clients, and in noting the many ingenious excuses offered by prisoners to cover or mitigate their guilt.

One of these cases deeply interested us, and we shall never forget it.

A pensioner, by no means a very old man, though he had evidently seen a good deal of service, was arraigned for the murder or manslaughter of a neighbour with whom he had a quarrel. It appeared that one night, whilst under the influence of drink, his neighbour had somehow irritated him to such an extent that the old warrior could stand it no longer. Raising his hand in great anger, he unfortunately struck the poor fellow a severe blow behind the ear, which felled him to the ground.

It was certainly a very sad affair; and probably no one now was more sorry for what had happened than the prisoner himself. How often, alas! does murder, suicide, or life-long remorse spring from the most moderate beginnings.

A number of witnesses were examined, each one supplying a link in the chain of evidence that brought the crime home to the wretched prisoner in the dock. The advocate had finished an eloquent speech, and the judge began to sum up the evidence; but the prisoner felt he had yet *one more plea*, which to him seemed irresistible. As he stood facing the judge, with all eyes fastened upon him, he brought from one of his pockets a handful of medals, with ribbons and clasps, which in perfect composure he busied himself in arranging upon his broad chest, and displaying to the judge and jury. They seemed to say, at least he no doubt intended them to say, "Can you have the heart to bring *me* in guilty, and punish *me*, when I have so many times placed my own life in jeopardy for my country, as these silent witnesses testify?"

But even this *last plea* failed to excuse him, as he probably hoped it would, and his case was lost !

Now there are very many people in some respects like this unhappy man, only their case is ten thousand times more awful to contemplate. They are no less guilty, they have no better plea, and yet they hope to escape! Alas! how many are passing thus foolishly on to eternity and the judgment of the great day, to be condemned and punished for ever in the lake of fire!

But you urge, "I have never done any murder, or committed any crime against the law of the land, which could bring me within its grasp." Nay, more, you may have passed a practically unblemished life up till now, and in the end you may be borne hence amid all the respect surrounding a stainless and benevolent name. And yet, dear friend, if you are not *saved* through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, you are *at this moment guilty before God*. Then, think, if you should be cut off, die in this condition, your soul would be lost for ever!

Every right-thinking man naturally revolts as he hears or reads of some great crime, little dreaming, perhaps, that deep down in his own heart are the seeds of every kind of wickedness and evil—murder included! Do we not read, "From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, &c."? (Mark vii. 21-23.) What a catalogue! You never thought these things were in *your* heart. But God says they are. The germ of every evil is there, and it needs but the circumstances to develop them into sins that would make you shudder to think of. And what a sad, sad picture will it be in the great day, when all the secret sins, as well as all the open sins, are unveiled in the fierce light of eternity! "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with *every secret thing*, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccles. xii. 14.) In the face of these things we may say truly we have a *lost case*. There is no defence whatever. We are "condemned already."

But how unspeakably kind of God to make a way of escape out of this condition for us now. This He has done by sending down from heaven His own dear Son—by laying all our iniquities on Jesus. "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 6.) The poor man whose sad story we have been relating had no one to come and bear the punishment he deserved for him. But Jesus has done this *for us*, praise His name.

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me;
A victim led, Thy blood was shed,
Now there 's no load for me."

Do you know Him as having borne away sin's heavy load for *you*? If you do not, you may know it *now*. Yes, weary one, the message is for you; believe it, and enjoy the good news it brings—"Christ died for *our* sins," yours and mine, "according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3.) He died the just for the unjust—that is, for you and me—to bring us to God. (1 Peter iii. 18.) But Jesus is the only way of escape from the awful condition in which the sinner stands as guilty before God. Oh, see to it that *you* are not foolishly trying to find out some other way!

Do not delay, but come now. Some accident or sudden illness may overtake you; or perhaps through, a wrong signal, the wrong lever pulled, a flaw in some wheel or axle, or a defect in the metals, there may one day come an awful crash when least expected. Suppose you were to be one of the victims, what would be *your fate* if unsaved? It could not possibly be heaven, and therefore it *must* be the "blackness of darkness for ever"—hell!

But, unlike the poor soldier with his medals, you have a never-failing plea *now* if you will only use it. What is it? It is the *blood of Jesus*. However guilty one may be now, whosoever pleads *that* sincerely has the fact recorded in heaven; and there it stands for ever and ever! "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." (1 John i. 7.)

You may be careful and attentive to your duties as you should be—steady, upright, and proper in your life; all this will do nothing for you—Christ alone can save you.

He is willing to do this now if you will but put your trust in Him. Oh, do it and be saved! "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

In the heart of the unbeliever—therefore yet in your heart, perhaps—"sin reigns unto death." Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and a new king will reign there. Grace will then reign "through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. v. 21.) Which is reigning there *now*?

Is it not a most wonderful thought that Jesus, the Son of God, should have undertaken our otherwise lost case? How important to know Him, then, as our personal Mediator, our Saviour, our Advocate, our only plea! Oh, if you have not before left yourself in His hands, do so now! He has never lost a case. "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." "He that believeth on Him is *not condemned*"—and never can be—"but he that believeth not is condemned already, *because he hath not believed* in the name of the only begotten Son of God." (John iii. 18.)

(The above is published separately, at the Stirling Tract Depot.)

NOTICE TO QUIT.

BY GEORGE HEFFORD.



WHEN any one is required to quit a farm, a dwelling-house, a lodging, or a service, the law of the land requires that *due* notice shall be given. This notice is for a year, a quarter, a month, or week, as the case may be; but an hour's notice, or even a day, would be considered very short indeed. Yet we often hear and read of far shorter notices than either, and these not only to quit farms, houses, services, and all that were possessed in the world, but even the world itself.

A train with its passengers is gliding smoothly along; some are reading the news, or engaged in conversation upon the topics of the day; others absorbed in thoughts of home, business, or pleasure. Suddenly an unusual shaking occurs; a look of surprise or consternation is exchanged; but before any explanation can be asked or given there is an awful crash; carriages are shattered, strong men, tender women, and happy children are bruised, crushed, and maimed; while others are in a moment ushered into other scenes—other worlds.

Only a short time since I was shown the bare blackened walls of what had been a splendid house; a few nights before this the occupants were quietly sleeping after the toils or pleasures of the day, when suddenly the air rang with cries of "Fire! fire! fire!" and before the affrighted inmates had realized their danger the devouring element had cut off their every way of escape—had encircled them in its embrace, and in a few moments death had closed the awful scene on this side eternity.

A noble vessel was nearing home after a long voyage and years of absence on a foreign coast. On her clean white deck stood many rough, weather-beaten, sunburnt men, tears of joy standing in their eyes as the white cliffs of their native land appear in view. "Home to-morrow, home to-morrow," are words that joyfully pass from lip to lip. But their to-morrow never came. That evening the gentle breeze became a furious hurricane; the rippling waves were lashed into foaming, angry billows; the sails were torn to shreds, the rudder broken, and that ship, which a few hours before danced upon the waters like a thing of life, became unmanageable, was dashed on the rocks, and in the darkness all on board perished.

An apparently healthy person rises as usual from his bed and goes forth to his daily toil. Day by day and year by year this has been done with but little change. As he left on this morning there was nothing to indicate this as his last day on earth; but so it proved. An exclamation of "Oh!" as a pain shoots across the region of the heart, arrests the attention of those working by his side. Seeing his pale, affrighted look, they gather round. "I'm awful ill," he says; and as he speaks he staggers and falls. One holds him on his knees, another runs for medical aid, a third obtains water, a fourth looses his necktie and chafes his hands. All—in vain. The death-dew gathers on his brow, the pulse cease to beat, the heart to throb, and he who only a few minutes before was handling the implements of his trade is a lifeless corpse—"the spirit having returned to God, who gave it."

But then short notices to quit are not peculiar to the present age. Eighteen hundred years ago there was a farmer, well-to-do in the world, owning or occupying much land, his barns and granaries full to overflowing, another harvest ready for the sickle, "What shall I do?" he enquires, "because I have no room where to bestow my fruits. This will I do, I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods." But God said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." (Luke xii. 20.)

Reader, instances of this kind might be multiplied; but enough has been written if you are led to CONSIDER YOUR LATTER END. Your notice to quit may be equally sudden; and if so, what then! Are you saved? born again? Is Christ yours? Then nothing can separate you from Himself. For you it is not death to die. No—

"Call it not death, it is life begun;
The waters are past, the home is won;
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore
Where they sin, and suffer, and weep no more.
It has gone to its Father's home above,
To the home prepared by a Saviour's love,
To leave this world, with its sin and strife,
And to be with Jesus—yes, this is life."

But, oh, if unprepared, if not saved! Then, "after death"—

"Oh, then the judgment throne!
Oh, then the last hope gone!
Then all the woes that dwell
In an eternal hell!"

Reader, be entreated to flee at once to Jesus. Where you are, as you are, cast yourself, with all your sins, upon Him, and the instant that is done—

You shall be saved for ever!

The Watchman's Message.

Blessed happy (happy) is he whose transgression is forgiven.
PSALM xxxii. 1.



THE HAPPY CLERK.

Those trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

PROV. xvi. 20.

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.



GEORGE AND HIS NEW LEG.

SOME years ago there was a clerk in our counting-house, a man at the prime of life, very quiet, very kind, and always looking happy. The fact was, he knew the Lord Jesus, and served Him with all his heart, and had set his affections upon the things which are above; so the things which are on earth did not affect him much, neither did they interfere with the happiness and peace of his soul. And when there was something damaged, or broken, or lost, so as to make us feel vexed or unhappy, he would always try to console us; and, pointing at the damaged or lost object, he would say:

"Never mind; you'll get a new one some day."

Thus when Bob the carman had, by some imprudence of his, destroyed his coat, and looked very sadly at its tattered remains, he said:

"Oh, never mind, Bob! It was but an old thing, you know; and you'll soon get a new one." And, owing to a collection which he got up in secret, Bob made his appearance in his new coat some days later.

But one day the master came into the office where he was at work, with some papers to be signed, and said:

"Poor George got his leg under the crank of the machine, and was conveyed to the hospital, where the mangled limb was taken off."

It was a frightful event. It cast a gloom over the works, and we were all of us very sad for George's sake.

"Poor George! lost a leg!" he exclaimed; "would to God we could say to him now, Never mind, George; you'll get a new one soon."

One day the next week the clerk said:

"I believe there is much ground for hoping that George will get a new leg again. I have visited him at the hospital, and he is progressing favourably; but I was glad to find that the loss of his leg had caused him to think how fearful it would have been if he had been crushed to death, and compelled to appear before his eternal Judge without being prepared for it, and without a Saviour to plead his cause. So he turned to Jesus, who alone is able to save him, body and soul, from everlasting destruction. He said to me that, thinking he was at death's door, he looked into himself, and saw him-

self lost in sin and guilt; but, remembering the word of the gospel, which had so often been preached to him, he had confessed his sins to God, and accepted the kind invitation that comes from the lips of a crucified and sin-atonement Redeemer, saying, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Now, if it be true—and I hope George's subsequent life will prove it—that he really has given himself up to Jesus, and that Jesus consequently has taken possession of his heart, a new life has sprung up in him, and Jesus will raise him up at the last day. So you see," he added, "there is every prospect for poor George of being provided one day with a new body, conformable to the glorious body of Christ, in which there will be no sin, nor death, nor pain, nor defect, nor broken limb; for of such it is written: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.'" (1 John iii. 2.)

THE NEW ROBE.

JER. xxiii. 6.

"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—ISA. lxi. 10.
 "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."—ISA. lxiv. 6.

I HAVE done with the rags, for I've taken the robe,
 And thrown all my patchwork away;
 With Christ and His righteousness I am content,
 To have done with my doings to-day.

His beauty and comeliness now are made mine;
 Oh, why did I tarry so long,
 Ere taking the glorious gift of His grace,
 And making its riches my song?

I was "going about" with a Pharisee's zeal,
 To work out a web of my own;
 The rags of self-righteousness seeking to mend,
 Which were fit for the dunghill alone.

With something of Christ, and yet more of myself,
 I thought I should surely succeed,
 Till Christ and the blood of His cross were revealed,
 As meeting my uttermost need.

A blood that could cleanse, and a covering too—
 A righteousness God could accept.
 Should this be refused in the pride of my heart,
 And my own—all in tatters—be kept!

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 And the Father by whom He was sent;
 A choice which in madness would else have been mine,
 His love was put forth to prevent.

Away then with rags, for I've taken the robe
 My Father beholds with delight;
 In which without blemish I ever shall stand
 Beloved and approved in His sight.

A. M. HULL.

THE ONLY REMEDY.



SURELY when the brazen serpent was put in the midst of Israel's camp, no man would refuse to look and live. Come, let us go into the first tent. You are told there is a man dying of the serpents' bites there, and you go to him and tell him that you have glad tidings of great joy. You arouse him from his stupor, and tell him that Moses has put a serpent of brass upon a pole, and that if he will gaze on it as God's remedy he shall be saved. Does he eagerly embrace the offer? No. He turns round and abuses you for disturbing him—asks you what good can come from a bit of brass, that it is all nonsense, and bids you leave him alone, or bring something more philosophical, or more intelligent, than the brazen serpent; and while you are with him, the teeth are set, and the hands are clenched, and the poison does its work, and the man falls back dead, too proud to be saved in God's way. You find men like that to-day. They want you to explain the whole mystery of the atonement, a mystery so deep that no one ever can explain it fully; and indeed, in days to come, we may well doubt if we ever shall fully understand the height and depth of that love which worked out our redemption on the cross.

Let us pass on to another man whom you can see is in a very bad way indeed. The arm is swollen up double its natural size, the man's eye is almost closed with the glassiness of death, and all the signs of rapid dissolution are present here. Stooping down, you raise him in your arms, and try to point him to where the serpent of brass is glittering in the evening sun in the centre of the camp, but he will not look. "You may go and tell others, but I am too bad a case to be saved like that; it is too late to come to me; if you had come to me an hour or two ago it would have been all right, but the poison has now done its work—I am too bad to be saved; your cure cannot help me." And so he too falls back, not because he was too bad to be saved, but because he *thought himself too bad* for God to save him.

While you are mourning over this case another

man enters the tent, and you tell him of the glad tidings of great joy which the herald is proclaiming. He seems interested at first, and tells you that it is certainly a very good thing that there is a remedy in the camp, but it does not concern him much: he has escaped the danger altogether, or at least almost entirely. It is true he has got a slight scratch on his finger, but the serpent's bite was not more than skin deep, and that there can be no danger for him. Besides, he tells you he is in a great hurry. His business must take him some miles away from the camp, and perhaps on his return in a day or two he will hear all about the good tidings, and then, if his bite turns out to be as dangerous as you think, he will have a good look at the remedy. And

so he passes away through the camp of Israel into the desert about his business, and when the poison courses through his veins, and the dizziness seizes his head, and the painful dryness parches his lips, and the deathly stupor creeps over him, he dies by the wayside—lost, because *he thought there was no hurry* in attending to the message. Who, then, gets the benefit of the brazen serpent? Let us see if we can find one who will use God's remedy. See! here is a boy dying of his bite—moaning in restless feverishness over the pain which oppresses him—and you go to him and tell him that the Lord Jehovah, who brought him out of Egypt and out of the house of bondage, is not willing that he should



THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

die of the bite of a serpent, but wants to save him. And the boy's eye lights up as he bids you raise him in your arms, so that he can see the remedy which the Lord has provided. He remembers the pledge which caused the angel to pass over his house in the land of Egypt; and as you hold him up in your arms, and point out where the brazen serpent shines out like a meteor in the middle of the calm deep-blue sky, the eye of the boy rests, full of faith, on the promise of a God who has never deceived him, and he arises perfectly whole. "Blessed," he cries—"blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He has visited and redeemed His people!" "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

BEHOLD;

And see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which
is done unto ME, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted
ME in the day of His fierce anger.

LAM. i. 12.

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised
for our iniquities.

ISAIAH liii. 5.

BEHOLD,
NOW IS
THE
ACCEPTED
TIME.

2 Cor. vi. 2.

BEHOLD

THE

Lamb of God,

BEHOLD,
NOW IS
THE
DAY OF
SALVATION.

2 Cor. vi. 2.

WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD.

JOHN i. 29.

BEHOLD;

God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord
Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is
become my salvation.

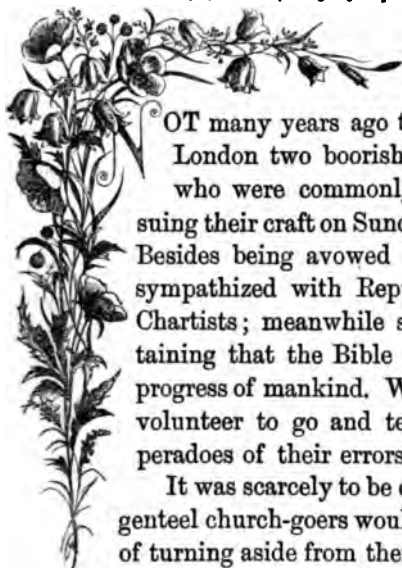
ISAIAH xii. 2.

BEHOLD;

He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and
they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the
earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen.

REV. i. 7.

HOW TO JUDGE OF SHOES—AND GREATER THINGS.



NOT many years ago there lived in London two boorish shoemakers, who were commonly found pursuing their craft on Sunday mornings. Besides being avowed infidels, they sympathized with Republicans and Chartists; meanwhile stoutly maintaining that the Bible hindered the progress of mankind. Would nobody volunteer to go and tell these desperadoes of their errors and duty?

It was scarcely to be expected that genteel church-goers would think even of turning aside from their pathway of respectability to do anything so unfashionable. Talk of the gospel to unwashed cobblers on a Sabbath morning? Impossible!

Then in regard to the city missionary; he had been warned by a friendly voice not to venture near so notorious a den as the shoemakers' room. Why? The men were sheer heathens, and probably dangerous. Yet, notwithstanding these kind warnings, the evangelist ventured into the forbidden precincts.

On entering the apartment, he was not directly insulted; on the contrary, he met with a negative sort of civility, by being allowed to stand for some time unnoticed. As it would have been unwise to have begun at once about religion, a conversation respecting America was first introduced. The visitor having once lived in the New World, remembered having worn pegged boots there.

"Ay, to be sure, America was the place for good workmen. I wish I had gone ten years ago," said one of the men, though in rather ungracious tones.

An advance in the right direction was made, when the visitor referred to the great numbers of places for worship with which America abounded.

"It may be all the worse for that," growled one of the men.

"I am sorry to hear you speak so," was the reply. "You know the Scriptures assure us that righteousness exalteth a nation."

This remark provoked quite a fierce explosion of wrath: "I don't mind what the Bible says. . . . People who talk most about religion are the greatest liars; and they are the hardest men I ever worked for!"

"Ay, that they are!" put in the other man, who hitherto had remained silent.

From the conversation which now followed, it appeared that the first speaker, like so many ill-informed objectors to the claims of religion, *had never read* the pages of inspiration he so vehemently denounced. On being driven into a corner by this argument, he could say nothing more effective than, "I have read quite enough of it."

In commendable good temper and moderation the missionary replied, "That is not the open answer I expected from you. You have declared the Bible to be false and foolish. Have you come to that awful conclusion after close and diligent study?"

"Indeed, I have other things to study," cried the shoemaker, impatient over this interruption in the morning's labour. "I don't want to know anything about it; I am busy just now."

One might turn, when in a bad temper, heart-sick and despairing from such a place and from such a man, and might almost conscientiously resign him to his fate as incorrigible, or say something hastily which might provoke him beyond reclamation. Only by special tact, blessed by heaven, can seeds of truth be sown in this (not always sterile) soil of unbelief.

The visitor continued: "You appear to be a hard-working man, and to possess some knowledge of your line of business. Now, about ten days ago I purchased a pair of shoes for eight shillings and sixpence. Do you think I gave too much for them?"

"No, if they were a good pair," said the man.

"Do you think them a good pair?" inquired the other, emphatically.

"Show them to me, and I'll soon tell you."

"They are at home," still answered the other,

"Cannot you tell me whether they are good or bad without seeing them?"

"None but a fool would ask such a question!" said the man.

Not ask such a question? Why not? Here is surely a very unaccountable circumstance. A craftsman, thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of a certain trade, confesses inability to judge whether articles are good or indifferent without first handling and testing them! In the meantime, a book, which likewise he has never read or examined, he unhesitatingly pronounces to be an imposture!

"I am but a stranger," now said the visitor; "yet I cannot forbear telling you that the Scriptures have given *me* great peace, and I sincerely desire your peace and happiness. This has brought me to your house, and has kept me waiting here for nearly an hour; and this it was that made me pass by your long-ungracious silence after I entered your room."

Now shoemakers, as well as other men, love victory in argument; but here was one unmis-takeably defeated; and it is very galling to be silenced before fellow-workmen.

Yet clearly perceiving his defeat, he was in no mood for continuing hostilities, but gracefully surrendered the position; he even rose from his seat to offer the visitor a chair, and probably for the first time in his life listened attentively to the gospel.

"I'll tell you what," cried he; "had you come in preaching and canting, I would have turned you out that door."

That man in time became a real convert, a devoted Christian, and a diligent student of Scripture.

While such things are occurring, shall we not take courage? How many gems may be won for the seeking! How many souls, living on husks, and shivering in rags of their own patchwork, might wear the wedding-robe, and sit in their Lord's banqueting-house, were the messengers abroad to compel them to come in!

Reader, how is it with you? Have you been misjudging God's word, God's love, and God's Christ? He has manifested His love in the

gift of Jesus, and given His word to assure you of a full and free forgiveness through the merits of the all-atoning blood of Jesus. Hear His words: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18.) "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

THE PALACE BALL.



I pleased God that for some time I should reside in one of the gay capitals of the Continent, during which time I naturally became acquainted with the British subjects, who formed almost a family circle there, and who consisted for the most part of the members and *attachés* of the Embassy.

Whilst residing amongst them, however, I found that, though kind and generous-hearted, ready to strain every nerve, and spend time and money in helping an English stranger and traveller, or in caring for the shipwrecked or the unfortunate, with but a few exceptions, they did not wish to be troubled about religion. Some, who in their native land had been Sunday-school teachers, had now succumbed to the worldly and pleasure-seeking spirit of those around them, and the Lord's-day had become to them mostly a day of amusement. Unwilling to join them in their forgetfulness of God, and anxious to awaken some of them, I began to preach the gospel, at first in a drawing-room, and subsequently in a chapel. The effect of this soon brought out man's natural dislike to God, it greatly irritated some, and created a gulf between us.

Winter came on with all its usual gaiety. Balls, concerts, and receptions became the order of the day. All were looking forward with high expectation. There was one noble family the youthful members of which we were especially interested in. One of them, a young lady of great attractions, and the only daughter, had just finished her education

in England, and was about to make her *début* in the world.

Her parents were particularly annoyed at the preaching; and their former never-to-be-forgotten kindness was now almost changed to bitterness, while their daughter evidently shared this feeling.

Never did any member of that household come near the meetings, and tried by every effort they could put forth to hinder others from going to them. Nevertheless, the Lord graciously owned and blessed our efforts.

The gay season was in its infancy, when a noble lady and mutual friend called on this young lady, and spoke of the meetings, anxious to awaken if possible a desire for spiritual things. She found her mind and heart thoroughly engaged with preparations for balls and parties. "See," she said, "how many invitations to balls I have got already;" and she threw down card after card, some of them sparkling in gold and colours. "Fourteen balls," she exclaimed; "and, look, here is the best of all, an invitation to the palace!" Sure enough the card bore the royal arms; it was from the king, desiring her presence at a ball to be held at his palace.

The fondest hopes of the girl's parents seemed realized; her own highest desires, too, in this invitation to the palace ball. Our friend found every attempt vain to draw her mind away to serious subjects. The dresses she was to wear, and which were already in preparation, were the only theme on which she could speak.

One ball passed after another, until it was within a fortnight of the much-desired and longed-for palace ball.

It was the close of a grand ball at the Russian Ambassador's, where she had danced during the night; as usual much admired and sought after. Her brother had accompanied her, and as the ball ended, he found the sledge waiting. She came out with her cloak thrown loosely round her, from an intensely overheated atmosphere into one of intensest cold. In the recollection of the oldest natives there had scarcely been such a winter.

Throwing herself into the sledge, which had stood waiting for a considerable time in the cold night air, the furs doubtless penetrated by the frost, they were driven at the utmost speed over the icy streets; but the effect of all this was a chill to the poor girl.

She arrived at home when all were asleep, and, in the hope of sleeping it off, she went to bed; but the morning found her in a state of fever, and her

throat seriously inflamed. In vain did she attempt to throw it off; the doctor had to be sent for, who ordered her at once to bed, and to have the usual fever remedies applied.

This at last she agreed to, on condition that the dress for the palace ball should be proceeded with, and that the doctor would have her quite well before that time.

Despite all efforts, however, the malady assumed a serious aspect. A nurse had to be sent for to watch her. The throat was getting worse, the fever increasing, sleep was leaving her, and her brain was soon in high inflammation.

The nurse was a Christian widow; not, however, able to speak much English. From her I heard the account of those terrible nights and days that followed.

At times the invalid fancied they were making her ball dress, and she urged them to sew faster that it might be ready; telling them how to trim it, and how important it was for her that it should be ready. Then she thought the time had come, and they did not let her go. At such times she would try to rise and burst through the hands of the attendants, as if she must go at once. At other times she seemed to be at the ball, the whirl and excitement all around her, and she herself dancing with the king. The doctor soon pronounced the malady infectious, and no one must cross her chamber door who cared for life.

Thus cut off from those she loved, but in her frenzy heeding it not, another day or two passed away; her reason, however, never returning. Once there seemed a lucid moment; a sudden thought had crossed the fevered brain, and death, eternity, hell flashed before her. She cried, "Give me a Bible;" but no Bible was near, and then her thoughts changed. She must not die, they must get out the dress; she would go to the ball. And thus, while urging them to hasten the preparations, her soul passed away from a body already blackening in dissolution.

Her mother, soon after bursting into the room, threw herself on her knees by the couch of death, and cried, "Oh, my darling, my darling, my darling, speak to me!" But all was silence—the silence of death.

A day or two after we laid her in a grave cut through the snow and ice, and that evening, as I crossed a square on my way to the little chapel, I could see the palace illuminated; hundreds of

windows flashed their brilliant glare of light across the ice-bound lake. Equipages of various descriptions dashed through the grand entrances, and I remembered then, what I had forgotten for the time, that it was the night of the palace ball. On this her whole heart had been set; for months had she been preparing for it. To her it was the grand event of the winter, the climax of her youthful ambition and joy. In view of it, no thought of God or eternity, of eternal life or of death, could find a place in her heart. Enjoyment—a night's excitement—was of more value than eternal realities. But, alas! the word had gone forth, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

GOD'S WAY OF SAVING A CAPTAIN.



IT was a wild, stormy night in December; there was a perfect war of the elements; and good people on shore, as they drew the curtain and lit the evening lamps, pitied the poor sailors, and were thankful to be able to settle down safely and comfortably in the warm, cheery light of their own fireside. On this night the *Manitobah*, an American barque, having safely weathered the gales of the Atlantic, and delivered her cargo at a French seaport, was beating down the English Channel, under close-reefed topsails, for Wales. Captain D—— is a fine specimen of a Yankee—a tall, well-built, handsome, gentlemanly fellow; a proud, self-confident man; a stern master, but a loving husband and a tender father. Brought up by godly parents, he is nevertheless forgetful of God, and from scepticism is fast drawing on to infidelity. He has on board with him his wife—a gentle, confiding young creature—and their two children. Harold, a winsome boy of three years, and baby Ethel, her mother's joy and pride. The vessel was their home; they had no other. There were all life's treasures; and invested in her bulwarks was all their little fortune. No danger was apprehended, for the barque was well found, the crew brave, and the captain thought to be skilful. But a fatal mistake was made. Arrived off the Lizard, on Cornwall's rock-bound, dangerous coast, the captain mistook the lights. In the thick darkness he shaped his course (as he thought, round the Land's End), and drove

straight into Mount's Bay. It did not take long for the brave ship to drive to her doom. Soon the lights on the shore were distinctly seen, and then all knew their danger. Every nerve was strained to stand out again to sea; but it was too late. All efforts were vain; in a very short time the noble vessel was grounding on the rocks. And now for dear life. Mrs. D——, aroused by the shock, was hastily dressing in her cabin, when her husband entered with quick step and pale face, saying, "We are ashore. Bring the baby, and be calm." He himself took his boy, and led the way on deck, over which the sea was already beginning to break. With the elder child in his arms, he leaped into the seething foam, battled bravely with the waves, and reached the rock in safety with his boy; but the next moment a huge billow washed away and separated for ever father and child. The child was carried out to sea; the father, bruised, bleeding, and unconscious, was cast on shore.

Hours passed away before he recovered himself and realized his position. Night had given way to dawn, and that was fast growing into daylight. The wind had done its work and sunk to rest; the sea was comparatively calm. Every trace of the *Manitobah* had disappeared; and what had become of her freight? Where were his wife and children? In an agony he looked round, but no living being met his gaze. There was nothing but the cruel, mocking sea before him, steep craggy rocks behind him, and above him the cold, grey sky. With all his remaining strength he began to climb the cliff, reached the top in safety, and made his way through some fields to a farm-house in the distance, where he found his crew arrived before him. They could only confirm his worst fears. Vessel, wife, children, all were gone, for ever gone. A few minutes after the captain left the ship a heavy sea struck her broadsides, and she parted amidships. There was no hope for woman or child then. It was all that strong men and practised swimmers could do to save themselves. Mother and babe had together found a watery grave. Bereft of all he counted dear, wife, children, money, vessel, all gone, no wonder that in the depth of misery, in the agony of despair, he should cry, "Why was I spared? Why did I not die too? Why was my life restored to loneliness and poverty?" By-and-by he will see that

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Kind friends pitied the shipwrecked mariner, and led him to a Christian home in the town of Penzance. In this his first great trouble his scepticism and infidelity, like a thin plank, broke under him, and he began to cry to the God whom he had acknowledged in childhood and denied in manhood. Wrapped in deep grief, and dark, silent melancholy, he goes the next day to claim his children, whose lifeless bodies the inconstant sea had brought him back again.

Religion has a strong hold on the Cornish people, and only those who have seen a Cornish revival can have any adequate idea of what the Day of Pentecost was. At this time a good work was in progress in Penzance, and prayer-meetings were being held nightly in the large upper room of the chapel. Thither was our captain led; and when the minister, in solemn earnest language, entreated the people present who were living in sin to abandon such a life for one of Christian holiness; when he told them of a Redeemer from sin, even Jesus, who promised pardon to the penitent, rest to the weary, and eternal glory in exchange for endless misery and woe; the tall, manly form of Captain D—— was seen to press forward to the table where the minister stood. There he knelt under the burden of his sins, feeling how that burden crushed him, how it had become too heavy to be borne. His cry was, "Oh, pray for me! pray for me! Christian friends, pray for me!" And one after another did pray—nay, wrestle and pray—for that stricken man. His agony of mind shook his powerful frame, and was so terrible that others forgot their own sorrows at the sight of his. Then he knelt, accusing himself before the Lord.

"Oh, I used to curse when my poor wife prayed, and she was compelled to hide away from me to get any retirement for prayer. But God has found me out at last. Oh, He has dealt very hardly with me! Can He receive me? No; there is no hope for me. I cannot—dare not—hope for mercy now."

"Ah, yes! His mercy is boundless, but so is His justice! His mercy was proved when giving up His Son to die, 'the just for the unjust.'"

"Well, but if I prayed humbly to Him, in a penitent spirit, He is so merciful, will He not forgive me?"

"Ah," I said again, "you are at the wrong end. Sin must be *settled*, not overlooked. Suppose you were indebted to a creditor in a very large amount, and unable to pay his claims; would you care to

meet him? Would you not rather, as many do, turn away suddenly under some pretext, when meeting those to whom they are indebted? But suppose you did meet him, and in a very penitential way assured him you were sorry for getting into his debt (increasing it, nevertheless, every day), would that pay his claims, or discharge your responsibility?"

"Yes, but God is not like man; He is merciful," he observed.

"Well," I said, "let us look at it in another way. Suppose a vile criminal, tried at our quarterly assize and found guilty; would the judge be justified in letting him go free if the criminal, with penitential tears, said he was very sorry, and if let go unpunished would never do the like again? Would you not be one of the first to raise your voice against such a miscarriage of justice, and denounce the judge as unfit to administer the law? But if to meet the claims of the law, the judge, out of a kind remembrance of and consideration for the criminal's parents, took the culprit's place and suffered the very sentence he himself had imposed, would not the law be magnified—its claims upheld and satisfied? This, then, is what God has done. He would not, and could not, abate the sternness of the sovereign decree against man's rebellion and lawlessness; but—oh, His mercy!—He gave up His only-begotten Son, delivered Him up for our offences, and raised Him again for our justification. Wonder, oh heavens! and be astonished, oh earth! The Son of God laid down His life—'Therefore doth my Father love me,' He said, 'because *I lay down* my life, that I might take it again.' (John x. 17.) 'He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He was *offered* to bear the sins of many.'"

God's *justice* has been demonstrated to the universe, for He spared not His own Son, when that Son voluntarily "bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" and surely His *love* will be the eternal theme of praise by those whose sins have been thus divinely atoned for by the precious blood of Christ!

"My friend," said a gentle voice near him, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son to die for sinners. And now He will save *whosoever* will come in the name of His Son." The simple way of salvation through faith in Christ was explained to him; but all was dark. No ray of light penetrated that wretched soul.

He went home to pray. All night and all the next day did he pray, and at the evening prayer-meeting he was again found there, a humble penitent. Every one prayed for that one soul. He was passing through deep waters, and as yet unable to see the hand outstretched to save.

Then an honest sailor spoke with him. "My friend," said he, "Jesus loves you. Nor will He leave you till you are on the right track. He saw how thoughtless and careless you were, and He has wrecked your ship in order to save your soul. Don't you see His hand in it? How would it have been had you been cast away on the French coast, now? Do you think you would have found the Great Captain there? He knew we were holding prayer-meetings here in Cornwall, and He has steered you here that you may be saved. Now, take Him at His word, and He will bring you through the storm."

"I never thought," said the penitent man, "that God had anything to do with my ship. I thought I was captain, and when I had done all in my power, the rest was left to fate. But I see now, God led me here."

Another night and day of darkness and pain, and then light and joy. The meeting in which light filled that darkened mind, and joy that troubled heart, will never be forgotten by anyone who was there. As the Christian people were bowed in silent prayer for that one man, first in a low, sweet tone, which gradually rose to a loud, strong voice, was heard the thanksgiving of the penitent as he found mercy and obtained pardon. Long weary and tempest-tossed, God had at last granted him peace. He rose from his knees, and, in tones which moved strong men to tears, he sang a hymn taught him by his mother in his happy, genial boyhood—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

He sang it through; and for the first time in his life realized how great is the happiness which springs from sins pardoned, peace with God, and a glorious hope of heaven. Once more he joined in that Methodist prayer-meeting, and at its close standing up to thank the people for their sympathy and prayers, he said:

"In my case the words of the Saviour—my Saviour now—have indeed been fulfilled: 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick,

and ye visited me.' I thank you for it all. To-night I can say, God led me here. He had to take away my all to bring me to Himself. It has been a bitter stroke, but He doeth all things well. Never shall I forget this sacred spot, or that little grave, in this far-west corner of England. To-morrow I start for America. I shall go back and tell how Cornish people treated me; and to the latest hour of my life shall I remember with gratitude the friends I have found here. I go from you a changed man—bereaved, chastened heavily, but at peace with God. As on that dreadful night I grasped the rock for safety, so now I cling to the Rock of Ages for salvation. It is late now to begin to serve God, but henceforth my life shall be spent in His service. I shall begin life afresh with a new purpose, new endeavours, and a new Master. Farewell my friends. God bless you."

Dear reader, to which are you trusting—to God's mercy in winking at or passing over your sins, because you pray to Him; or to His righteousness, in accepting the sufferings and death of His own Son, when He died for our sins, as satisfying the claims of His justice? In other words, are you resting your hopes for eternity on His mercy in not pressing for payment of an admitted debt, or to the full and righteous settlement of the claim made on the cross?

In the light of this question I press the consideration and reflection of the following scripture, which came from the very lips of the Son of the Father, and may God's Holy Spirit illuminate your mind as you read it. It is this: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." It's grand, simply grand, is it not? G. W. G.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has increased; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house. Back numbers will be supplied at half-price; viz., 250 for 10/-, 600 for £1.

THE

CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night!
The watchman said, The morning
cometh, an' also the night: if ye
will enquire, enquire ye: return,
come." (Isaiah xxi. 13.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a
watchman unto the house of Israel:
therefore thou shalt hear the word
at my mouth, and warn them from
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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WHAT MUST I DO TO BE LOST FOR EVER?

QUESTION FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.



HAT a startling question! Reader, did you ever seriously consider it? How surprising that there should be any difference of judgment about it! yet there is. And why? Because people do not listen to what God has to say. They take their own thoughts and venture to have an opinion of their own, forgetting that God says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts." (Isa. lv. 8.) Our only safety then is in accepting what God says in His word.

We shall see from Scripture that there is only *one* thing to do to ensure being lost for ever. It is very simple, but a very solemn and dreadful, thing.

It is not giving way to habits of intemperance or morality. It is not becoming untruthful, dishonest, or profane. Though "for all these things God will bring thee into judgment," and at the great white throne judgment will be "according to our works." (Rev. xx. 12.)

On the other hand you may be temperate and moral, truthful, honest, and religious. You may be a regular attendant at your place of worship, pay for your sitting, subscribe largely to all the charitable institutions, even take the sacrament, and yet be

doing that one thing which, if persisted in, will land you (and God knows how soon) on the hopeless side of hell's fixed gulf, an eternally lost soul.

Do you ask, What can it be? It is wrapped up in one single word—NEGLECT. "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

Some people think you must commit very *glaring* sins to be lost for ever. Others think it is not the *kind* of sins, but the *number*, and that you must commit a *great number* of sins to be lost for ever. Scripture says, "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation?" You need only to continue living a life of carelessness and indifference, *neglecting* not your duties, but this great salvation, and how can you escape? Can heaven, earth, or hell answer that question? No, my reader, no! There is an eternal silence to it, and why? Because there is NO ESCAPE.

God is heralding forth in this sad, sin-blighted world salvation by Jesus Christ. He is speaking of a salvation which His grace brings for all men. (Titus ii. 11.) A salvation which brings no conditions, and makes no demands as a ground for receiving it; based too on the death and blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus Christ, and suitable for man in all his deep and desperate need. Then if you desire to be lost for ever, simply close your ear to this glorious gospel, and thus *neglect* this great salvation. You may *do* anything, *be* anything, *say* anything, only continue to *neglect* this great salvation, and your doom is certain.

Alas! our churches, chapels, and meeting-rooms are filled with souls who are persistently doing this awful and fatal thing—neglecting this great salva-

tion. They seem to think that attending the service is accepting the salvation, and they go and hear, and come away *neglecters* week after week. Reader, are you one? If so, beware!

Now let us look at the other side.

What must I do to be Saved?

Mark the simplicity of the answer:

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." (Acts xvi. 31.) Nothing is said about uprightness of character and attendance on the means of grace, or any such things. No; the object of faith is a Person. Not yourself nor your works. It is the Lord Jesus Christ. God pledges salvation to the person who believes on His Son, so that the moment you believe on Him you may know that **YOU ARE SAVED.**

God never intended you to save yourself. He knew that all your efforts would be useless. You could never wash away one single sin-spot from your guilty conscience, much less the multitude of sins which cover you and unfit you for His holy presence. What has God done? He laid help on "One who was mighty to save." Yes; God sent His own Son, and on the cross Jesus bore the sins of all His believing people, and was "made sin" for them, so that in the death and blood-shedding of Jesus at the cross God was fully met and glorified about their guilt and their state. The sin question was settled between God and Christ alone, and settled for ever.

Do you ask me, Where is the proof of its settlement? I reply, The proof is in heaven—Christ on the throne in the glory, "raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father" (Rom. vi. 4), and seated there by Him. (Acts. ii. 33.) Surely you need no more convincing proof than that.

You cannot rely on your *feelings*, as they are never two days alike. You cannot trust your *experience*, as it changes with circumstances. But you may indeed, to be saved you *must*, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and on the authority of God's word, which never changes—you *are saved*.

Why is it that persons who really desire to be saved are so long anxious and miserable? Because they are looking within themselves to their feelings and experiences for the ground of peace. They want to make a compromise with God—*Jesus and feelings*—and God will not allow it. He says, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him." Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished!" Then "believe

on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"When?"

"The moment you believe."

"Where?"

"Just where you are, as your eye scans these lines."

"How can you know it?"

"God says so in His word; thus you have it on divine authority."

May He grant that you, my reader, may not neglect, but *accept*, this great salvation by simple faith alone in the Lord Jesus Christ. W. E.

THE BLACK MAN;

OR, THE WAY TO HEAVEN.



FEW years since a dear servant of the Lord—a coloured man—on his way from London to a town on the sea coast (where he was going on his blessed Master's service, and also with the hope of recruiting his health a little, which had become much worn down by arduous duties), entered a railway carriage, in which were several passengers. Having had to hurry to the station, he sat down, and, leaning back in his seat to recover breath, looked out of the window.

Presently the train moved on, and as they passed the busy crowds still left on the platform, he heaved a sigh at the thought of such multitudes of people rushing through this world without, perhaps, any concern about eternity or their immortal souls. It might be the heavy sigh, or his colour and general appearance, that attracted the notice of an elderly lady who was seated opposite to him, for he soon became conscious that she was regarding him with marked attention.

She said to her companion, "What an interesting-looking person that is! He looks ill! What a fine race of people he must belong to! I wonder who he is. Do you think he is a Turk, or a Hindoo?" "I think he is an Indian," said the young lady. "I wish we could speak to him," continued the elderly lady. "I quite long to tell him the way to heaven. How sad it is that such a fine intelligent-looking people should bow down to images and

stocks and stones. What a pity we can't speak to him, for he doesn't seem to understand a word we say." "Perhaps he may be able to read English a little, if he cannot speak it," suggested the young lady. "You might offer him a tract," said one of the gentlemen. The elderly lady opened her bag, and from a number selected one, which she presented to him with a smile and motion to read it. He received the tract, bowed his thanks, and read it through in silence.

While he was reading it, they talked together about the desirability of increased exertion on the part of this Christian land to send the gospel to the heathen, and much was said about the great good accomplished in various parts by missionary efforts, &c.

Availing himself of a pause in the conversation, our friend, in good English, thanked the lady for her care for his soul, telling her it was an all-important object to him, adding, "I heard you say, madam, you longed to tell me the way to heaven; have the kindness to tell me how I may be sure of going there—I want to hear that. This tract does not tell how I may be **SURE** now that I shall be saved. It tells me to repent of my sins, and to pray, but how can I know when I have prayed and repented enough? Can you not tell me plainly how I may be sure of getting to heaven? Have you no other book that tells a poor sinner how he may get to heaven?"

"Oh, yes," said the lady, "the Bible, which is the word of God, was given on purpose to show the way to heaven. Read the Bible, and pray, and you will be sure to go to heaven."

"Can you show me in God's word where that is said? Where does it say that if I pray I shall go to heaven? I want to be sure of that. Have you a Bible, madam? And can you point out the word which plainly tells how I may be sure of that?" She had no Bible in her bag. The other three passengers were appealed to for a Bible, but no one carried a Bible about with them.

At last our friend drew the precious volume from his pocket, and, holding it up, said, "Is that the book you mean, madam? If it be the word of God, given on purpose to show the way to heaven, it will surely give plain directions. Will you kindly show me where?" The lady took the Bible, and, turning over the leaves, confusedly said, "I do not know exactly where to find what I want to show you, but it says if you repent of your sins, and pray earnestly, you will be saved."

"That does not satisfy me. How am I to know that I have prayed enough to satisfy God? Can you not point out one portion that is enough to rest upon?"

Turning to her companion, she said, "Can you find it?" She answered, "No." The poor lady asked the others in turn; and the Bible was offered to each with the entreaty that they would point out some portion that told plainly how the sinner was to get to heaven. But all confessed their inability to recollect where such passages could be found.

The lady returned the Bible, and said, "Well, I cannot find the place, but if you will call upon the Rev. Mr. —, when you reach F—, he will tell you. He is a very good man, an evangelical clergyman; and he will be happy to direct you."

"But, madam, we may never reach F—. The train may run off the line, and we may be all killed. We may have a collision. Many things may happen. I do not know that I may live to see F—. Can none of you Christians tell a poor foreigner how he may be saved? You are moved with pity for his darkness and ignorance. Can you not help him to the light?"

"I have told you you must pray," said the lady. "The Bible says so."

He took the Bible, and opening at John iii. 14-16, read out the verses: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then John v. 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath everlasting life*, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." And Acts xiii. 38, 39: "Be it known to you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things, from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses."

"Are these the portions you mean, madam?" he asked.

"Yes, that is what I could not remember."

"But you told me I must pray and repent. This precious book tells me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Praise to His name! The poor foreigner can trust that blessed Word, and know he is safe for

heaven—safe through the work of that Lord Jesus Christ which was finished on the cross more than 1800 years ago; and is happy in knowing he is justified from all things, in virtue of that blood shed for sinners, and not by his own prayers and repentance—happy in knowing He has made peace by the blood of His cross.”

He then proceeded at some length to set forth to his astonished fellow-travellers the love that led God to send His Son into this world to die for sinners, and the love that brought the Son to do the will of His Father.

“Stop, sir,” exclaimed one of the gentlemen angrily; “this is no place for such holding forth. It is neither the time nor place, sir.”

“When is the time, and where is the place, in this Christian land, for a Christian to speak of Christ?” calmly, but earnestly, he asked.

“Sunday is the time, sir, and the church is the place, but not a railway carriage. This is a very improper place.”

They had reached the end of their journey, and they parted, to meet no more on earth, for our beloved friend and brother was soon after taken to be for ever with the Lord.

The foregoing incident is not only striking, but very suggestive and illustrative. Here we have a number of professing Christians, all seeming very anxious about the state of the heathen, and appearing to feel the importance of sending the gospel to them; and yet, when appealed to by one who, for aught they knew, was but a poor heathen, and entreated to tell him the way of salvation, they proved themselves utterly ignorant of it; and not only so, but one of their number angrily stopped him when, in the fulness of his heart, he sought to tell them of God’s blessed way of saving sinners.

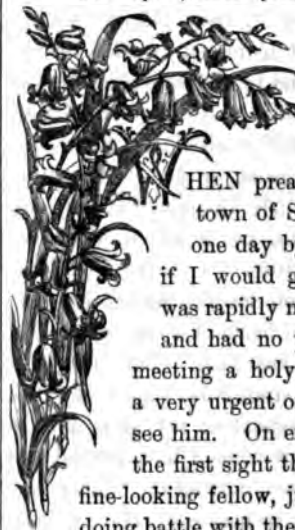
Christendom—“wise in her own conceits”—vainly imagines that she will be God’s instrument in converting the heathen. Alas! alas! she is only a stumbling-block to the heathen, and will never be used to convert them at all. “God at the first did visit the Gentiles to *take out of them* a people for His name”—not to convert them all. How are the heathen to be converted? Hear the divine reply: “God be merciful unto *us* (Israel), and bless *us*; and cause His face to shine upon *us*. *That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. . . . God shall bless us* (Israel); *and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.*” (Psalm lxxvii.)

It is through Israel, and not through Christendom,

that God will bless all nations. Now He is gathering out a people, and He is using His own word, far and wide, to this end. But how important for the beloved servants of Christ to work with a divine object before their minds. Would it cripple their energies or clip their wings? Nay, it would only guide their movements.

“IT IS ALL SETTLED, I AM A LOST SOUL.”

A TRUE NARRATIVE.



WHEN preaching the gospel in the town of S—, I was called upon one day by a Christian lady to see if I would go and visit a man who was rapidly nearing the great eternity, and had no peace in the prospect of meeting a holy God. As the case was a very urgent one, I went off at once to see him. On entering his sick-chamber, the first sight that caught my eye was a fine-looking fellow, just in the prime of life, doing battle with the grim messenger—death. The sight was most touching, and overwhelmingly solemn. I could not help weeping when I saw the man, in the bloom of life, face to face with the king of terrors, and fast sinking under his powerful strokes, with no precious Christ in his soul to give him the victory in such an awful hour. After waiting for a few moments upon God for guidance, I commenced to tell him the “old, old story, of Jesus and His love;” but had not well begun when he fixed his eyes upon me, and said, with an earnest tone of voice, “It is no use your speaking to me about spiritual things, for my day of grace is for ever past. Two years ago my eternal destiny was fixed, and I am as sure of spending my eternity in hell as I am speaking to you, so that you need not speak to me about salvation. It is all settled; I am a lost soul.”

My feelings at that moment can be better imagined than described.

I trembled lest the word spoken should be true. Again I sought to find a way to his heart by telling of the matchless love of Jesus, and His willingness to save even the chief of sinners; but my message seemed to him as an idle tale. He

looked me in the face, and said, with sullen rebellion, "I don't want Christ, I have no desire whatever to be saved; I am dying, and I am going to hell, so that you had better go away, and say no more to me on that subject."

But as I was anxious to rescue his perishing soul from the grasp of the enemy, I told him if he had one hand out of hell, the precious Christ could save him, if he would make personal application to Him. "If I had strength," said he, "I would rise from this bed of suffering, and take you to the very spot where God took His Holy Spirit from me. I might have been saved. God often sought to win my heart to Himself, but I preferred sin and the pleasure of earth to His Christ, and now I am dying, and I know that I am going to hell to reap what I have sown."

I knelt down by his bedside, and commenced to plead with God to save his perishing soul; and while praying the poor dying one kept clapping my head with his hand, and at the same time uttering those awfully solemn words, "It is no use! It is no use! It is no use! I am lost! Salvation is gone for ever!"

When I rose from my knees I took him by the hand, and said, "My dear fellow, Jesus came from heaven to earth to save such as you, and it is the joy of His heart to receive poor sinners; and if you will only trust Him now, you will get saved, the enemy will be robbed of his victim, and the blessed name of Jesus will be glorified."

His reply was, "Oh, how dark it is getting!"

At this terrible moment a cold thrill of horror came creeping over me, and I felt convinced his day of grace was indeed past. The dark shadows of eternity were settling down upon his dark benighted soul. Do you wonder it was getting dark? And oh, how dark it must be to a lost soul launched out into a shoreless eternity. Soon this poor man was before his God.

Dear reader, my reason for calling your attention to this most solemn narrative is to warn you against the awful sin of putting off salvation, and to urge you at once to close in with God's offer of the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour. Know this, and know it now, that if the matter is not settled, then soon, very soon, you also will have to say, "I am a lost soul;" and in hell, lifting up your eyes, being in torments, you will hear that voice which had been calling you to come unto Himself saying those terrific words, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man

regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

Turn ye, turn ye, or

"Too late! too late! will be the cry—
Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

Then there is only one thing worse can happen to you, and that is damnation!

I want to ask you a personal question.

Are you at this moment anxious about your soul?

Would you be saved now for eternity, yea, even before you put down this paper? If so, rest assured that it is the blessed Spirit who is seeking to guide your weary feet into the way of life. If the Holy Ghost has roused you from your sleep and carnal security, and convinced you of your utter inability to get to heaven in your own strength, or through your own merit, it is that you may learn the simple way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now are you willing heartily to respond to God's way of salvation? Then you need not be without this rich blessing one moment, everything is provided, and the loving hand of God is waiting and willing to bestow it upon you, if you will only take it from Him as a free gift; but if you are like many to whom I speak, doing your best to get to heaven, then let me say, you will never be saved, and hell is sure to be your eternal portion; for God has said, "Not of works, least any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 9.) And He also says, "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin." (Rom. iii. 20.) To make your works the ground of your acceptance before God, or to trust in anything of your own whatever, is simply to perish.

I think I hear you saying, "What must I do, then, in order to be saved?" Well, simply nothing. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, *It is finished*; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." (John xix. 30.) Oh that you understood this, then you would cast aside all your own doings, and rest in what the blessed Lord has accomplished on the cross for you.

I was called upon one day to go and see a lady who was anxious about her soul. When I entered her room I found her sitting at the window, sewing. After putting the way of life before her as simply as I could, she said to me, "I do believe on the

Lord Jesus Christ, but I am not saved." All at once she rose up from her seat, and commenced to seek under the table and chairs for something. I said to her, "I perceive you have lost something." "Yes," replied the lady. "I have lost my thimble." At once I noticed that her thimble was upon her finger, and I said, "My good friend, your thimble is upon your finger." "Oh," she said, "how stupid I am to go about seeking for the thing that I have got." I said, "Well, my dear friend, that is just what you are doing with salvation. You say that you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but you are not saved; and God says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.' (John v. 24.) Faith and salvation go together, and cannot be separated; so if you believe on the Lord Jesus, He says that you are not condemned." (John iii. 18.) And God, by His Holy Spirit, gave the anxious one to see that she was in possession of everlasting life as a believer on Him. Oh, let me ask *you*, Do you believe on the Son of God? If so, everlasting life is yours, and yours now. Oh, claim it, and thank and praise Him who shed His precious blood in order to purchase it for you. The God of all grace bless you with the knowledge of salvation.

"Oh, mercy surprising! He saves even me!
Thy portion for ever, He says, will I be;
On His word I am resting; assurance divine—
I am hoping no longer, I KNOW He is mine.
I KNOW He is mine, yes I KNOW He is mine,
I'm hoping no longer—I KNOW He is mine."

W. D. D.

"THERE'S A MIST ABOUT IT, SOMEHOW."



O spoke an elderly gentleman to me while talking to him about the great salvation. We had been speaking about his health, he having said that he believed he should go off suddenly in one of his bad attacks some day. I replied that to depart and be with Christ was far better than toil and suffering here.

Oh, yes, if one was only sure of that!" he said; "but——"

I interrupted him with, "You can be *quite* sure;

for God has not left us in darkness as to the future. We have His own word, telling us all about it. He says, 'He that believeth on His Son *hath* everlasting life;' and the man who has got an *eternal* life will live with Him in His presence for ever."

"Ah!" he said, shaking his head doubtfully, "it may seem clear to you, but it isn't to me."

"Why," I observed, "it's as clear as the sun in the heavens; nothing could be clearer. Did not the Son of God die for our sins—'died for the ungodly,' came 'to save sinners,' suffered, the 'just for the unjust'? Did not God the Father righteously raise His Son from the dead, He having finished the work of redemption, thereby proving that His just claims had been fully met in the death of the Lamb? And has He not declared in His word that *WHOSOEVER believeth in Him* is 'justified from all things'?"

"Oh, I wish I had your faith!"

"When I tell you that I have a family of nine children, do you doubt my word?"

"Certainly not."

"Why? You have never seen them all. If you were to hear some people discussing how many of a family I had, would you say, 'Well, he *says* he has nine; but I really don't know;' or would you not rather say, 'He *has* nine; he *said so*,' thus proving you believed my statement? If you can accept my word, how is it you cannot receive the word of God? I should feel grieved if I thought you doubted me; for I have never, to my knowledge, given you any occasion to discredit my statements. How then must God be grieved by His creatures' doubts—God that cannot lie!"

He turned aside to brush away a tear.

Reader, do you believe God's faithful word about the finished work of Christ? Is it all as clear as the light of day, or is it with you also "all a mist?"

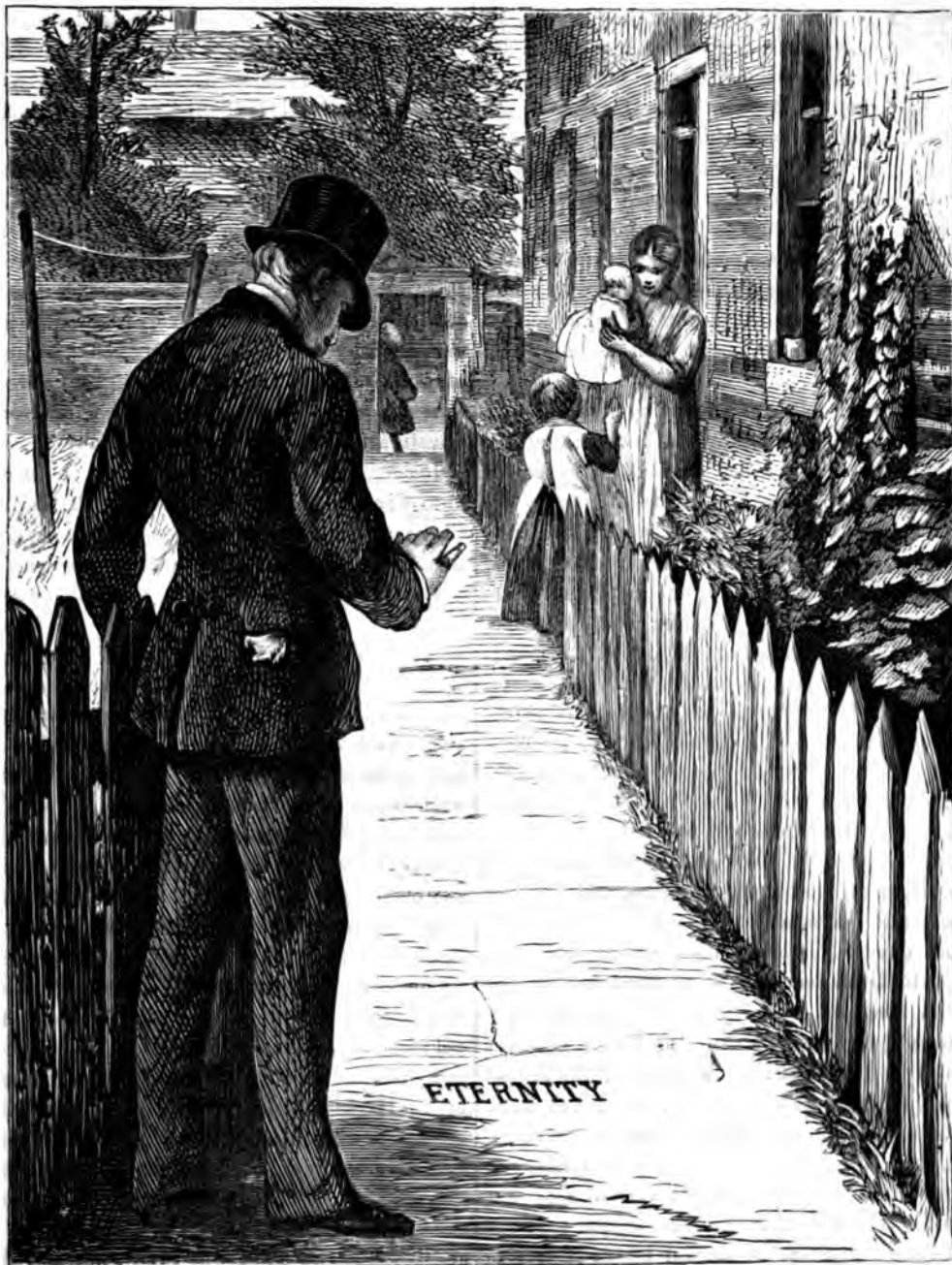
"Abraham *believed* God," and it was "counted unto him as *righteousness*. Now it was not written for His sake alone that it was imputed to him, but for us also, if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being *justified by faith*, we have *PEACE with God*."

Has your faith in a work divinely accomplished over eighteen centuries ago, to which God Himself attests His satisfaction as that which gives Him a righteous basis for justifying all that believe, given you peace with God?

G. W. G.

The Watchman's Message.

Jeremiah xii. 5.



* WHAT WILT THOU SAY WHEN HE SHALL PUNISH THEE? *

Jeremiah xiii. 21.

HE CHALKED THE WORD "ETERNITY" ON THE PAVEMENT.

HOW LONG HALT YE BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS?

1 Kings xviii. 21.

ROBERT ANNAN.



ROBERT ANNAN was the son of respectable parents, who sent him when a child to school; and often, instead of striving to master his lessons, he was contending with his fists. He would rise before the break of day, and hie to the fields for sport. To secure his early awaking, he would hang out of his bedroom window a string, one end of which was fastened to his ankle; at early morn, ere yet anyone in the house was astir, his companions came and pulled the string, and the sleeper awoke. Fearless and fond of daring, he would plunge into the water whenever he found an opportunity, and quickly became an accomplished swimmer.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a merchant as clerk; but he would not settle at the desk, and after his time had expired he served his father as a mason. Ere this he had begun to frequent the tavern, and speedily became the ring-leader in drinking, swearing, fighting, and kindred vices, till at last he found himself in prison, where he lay for three months. Finding no suitable employment, Robert enlisted in the 100th Regiment, which shortly afterwards went to England, and encamped at Aldershot, and soon after he deserted. Disguised in the cast-off clothes of a peasant, with a tattered jacket, a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other, he pursued his way towards London. Seeing a company of marines, he went and enlisted in the naval service, for the sake of the bounty, on which he made merry, and managed for a day or two to forget his misery. This did not last long. He had deserted because his regiment had been ordered to Gibraltar, and to be stationed on the Rock he imagined would prove to him sheer imprisonment and now his ship, the *Edgar*, was sent to that very place. From the deck of the *Edgar* he could see his old comrades of the 100th Regiment on the Rock. He became extremely unhappy. Might they not discover that Robert Mackie (he had now assumed his mother's patronymic) was none other than Robert Annan the deserter? Every time he saw a red-coat he fancied he was about to be seized. Conscience began to upbraid him, till at length he was constrained by the voice within to give himself up as a deserter.

After suffering punishment for his offences, he again resolved to turn over a new leaf, and now thought he had done with sin for ever. In this spirit he wrote to his parents, who procured his discharge, and Robert returned to his father's house, seemingly a sadder and a wiser man. One truth he well knew, in one text of Scripture he believed—"The way of transgressors is hard." (Prov. xiii. 15.)

One night he was so far humbled as to go to a revival meeting. At the close of the meeting he felt disposed to join the company of weeping inquirers, but shame prevented him. As he stood upon the doorsteps a young man exhorted him to decide, and then bade him good-night, saying, "We shall meet at the judgment-seat." "The judgment-seat," repeated the trembling sinner to himself; "yes, yes, it is true I must go there." Every old truth seemed now to flash new light into his soul; and shortly after he found peace in believing he proved that the gospel of Christ "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Reader, believe, and it will be the power of God unto salvation to you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Jesus says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Robert lived for Christ, and loved to speak

"To all around
What a dear Saviour he had found."

One morning he rose at four o'clock, and spent a long season in secret prayer. He returned to breakfast as usual, and then took a piece of chalk, and wrote upon the pavement "ETERNITY" (which word was afterwards graven on the pavement, but may it be deeply written on your heart, dear reader), and on the gate "DEATH," and went to his work at the docks. In two hours he met death, to him in Christ a vanquished foe, and entered eternity, to be for ever with the Lord. He was, as we have said before, a powerful swimmer. About twelve o'clock a boy, eleven years old, fell into the water, and Robert, hearing the cry, plunged in to save him. Having reached the spot where the boy was struggling for life, he laid hold on him, and bidding him "hang on by his neck," he made way for the shore. But the current proved too strong for even the strong swimmer, and two boats put off to his assistance. The child was saved, but the man of God went down. He might have saved himself by letting the boy go; but he did not do so. The self-sacrificing and Christ-like man would save another,

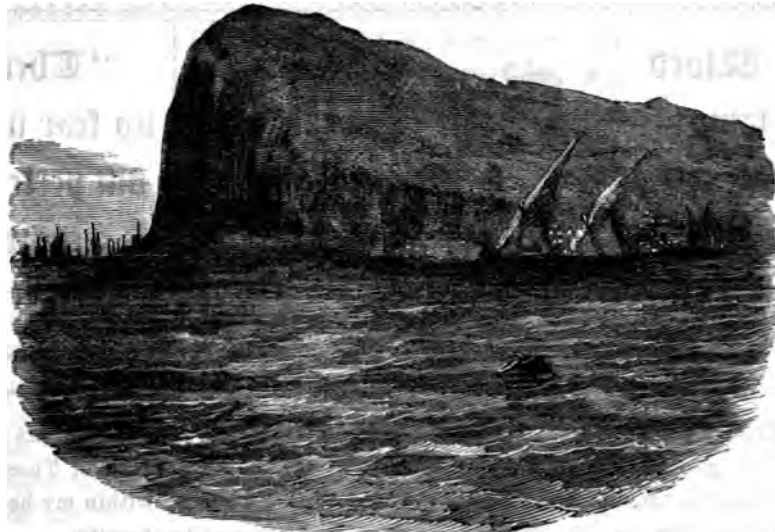
THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

if he perished himself. Waving his hand, as if bidding farewell, and with a smile on his face, he laid himself on his back and went down. Down! did I say? No; not down, but up; for the man himself, the nobler part, washed in the blood of Christ and clad in the beauty of holiness, went up to be for ever with the Lord.

When the waters closed over him as a shroud, the angel-guard was ready to carry him aloft, and the balls of heaven pealed forth his welcome home.

Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Reader, are you born again? are you washed in the blood of Jesus? If not, why not *now*? Once, when Robert Annan preached at A——, a young man, trembling with alarm, came up and acknowledged that he was not saved. "Then," said the faithful evangelist, "if you die as you are, you will drop into hell." "True, true," was the young man's reply. "Well, then, flee to the Refuge; you may



GIBRALTAR ROCK.

What a sight met his enraptured spirit! Now his eyes behold the King in His beauty; his feet tread the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem. He shines as a jewel in Immanuel's glorious diadem. No tear shall ever dim his eye again; for the hands that were nailed to the cross have wiped them all away. Amongst the ransomed company his voice may be heard joining in the song—never-ending and ever new—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His

die to-night." But he resisted the strivings of the Holy Ghost, and went away, saying, "Oh, surely I wont die so soon!" In a few days, without any apparent change, he was called to meet God at the judgment-bar, and now his state is fixed, and that for ever.

"Procrastination," said a great preacher, "is the recruiting officer of hell." Reader, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

"The light of the righteous

wicked shall be put out."

• rejoiceth; but the lamp of the •

HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

"Thy Word
is a lamp
unto my feet,
and a light
unto my path."

The Lord
— IS —
My Light.

"There is
no fear in love;
but perfect love
casteth
out fear."

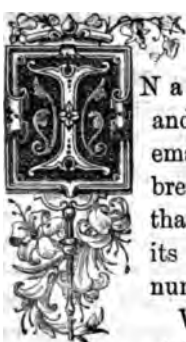
PLENTEOUS grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!

Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Now, and to eternity.

JESUS SAID:

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD:
He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness,
BUT SHALL HAVE THE LIGHT OF LIFE."

JOHN VIII. 12.



"I WANT TO FEEL DIFFERENTLY."

IN a small room, scrupulously neat and clean, sat a young man. His emaciated form and laboured breathing told but too plainly that consumption was fast doing its work, and that his days were numbered.

When I first called to see him, at the request of a friend, he was restless and unhappy; fear of the all uncertain future haunted and harassed his mind. I visited him several times, reading, and seeking in the most simple form to present the love of Jesus in dying for sinners. He said he knew he was a sinner, and also that Jesus died for him, but could not believe that his sins were forgiven unless he could feel differently. This was his invariable answer. In vain I tried to show him that as soon as he believed God's word his sins were forgiven, and he would feel. A dead man could not feel, and that it was only by faith in the Son of God that life was given. (John v. 24 and vi. 40-47.)

He was fast sinking. Anxiety for his safety took me much to the Lord for wisdom, that it might not be my own words, but a message from God Himself; and just at this time a tract, entitled *I Have My Ticket*, was put into my hand. Upon calling I found him much in the same state, still wanting to find something in himself to present to God.

How slow we are to find out that there is nothing in us to recommend us to God! that we can do nothing to please Him until we have life in His Son! Dear reader, are you clinging to something that you are or hope to be, to your feelings or aught else? Ah, it must all go sooner or later! Like the foolish man who built his house upon the sand; the rain descended, and the floods came, and beat upon that house, and it fell. There was no foundation; it looked fair outwardly, respectable, and lovable perhaps, but without Christ to rest upon. It was so in the case before us. I read the tract to him, and again pleaded with him to let go everything and take God at His word. He

said little, but promised to do so, and I left him hopefully. The case of the young man in the tract was his, only he was dying; his opportunity to try to be or to feel anything would soon be gone.

I was not disappointed; for on calling next day he greeted me with, "It's all true; I believe and I feel. I know now that my sins are all washed away in the blood of Jesus." His face was changed; the restless, anxious look had given place to a quiet peace; and in a few days more he was with the Lord.

It may be that one who reads this says, "It is just my case too;" and in the full flow of health you think you shall improve as you grow older. Nay, do not deceive yourself any longer; own yourself to be, what God says you are, "Dead in trespasses and sins." What can a dead man do? An aged woman, of more than seventy years, stopped me the other day with "You was the first woman that ever showed me I could not do anything to make myself better. I remember how hard you tried to make me understand, and I do now. It's all Christ; it's what He is. I am nothing, and never shall be."

But oh, how much better to learn this at the commencement of our life than at the end! "It's all Christ." Do you know Him, dear reader—the One whose heart yearned over sinners—the One who left the glory for this world of sorrow and of sin? Have you ever traced His lowly life of patient suffering and unselfish love for three-and-thirty years, and then His death? Those hours of agony in the garden, and those still more bitter on the tree?

Think you it was the death He dreaded? Ah, no! that were but leaving a scene of suffering and sorrow; it was the sin—sin that was not His own; for He was the "Sin-bearer," "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Sin that a pure and holy God could not look upon; and hence that terrible cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

May God in His mercy teach you what it is, then in the very joy of your heart you too will exclaim, "It's all Christ!" what He has done and what He is. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."



THE WORLDLY LAWYER.

"**M**URPHY, a curious thing has occurred to me to-day," said Mr. Morton as he entered the drawing-room where his wife was sitting. "When I got to the office I found among my letters an envelope containing nothing but a pink-covered tract; not a word to say from whom it came, or why it was sent. Is it not strange?"

"Very strange, dear," replied his wife. "Who do you think has sent it to you?"

"I have not the least idea. I cannot think of anyone at all likely to send me a tract. At all events we can read it to-morrow after churchtime, and see what it is all about." And so saying he replaced the tract, which he had shown his wife, in the envelope, and consigned it to his pocket again.

Mr. Morton was a solicitor in large practice, honourable in all his dealings, and of high moral character, but without a thought beyond this world. Having been brought up by irreligious parents, who conformed outwardly to the observance of attending at church, while their thoughts were taken up by other matters, and who never spoke of any state of existence except the present, on which their hearts were fixed, he followed in their steps, and practically forgot God. His chief thought was to amass a fortune as speedily as possible; and with this object in view he worked late and early, seldom allowing himself time for any relaxation from business, or partaking of any amusements except an occasional concert, or a ball at his own house or elsewhere. A flying visit to the Continent, or an excursion to the sea-side every year, braced his energies for his arduous duties. And so time passed on, year after year rolling swiftly by, each one seeing his wealth increasing, and his mind more resolutely bent on acquiring riches.

Mrs. Morton, on the other hand, had experienced that great change of which our Lord spoke when He declared that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." She had felt the repose of spirit, the joy of heart, which the Lord Jesus gives to all who simply and sincerely trust in Him. (Matt. xi. 28, 29.) Her husband loved her too well to ridicule her feelings, but he could not understand them, and in his heart, thought her very foolish and weak for indulging in what he

considered "morbid nonsense." He had read the tract aloud to his wife; and as he sat silently after he had finished it, evidently thinking over its words, Mrs. Morton prayed inwardly that God would be pleased to deepen the impression evidently made, and draw the heart of her dear husband to Himself.

The pink tracts continued to come regularly, and very soon were eagerly expected by Mr. Morton, who always kept them in his pocket until the Sunday following their arrival, when, after churchtime, he read them with his wife; and as month after month went by he became more and more interested in them. His days were filled with worldly cares; and although he had established family prayers, and read God's word morning and evening, Sunday was the only day on which he could really lay aside the business of everyday life, and think of that which was to come. But even then his time was not entirely his own; for, living out of town, many gentlemen—barristers and other friends—came out to see him, glad of an excuse for spending a few hours in the country, and pleased to be for a while members of the happy circle at Rose Lodge.

Mrs. and Mrs. Morton felt that it deprived them of much peaceful pleasure to be thus intruded upon on their only quiet day together, but neither saw a way of putting an end to it without giving offence to people who believed their visits to be agreeable. Meanwhile Mrs. Morton continued constant in prayer for her husband's eternal welfare.

She had been out driving one day, and when she came home she was surprised to see the doctor's carriage at the door. Hastily passing the servant, she was hurrying into the house, when the doctor met her, and taking her hand led her into the dining-room.

"Calm yourself," he said, as she tried to speak; "you will have need of all your firmness. On you, I may say, everything depends."

"Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed, "which of the children is it? Who is it? Tell me the truth, I implore you."

"It is not any of the children; it is Mr. Morton," replied the doctor gravely.

"Let me go to him; oh, let me go to him! do not detain me," cried Mrs. Morton in a distracted manner. "What will he think of my staying away from him?"

"You must not go near him until you can completely control your feelings," said the doctor

firmly. "If he were to see you frightened, I should give up all hope of saving him."

A stillness as of death fell upon Mrs. Morton at these words, and sinking into a seat, she gazed with terror-stricken eyes upon the doctor. At last she murmured through her parched lips, "What is it, doctor?"

"The rupture of a blood-vessel. He was greatly excited, and suddenly someone saw blood streaming from his mouth; it continued until he became to all appearance lifeless. I was sent for, and after two or three hours, much as I dreaded removing him, to avoid exciting him further, I had to consent to his being brought home. He is now quietly settled in bed, although greatly exhausted; and I trust that if the hæmorrhage does not return all will go well. But he is so weakened that any return of it now might be fatal; therefore you see how necessary it is to be perfectly tranquil."

Thus warned, Mrs. Morton controlled herself with a power beyond her natural strength of mind; and when she reached the bedside of her husband, although her heart seemed turned to ice when she beheld his ghastly face, she gave no sign of the shock it caused her, but stooping gently down, she pressed her lips to his forehead, whispering, "Thank God you are better, my darling."

Evidently relieved by his wife's calmness, and the doctor's cheerful speech, Mr. Morton smiled faintly as he looked from one to the other.

After a few days, as all went on well, Mr. Morton was permitted to speak freely to his wife, who never left his side for a moment. His first words were a request to read to him the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel. When it was finished he lay quiet for a little, and then repeating "many mansions," said, "Lucy, I trust that I may inhabit one of those 'many mansions.'"

"May we dwell for ever there with all those that we love," was Mrs. Morton's tearful reply.

"Ah, yes, for ever! How little I have thought of eternity! and how suddenly I found myself on its confines! Lucy, you do not know how my heart learned to know itself the day that I was taken ill. While I lay only half conscious my mind seemed to have an inner light, and I saw myself as I was—a lost creature without Christ. And since I have lain here, not permitted to speak, I have thought much of my past life, and seen its sinfulness. I felt that I sought only the miserable riches of this world—the gold that perishes in the using;

while I forgot, or treated as worthless, the true riches laid up for those that love God. I put off serious thoughts for a more convenient season; but God has given me time to think. I would not make a convenient season; but He has made it for me, and I bless His name that it is so. Oh, Lucy, had I died at that time I should have died in my sins! Awful thought!"

Mr. Morton went on to relate that he now understood, as he had never done before, those scriptures which speak of Christ especially as the sin-bearer and substitute; and he repeated the texts, "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all;" "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." (Isaiah liii. 5, 6.)

"I thank God," he added, "that I believe the testimony He has given of His Son. I do accept Him as my Saviour; I put full confidence in Him; and I feel assured that for His sake God does pardon even such a sinner as I am."

And his wife, as she listened to these words, was more than consoled, and her stricken heart was full of praise to Him who "doeth all things well."

A few weeks passed slowly by, and although at the beginning Mr. Morton had seemed to rally, it was soon apparent to everyone that day by day he was drawing nearer to the eternal world. Long and earnest were his conversations with his wife, who was helped by the Comforter to speak words of tender counsel and holy confidence. Her own agony of mind in the thought of losing him was suppressed. She dared not dwell for a moment on that future that was opening before her with all its new duties—duties to be performed alone, but her whole soul went out in anticipation of that glorified home where the Saviour had promised—"I go to prepare a place for you," and where she trusted to dwell with him, no more to be parted, for ever.

The soft spring was fading into the richer beauty of summer when, one glorious evening, as the sun was just sinking behind the hilltops, and changing the tints of the billowy clouds into molten gold, the angel of separation came with silent step and stood between the husband and wife. A deadly faintness—the precursor of the last solemn moment—had seized upon Mr. Morton, and as his wife hung over him in anguish, he opened his eyes once more to gaze upon her who had been the cherished companion and comforter of his life. "Lucy," he whispered,

"do not grieve for me. I am Christ's, and He is mine; let that be your consolation. Oh, I am so happy, so happy! Do not grudge me to God."

"Oh, no," she replied, "I do not! but my heart is breaking. I cannot bear to be parted from you."

"I will meet you again at the other side of Jordan, my beloved. Do not fear; God will be with you. Oh, I would not live longer on earth for worlds! I long to be with Jesus."

Again the faintness overcame him, and for a considerable time those standing round his bed believed that the spirit had winged its flight from earth; but once more the feeble voice uttered the name he loved best on earth—"Lucy." His wife bent closer to him, and with the words, "Lord Jesus, I come," the soul of Mr. Morton entered into rest.



THE LITTLE BOOK.

"APER, sir! paper, *Daily News, Standard, Telegraph, papers!*" cried the little newsboy at the busy railway station, and the gentlemen put their hands in their pockets to pay for the news of the day. It was an every-day occurrence, but he still persevered in doing a trade in newspapers. Few took any notice of him beyond the small purchase; for as soon as they received their paper they were engrossed in "last night's Parliament," or "money market," or perhaps in "foreign affairs," and the lad went along to the other carriages selling his papers as fast as he could.

"Paper, lady!" he said, little knowing that her ear had been attracted by the sweet music of the newsboy's voice, and now she had the opportunity of seeing him; nor was she disappointed, for he was indeed a handsome boy. His dark eyes and brown curls added an extra charm to his voice, but his pinched and hollow cheeks and a sorrowful look in his eye told a tale of human woe.

Taking a paper she asked, "What is your name, my boy?"

"Johnnie, ma'am," said he.

"Can you read?"

"Yes, ma'am, I've been to school a little."

"Johnnie, I had a little brother once of the same name as you—he had brown hair like you."

The whistle blew, in a moment the train would start, but there was something that drew the lady's sympathy out to the poor boy, and she longed to give him something. She had no choice of gifts. A beautiful little New Testament, with pretty steel clasp, was placed in Johnnie's hands with—

"You'll read it?"

"I will, lady, I will."

One moment, and the train was rushing on its way, and Johnnie was waiting for the next train to sell his papers, while the Christian lady was silently praying that He who cares for the destitute and whose love is beyond measure, would use the contents of the little book to bring blessing in his home.

Some little time after she happened to stop at the same station. Coming up by the same train, and looking out of the window, there she saw Johnnie, but so altered; he looked taller, healthier, and cleaner, his eyes brighter and his voice sweeter.

"I wanted to see you, lady, and tell you about that little book."

"What little book?"

"The little clasp Testament."

"Well, my boy, what has it done?"

"I carried it home, and father looked at it and read it. He was out of work, and so he had time. Mother read it too, and she cried; and when I see'd 'em both so bad over it, I thought it must be a very bad book, and I wished I had not sold you a paper, for then you would not have given it to me; but now it's all right, father don't drink or swear, and mother is so kind, and I am to go to school, and it is all through the little book."

Again the whistle blew, and this time it was silent praise for what God had wrought through a little Testament. This is only one instance out of many where the word of God has found an entrance into a hovel and made it a home. But perhaps, my reader, you may be saying, "I have plenty of Bibles and Testaments in my home." But I would like you to ask yourself, What good have they done you? There are some who have the Bible but never open it, while some read it and yet are not benefited by it, and a third class are entirely without it. Do you belong to either of these classes? Have you a Bible in your bookcase or in your trunk unused and unread? If so, search it out from its hiding-place, and see if it does not

contain that which is incomparable with riches. Jesus said to some of old, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God. . . . Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." (Mark xii 24; John v. 39.)

The Psalmist says, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." (Ps. cxix. 9.)

At the close of a gospel meeting I went to speak to a man *personally* about his soul, thinking he stayed behind as an inquirer.

"You need not come and talk to me," he said; "I know more about the Bible than you do."

"I think that is very possible," I replied, "for I know but little comparatively, and I suppose then you *know* the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Oh, yes, of course I do."

"And you know your sins forgiven?"

"No, I don't, that is not in the Bible."

"Yes, friend, it is. Look here. 'These things I write unto you because your sins *are* forgiven you for His name's sake.'" (1 John ii. 12.)

He turned away and would not hear any more.

Another such an one said to me, that he never read the Bible because the Psalmist said you ought to hate your own father. Reader, I ask you in sincerity, Is it not true that even now many "err, not knowing the Scriptures"?

But you may be a regular reader of the word of God, and yet fail to receive its vital truths into your heart. It is possible to give an assent to its teachings, its entreaties, its invitations, and its warnings, but a mere knowledge of the letter of the words will be of no avail unless there is a living faith in the atoning work of Christ. Better for you not to have known the Lord's will than to have known it and still to have unheeded. There is a time coming when the door will be shut, and some will come and knock, saying, "Lord, open unto us;" but the answer from within will be, "I never knew you;" and they shall say, "We have prophesied in thy name," or, in other words, "We have preached thy word," but still the response is, "I never knew you." Oh, my reader, beware lest you have a form of godliness and deny its power, a name to live and still dead. But you may ask, How can I know whether I am really a child of God or only a professed one? It is an important question, and well that it should be settled at once, for the all-searching eye of God will soon detect and make manifest that which is sham and that which is reality. Test yourself in the presence of God; weigh yourself in the balances of the sanctuary. What saith the Scriptures? "The word is *nigh* thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus,

and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 8-10.)

Have you confessed Christ with your mouth? Have you believed in Christ **WITH YOUR HEART**?

If so, the word declares that "he that believeth shall be saved." (John iii. 36.) "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

Reader, are you in the third class, who are without the Bible, perhaps saying you have not *time* to read it, or it is dry and uninteresting? You find time for business, and sleeping, and eating, and drinking, and yet you plead the excuse, "No time."

"But the first are necessary," you say.

Certainly; but "what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Tell me, How much is your soul worth? What do you value it at? Thousands are now reaping misery because they valued their souls less than a passing pleasure or a little time, and throughout eternity they will regret that they placed so little value on the things of eternity. Again, you say it is uninteresting. Indeed, I think the reverse. Have you ever heard a will read? How every one listens as the executor reads the last will and testament of So-and-so; and if your name is in it you anxiously wait to know what is for you. Why would that will interest you? Of course, because you had your name in it, and there was something for you. Just so with this child of God; there is in the Bible that which interests him, and which concerns him.

A friend of mine started out for Manitoba. He was going to clear some lands and have a farm, and his hopes were bright and his prospects good. I almost wished I was going with him. But ere he left he was so anxious to get all the news about the place he could; papers, and books, and maps were all studied, so that he might be well stored with information and particulars about his destination. My reader, we are all travellers, every one has a destination. We who know we are saved like to know all we can about our future home, and its inhabitants, and the joys we shall have when we reach there; but to you who are unsaved, the Bible speaks of the sorrows and woes that await you; and shutting your eyes to these facts you say, "Oh, it is such an uninteresting book!" I beseech you, be warned in time, while God waits to be gracious, and while Christ waits to receive you, come to Him, take your place as a sinner, have Jesus for your Saviour, and heaven will by-and-by be your eternal home, and you will be able to sing as you travel on—

"I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

F. H. D.

→* WORK. *←

1 COR. iii. 9-16.



PON the precious tried foundation-stone,
Which Thou hast laid in Zion, holy Lord,
The Rock on which, obedient to Thy word,
My soul her hope of safety rests alone—

Help me to rear a holy shrine for Thee;
To live the truths I love; with single aim,
Doing or suffering, to exalt Thy Name—
Make me a builder for eternity.

Let my life-work be work Thou wilt approve,
However lowly and obscure it be;
Grant that it win at last Thine "unto ME,"
As wrought in faith and undivided love.

J. E. J.



O OUR READERS. † † † †

At the close of another year of our monthly message of the glad tidings of the gospel, we desire to make an earnest appeal to our friends to assist us in spreading the good news more widely by increasing our circulation. The Lord continues to own our *Watchman* to awaken sinners, and to lead to Christ; and during the past year we have had many testimonies that it has been blessed of the Lord to the salvation of souls. We therefore appeal confidently to our readers to help us further.

- 1st. By sending for *gratis* sample packets to circulate among those who have not hitherto seen it.
 - 2nd. By taking a certain number of copies monthly, and giving them away among the unsaved in their locality. They will be found to be valued more than tracts or small books, and are often taken great care of, and read over many times.
 - 3rd. By sending us gospel articles, especially authentic and original narrative papers for insertions.
 - 4th. By continued prayer for blessing on our pages.
- We would draw special attention to the issue of

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE for 1885.

It is admirably adapted for very wide circulation, and ought to be sown broadcast.

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THE LORD'S POOR.

FOR some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying any gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the inclement season now approaching, are needing sometimes the very necessaries of life.

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WE have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the amount.

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hath mercy on
them
shall lead them,
even by the
springs of water
shall He
guide them."

ISAIAH XLII. 1-4.



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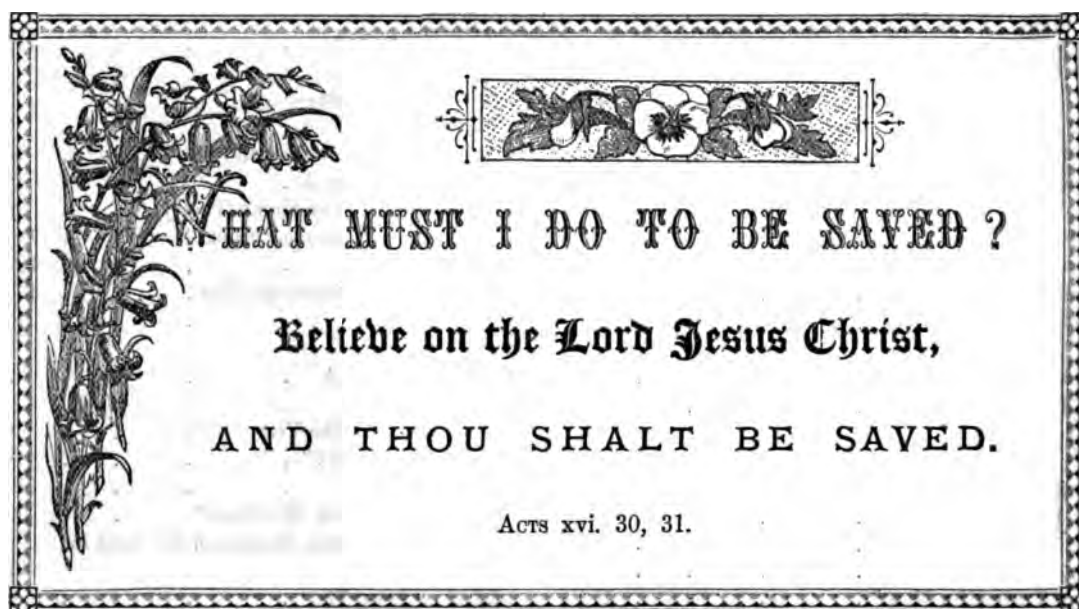
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JANUARY 1, 1885.

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THE INHERITANCE WITH FIVE ESTATES ON IT.

BY W. H. BREALEY.

THE sun was shining with unusual splendour, and the hills were more than usually beautiful as they lay bathed in the glorious light. Spring had come, and the country had assumed her holiday garb. The orchards lay bedecked in pink and white blossoms; the meadows were alive with troops of playful lambs, gambolling on their carpet of bright greensward; the hedgerows were bespangled with primroses and violets, and the trees alive with carolling songsters. Everything looked bright and beautiful, and seemed to invite to gratitude and praise.

On a high hill that commanded an extensive view of many hundreds of square miles of land, with many towns and hundreds of villages and hamlets nestling among the trees, now thick with new-formed foliage, and slumbering peacefully in the plain below, a young gentleman stood gazing complacently at the prospect before him. A look of gratified pleasure was on his countenance, which seemed all in keeping with his surroundings.

A stranger passing by at the time remarked on the beautiful weather, the splendid view, and the exhilarating air.

"Yes," said the young man, "it really is charming;" and the look of inward gratification seemed

intensified as his eyes rested on a certain locality below him.

The stranger noticed this, and felt a kind of curiosity concerning the young man. So, continuing the conversation, he said, "Such a scene as this is sufficient to charm anyone, though he cannot claim an inch of the territory he scans."

"No doubt," was the reply; "but I have reason to look with pleasure on the prospect."

"Indeed," said the stranger, "and so have I, though perhaps your reason and mine may be very different. But may I ask why you look with such pleasure on the scene before us?"

"Do you see that cluster of buildings yonder? My uncle lived there. He amassed a very large fortune, and some short time ago he died. By his will I have become the possessor of his landed property, which comprises five splendid estates. They lie just there," pointing with his finger. "I have the title-deeds, and have just entered into possession."

"You have only a life interest in all this property, I believe," said the stranger.

"Oh, yes I have! It is *freehold*," he replied, "and unincumbered by any deed of mortgage or anything else; and no one can take it from me."

"That may be perfectly true," said the enigmatical stranger; "but while no one could legally deprive you of your right to these splendid estates, and, as you say, no one can take them from you, yet *God can take you from them*, so that what I say is quite true."

"Of course He can," said the young man with a tone of great thoughtfulness.

"Of course He can," continued the stranger; "and so you have therefore only a life interest in these properties. When God takes you away from them, if you have nothing besides these which will be of no value in eternity, you will be and are a very poor man."

"That's quite true. We shall all want something better *when we come to die*," he answered, with a strong emphasis on the last few words.

"I have something better *now*," said the stranger to the astonished young man, who appeared to doubt the probability, if not the possibility, of anything better than such estates. "Yes," continued he, "I have also *inherited by will* a splendid inheritance, and there are also *five grand estates upon it*."

"Indeed," said the young man, looking even more astonished than before, and apparently viewing the speaker with great curiosity. "Where may it be?"

"I will tell you," he replied. "The inheritance I speak of is *eternal life*. It became mine in a very simple way, and I too have the title-deeds, and have entered upon the possession of the property."

"I don't understand you," said the interested listener. "What do you mean by having eternal life now, the title-deeds, and having it by will?"

"Just this," said the stranger. "By nature I am ruined and condemned, and on account of sin my just inheritance is eternal death and judgment. But God, who is rich in mercy, so loved me that 'He gave His only-begotten Son' to die for me. He took my place, my condemnation, my inheritance. *He died*. God raised Him from the dead, and now by virtue of His death His will has been proclaimed 'that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, might have everlasting life' (John vi. 40); 'for the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' (Romans vi. 23.) My title to eternal life I find in 1 Tim. i. 15—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*.' My only title to salvation, my only claim to the Saviour, is that I am a *sinner*. I took my proper place before Him, and believing He came into the world to save such as me, I came to Him just as I was, and I found His promise true—'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I received Him as God's sent One and my Saviour. He received me as a child, and gave me inheritance; yea, with five estates in it. This is the first—*Justification estate*. (Acts xiii. 38.) 'Justified from all

things.' 'Justified by His blood.' (Romans v. 9.) *Have you that estate?*"

"I am afraid I have not," was his sad reply.

"Again, the second estate in my inheritance is *Peace estate*—'Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ' (Romans v. 1); and 'the *peace of God*, which passeth all understanding,' my daily enjoyment and safeguard. The next estate I have is *grace*. Grace in which to stand. (Romans v. 2.) Grace sufficient for every day's needs. (2 Cor. xii. 9; Psalm lxxxiv. 11.) The fourth estate is *glory*; for this I wait to enter into its fulness in glory eternal. Have you such an estate as that?"

Again a sorrowful negative was the reply.

But the stranger still went on: "My fifth estate is *trial*, which brings all the rest into active exercise and value. Don't you think my inheritance worth having? So that when your estates vanish from you, because you are taken away from them, I shall still have my inheritance, uncorruptible and undefiled, reserved in heaven for me."

The young man passed away from that conversation thinking. Three months after he was called away from his five estates. "Death comes with equal footstep to the hall and hut." Whether that first and last conversation of the servant of God with that young man ever bore fruit I will not say; but if he only had his earthly possessions as his inheritance, what poverty must he have been plunged into at death, what woe, what judgment!

Has the reader entered into possession of such an inheritance as described above? Have you discovered your title thereto? Have you laid claim by faith to what God in His grace is ready to give you? If not, why not? Do not delay, but claim the sinner's Saviour as yours, because of His promise and your sinnership. Receive Him, believe Him, and you shall have "inheritance among them that are sanctified" by faith which is in Christ Jesus.

A RANSOM FOR ALL.

1 TIMOTHY II. 5, 6.



MARK to the gospel's joyful sound!
Poor sinner, 'tis for thee;
For God has now a ransom found,
And thou may'st now be free.

"Go," said the risen Son of God,
"On all the nations call
To know redemption's through my blood,
Salvation free for all!"

"Go tell the world that God is love."
In love He gave His Son,
Who came from His bright home above,
And all God's will hath done.

He bore the weight of human guilt,
He paid man's heavy debt,
Or all in vain His blood was spilt,
Unless God's claims were met.

But God has raised Him from the dead,
And glorified His Son!

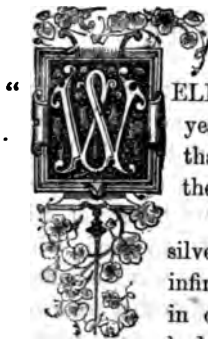
'T was not in vain that Jesus bled.

The will of God is done!

R. C.

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT;

OR,

AN ARROW FOR THE
CHRISTIAN'S CONSCIENCE.

"WELL, my son, I'm seventy-three years old, and you are the first man that ever took time to tell me about these things!"

The speaker, an old man with silvery hair, and bowed down with infirmities of body, stood in a shop in one of our northern cities. He had been talking with the proprietor of the establishment of his trials and sorrows; and the latter, touched with sympathy for the old gentleman, had listened very attentively to his story of misery and suffering. A Christian himself, having a Friend in heaven upon whom he could cast his burdens, he felt deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of his visitor, and earnestly wished that he too might know that Friend above, who "sticketh closer than a brother."

Feeling it desirable to begin where God had begun with himself, he asked the old man a question of vital importance—one affecting his *eternal destiny*. Referring to his former remarks—woeful as to the past, dismal and gloomy as to the future—he said, "Well, after all these things, where do you expect to spend eternity?"

With a painful sigh, which told of uneasiness and concern within his breast, he replied, "That I cannot tell, my son, but I *hope* in heaven."

And then, from the converted tradesman's lips he heard, as he had never heard it before, the simple and touching story of the Redeemer's love. Concluding his observations, our Christian friend slowly and distinctly said, "Whoever gets salvation through the precious blood of Christ, shed on Calvary, *is sure* to be in heaven; and unless you are saved as a poor sinner, in deep need of a Saviour, for you there is *no hope* of glory, but, on the contrary, *certain* punishment in hell."

His hearer listened very attentively to these plain and solemn truths, and then remarked, in tones of eager anxiety, "I doubt it's a bad job for me!"

Ere he left the shop that day he grasped the Christian's hand, and with deep emotion uttered the sentence with which this paper begins.

When we heard it repeated, it pierced our conscience as a sharp arrow. "You are the first

man that ever took time to tell me of these things." And this the exclamation of a man who had passed the allotted term of three score years and ten.

We stand upon the threshold of a new year, and upon us as *Gospel Watchmen* devolve fresh responsibilities. How soon the morning of everlasting brightness may dawn we know not. Whether the year 1885 is destined in the counsels of heaven to be added to the many years of God's long-suffering and grace to man is hid from our knowledge. Of one thing, however, we are certain. Ere the morn of glory breaks with songs of gladness, and while the night of darkness and Satan's power lingers, we who are "children of the light" are responsible to God and man to testify for Christ.

Brethren, let us show our appreciation of the heavenly embassy entrusted to us, by a prayerful and painstaking endurance in endeavouring to win souls for our absent Master. Let the claims of our divine Lord be paramount.

Shall we not, ere we tread the unknown steps of another year, consecrate afresh our hearts, our talents, our all to Him?

The emissaries of the devil are becoming bolder, greater in numbers, and more successful.

We do well, as the soldiers of our great Captain, Immanuel, to re-adjust our armour, and in the power of faith go forth to victory. May we respond to the battle cry—

"Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose."

Let 1885, if the Lord delays His coming, be characterised by more aggressive gospel work among the soldiers of the cross.

We fear that worldliness, covetousness, and love of ease, as insipid diseases, are stealing a march upon the spiritual activity of the saints of God. We find time to follow our own pursuits, to advance our own interest, while, alas! too often the work of God is gone about in a hurried and careless way.

Soon the din and strife of earth will be past, and past for ever, and the time for ardent and patient service run its course. The shadow of eternity hovers o'er us, and ere long the shadow will be displaced by the reality. Then, if our actions here have merited the Master's smile and approval, we shall wear through endless ages a "crown of righteousness," the Lord's reward for hearty and faithful service to Him during our pilgrimage here below.

With this in view, may our new man be increasingly animated to "fight the good fight of faith."

Shall we not, in the trustfulness of faith, put our hand in His hand, and seek the guidance of His eye, till the chequered scene of earth is past, and glorified we "awake in His likeness"?

Meanwhile may the language of our hearts be—

"Alone with Thee, O Master, where
The light of earthly glory dies,
Misunderstood by all, we dare to do
What Thine own heart would prize."

F. A. B.

A MODERN HERO.



IN the early part of November, 1882, we were startled by a telegraphic message from America of a thrilling story of courage and self-sacrifice on the part of an engine-driver named Joseph A. Seig. From information published in the daily papers, it appears that on a Lord's-day the Pennsylvania railway train left the city of Jersey freighted with 620 passengers. While the train was dashing along at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles an hour, the furnace-door opened in some unaccountable way, and the flames leaped out with such suddenness and force that before anything could be done the car nearest the engine caught fire, and drove Seig and the fireman from their posts. After the men had clambered over the tender into the car, it was discovered that the engine had fouled the spring of the air-brake from the car, and there was no possibility of stopping the train. On it kept running, unguided and unprotected, straight to its apparent ruin, spreading horror and consternation through the hearts of the passengers, as they saw the flames increasing in intensity, and heard the crackling of the burning car. For a while their doom seemed inevitable. As the horror of their situation gradually crept over the brave engine-driver, without the slightest hesitation he retraced his steps from the burning car across the red-hot tender, and rushing through the blinding smoke and rapidly accumulating flames, he succeeded in stopping the train. The poor fellow, to lessen his agony, climbed in despair into the water tank, where the fireman found him with his clothes burnt from his back, and his whole body terribly scorched by the remorseless flames. Shortly after they had carried his charred body to the

hospital, the poor fellow passed away amid much agony, having thus heroically laid down his own life to save the lives of his fellows.

Beloved reader, does not this incident of modern heroism remind you of *One* who sacrificed His own life to save a world from a more terrible and fearful doom than that of a burning train, and who suffered a more cruel and excruciating death than the brave Joseph Seig? for He hung on Calvary's cross, suffering the dire wrath and the hiding of His Father's face, crying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But why was He suffering there? Why was He hanging on that accursed tree? Why was He dying such a cruel death? Did He deserve it? No. Was it for His own sins? No. Who was it for then? Why, for a sinner such as you, dear reader; for "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly."

"Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,
Lo! He dies upon the tree;
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected—
Jesus Christ, 'tis He! 'tis He!
Mark the Sacrifice appointed;
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed—
Son of man and Son of God!"

Thus, out of love to a poor, perishing, dying, world, rushing madly on to a never-ending, burning hell, the Christ of God voluntarily gave up His own life—dying an accursed death on the cross—that He might save *eternally* every sinner who *trusts*, who *believes* in Him. Can you say, by His death you are for ever and eternally *free* from the judgment of sin, and *delivered* from the wrath to come, because you have trusted in Him, because you have believed in Him? "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Yes, saved from a burning hell, saved from the wrath to come, saved for time, and saved for eternity. Then you will be able to say experimentally—

"There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me;
The torment and the fire
Mine eyes shall never see."

And with the apostle Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

S. B.



THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

BE IT KNOWN UNTO YOU
THEREFORE, MEN
AND BRETHREN,
THAT THROUGH THIS MAN
IS PREACHED UNTO YOU
THE FORGIVENESS OF
SINS. (Acts xiii. 38.)

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE
For 1885

A
QUESTION
For 1885.

READER,

*As a New Year opens upon you, I
would earnestly ask you to consider
the important question,*

"What think ye of Christ?"

has given
Him as the
sacrifice for sin,
and by His one
offering He has made
a full atonement, where-
by God can justly receive
and pardon you, although a
guilty sinner. Christ is now exalted
at the right hand of God, in token
that His work has been accepted on the
behalf of sinners; and again He is presented
to you as the ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR. Will
you come to Him and be saved? or will you delay
and pass onward into eternity without Christ and
without hope? Remember that God has said, that
"at the name of JESUS every knee shall bow;" and
if you do not take Him as your Saviour, you must
stand before Him as your Judge. Which shall it be?

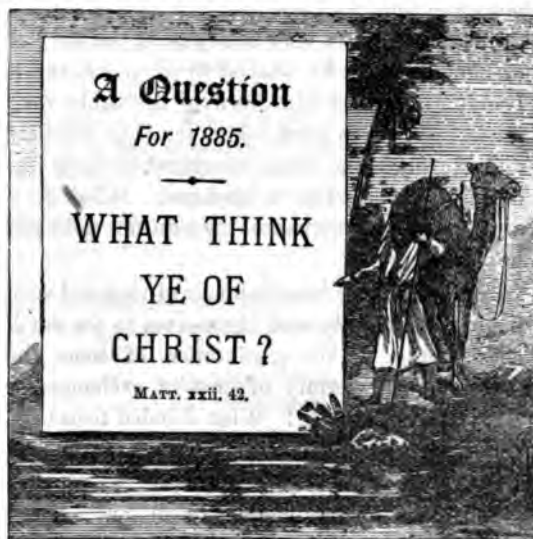
*DECIDE NOW, and 1885 shall bring you
JOY and EVERLASTING LIFE and PEACE.*

PERHAPS up to the present you have given but
a little thought about the things of eternity and
the salvation of your soul; but if so, let the passing away
of time, as witnessed by the Advent of a New Year, cause you
to pause, and ask yourself the question, What is Christ to me? God

A Question
For 1885.

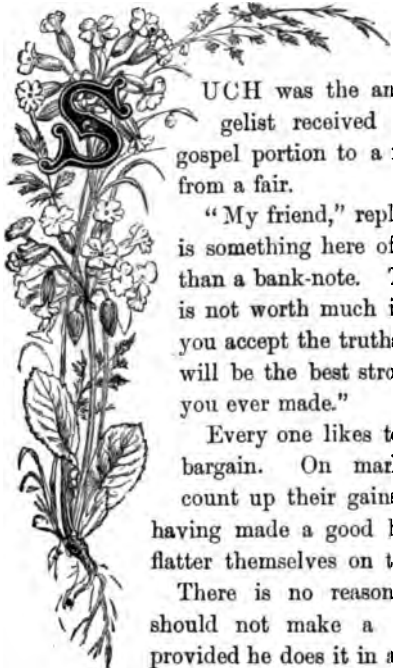
WHAT THINK
YE OF
CHRIST?

MATT. xxii. 42.



"I'D RATHER HAVE A £5 NOTE THAN THAT!"

BY CHEYNE BRADY.



UCH was the answer an evangelist received on offering a gospel portion to a man returning from a fair.

"My friend," replied he, "there is something here of greater value than a bank-note. The little book is not worth much in itself, but if you accept the truths it contains it will be the best stroke of business you ever made."

Every one likes to make a good bargain. On market-days men count up their gains, and boast of having made a good hit; and they flatter themselves on their sharpness.

There is no reason why a man should not make a good bargain, provided he does it in all honesty and fair dealing. But, clever as you may be, there is one able to cut you out; one who traffics in every market, and too often gets the best bargain; one who buys the most valuable thing on earth, and gets it for a mere trifle. His craft is too much for you. He will "chisel" you, and ultimately buy you, body and soul, "for nought."

It is related of a man who was on the deck of a sinking ship that he delayed to jump into the life-boat until he had run down to the cabin for his purse. While he went below, the ship foundered; and afterwards the divers discovered his body in the cabin with the purse in his hand. What do you suppose were its contents? Just a few gold pieces he had saved.

And there have been instances of men and women having deliberately sold themselves to the devil in consideration of the gratification of some sinful passion. An eternity of woe in exchange for a temporary indulgence! What deluded fools! You may well say so; but what if you are thereby condemning yourself?

What are you selling your soul for? At what price do you rate it?

Just open an account in your ledger.

Dr.

MY SOUL'S VALUE.

Cr.

WHAT I AM
SELLING IT FOR.

The value of the soul is the precious blood of Christ. Put that down on the *Dr.* side. How shall we fill up the *Cr.* side? Gold? Bank stock? How much? Success—what is your aim in life? Pleasures—what are your darling objects? Set them down on the *Cr.* side. Oh, what a sorry exchange! Everlasting bliss let slip for a bag of gold, for a bubble of fame, for fleeting enjoyments!

How true is the Word of God—"Behold, for your iniquities have ye sold yourselves; ye have sold yourselves for nought." Who is the fool, then? Is it not he who would rather have a bank-note than a gospel portion? But are not you also, if you would barter your soul for a trifle? Remember that the price paid for our redemption from irretrievable perdition was the life-blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, poured out on Calvary. God so valued the soul that He gave His only Son to save it. Christ "gave Himself a ransom for all." Trust Him with your soul as an inestimable treasure. He will save you, keep you, and present you faultless before His Father.—*Stirling Tract Repository.*

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

HOW often has this expression passed our lips as year by year this season returns, and all classes by universal consent acknowledge the lapse of time. Where does this new year find thee? It will find many happy and healthful, many sick and sad. Such a season is always a fitting time to ask the question, Where am I? Year after year has rolled on, kingdoms have been set up and overthrown, generations have been born and passed away, tens of thousands have passed to heaven, tens of thousands passed to hell! What a terrible, solemn thought! But where am I? We ask you not to start the new year with great resolves, and vows, and reforms, but with conscience purged from guilt, and soul washed in the blood of Christ, and you will thus find that it will be the happiest new year you have ever had; yea, the beginning of endless joy in an endless life.

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.



T was some years since Jack had had a good turn out of his big old sea trunk. He had looked at it several times, and promised himself the treat when he had a little spare time on hand; and now, having nothing special to do, he sat down and rummaged over its contents.

The box had done him good service, and in it he had stored curiosities from all parts of the world. There were sundry nicknacks from China, and as he turned them over they brought to his mind that eventful voyage, and the many narrow squeaks connected with it. In fact the whole of the contents of that old box brought to his remembrance the various experiences and ups and downs of his seafaring life. But a cold, creeping chill crept over him, and the tears started to his eyes, as he took up the little portrait of his dear mother. It was her parting gift; and as he looked at it he was taken back in thought to the days of his childhood, and when as a little tiny boy she had taught him to kneel by her side and repeat that little prayer—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee;"

and then sought to instruct him in the ways of God, teaching him the way of wisdom. But as he grew up he mixed with other lads, who laughed and scoffed at the Christian mother's influence, and chaffed him for wanting to be tied to his mother's apron-strings; and giving way to their ungodly influences, he with others determined to break through home restraints and go to sea. How that portrait brought to his remembrance her pleading voice, saying, "Jack, don't leave your poor old mother. What shall I do when you are gone?" But he had set his heart on going, and, unheeding her entreaties, he set off on a seafaring career.

A mother's prayers followed that boy, and although she did not see them answered, she knew that "He is faithful that promised;" and His ear was open to the widow's cry, His eye followed the wayward son, and holding the sea in the hollow of His hand, He would not allow the billows to close over the wandering boy.

Now times are changed, the boy is a man, and the mother has entered the pearly gates; and as the picture is before him he thinks with Cowper—

"Oh, that those lips had language!"

Yes, he would give all he had could he hear that voice again, and tell that mother that

"He came to Jesus as he was,
Weary and worn and sad."

But that voice is hushed for ever in this world, and she forms one of that number who around the throne sing praises to the Lamb.

The past has been forgiven by the Lord "who forgiveth all thine iniquity;" but the memory of the past he cannot efface. How many thus prove that the way of transgressors is hard, and "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

One man said, not long ago, "God has forgiven me, but I never shall forgive myself."

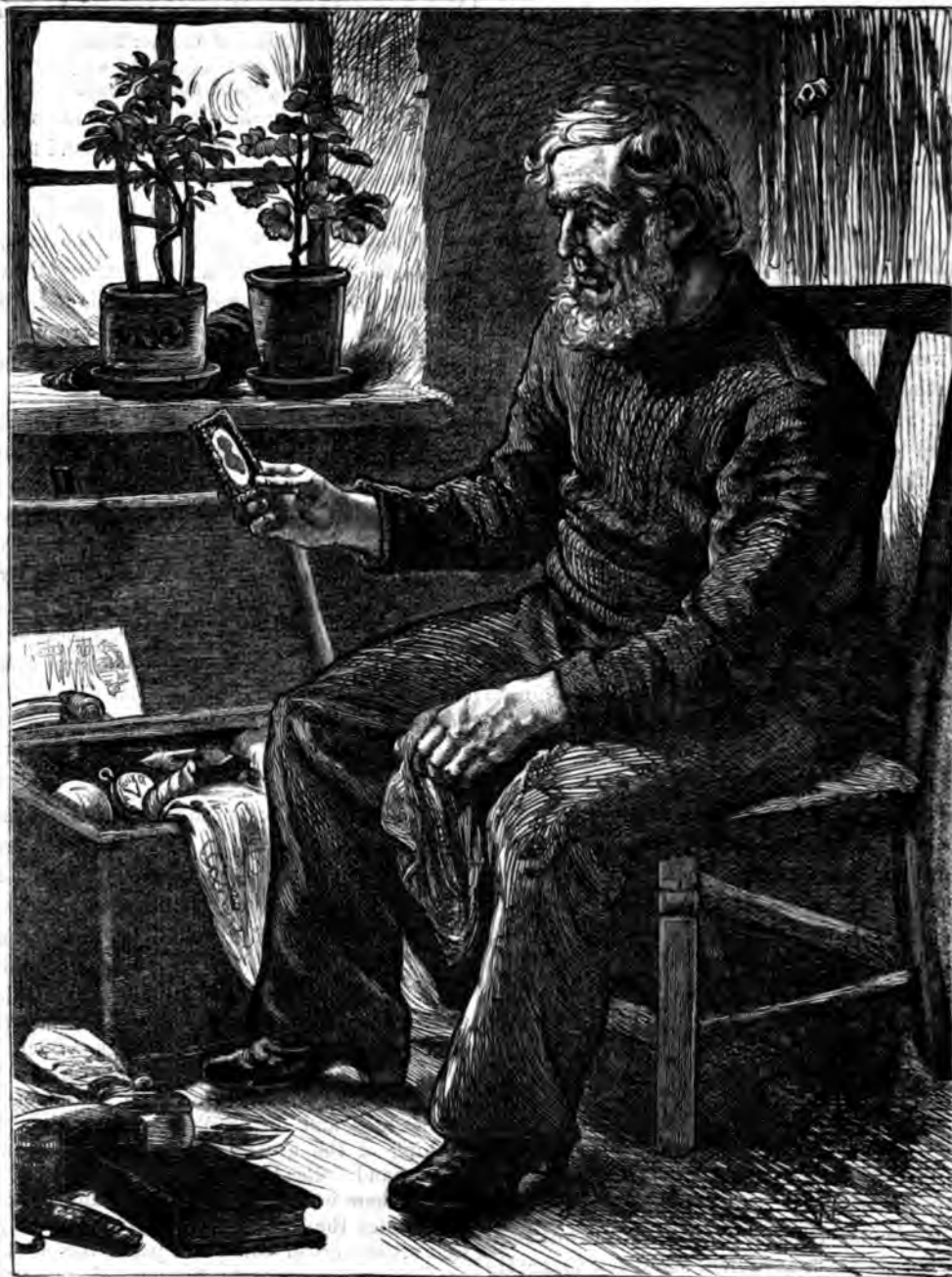
I want you, my reader, at the beginning of this New Year, to listen to a voice that has in love and tenderness whispered to you many, many times; and soon that voice will cease, or else your ears be deafened that you cannot hear, for ere this year be hardly commenced you may be in eternity; and what sort of an eternity would it be? It must be one of joy or sorrow, of endless happiness or woeful misery; and the issues of these solemn facts hang on the fact of your hearing or not listening to the voice of Jesus, who says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Reader, look back at the past; are there not sins unforgiven? During the past year have there not been sins in thought, sins in words, sins in action? What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee? Or perhaps you think that you have been very moral, straightforward, honest, and thus think by your self-righteousness to inherit the kingdom of heaven. Be not deceived, for God declares that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Such is His estimate of *good deeds*, and if they are so vile in His holy eyes, what must the indifference and carelessness and disregard be in His sight, to say nothing of the grosser iniquities that abound on every hand. Reader, ponder it, I pray you!

But there is another picture I want you to look at, besides the history of your past life—a picture that artist's brush could not paint, the most clever author could not narrate, the most eloquent speaker could not describe, and that is Christ in His humiliation. It goes deeper than our very deepest thoughts when we think that

"Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin."

The One who was the joy of heaven, and before whom angels veiled their faces, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, took upon Himself the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; and on that cross He



THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

suffered agonies that could not be understood by finite minds.

Think, my reader, as the New Year opens up before you, that every step the Lord Jesus took brought Him nearer to the cross. A year passed to Him meant a year nearer to that time when He would endure the wrath of a sin-hating God, and cry, in bitterness of soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I would ask you to give me a reason why the Son of God should endure

such suffering, such agony, such insult, such cruel mocking, and such a death? I can only give one reason, and that in one word—"LOVE." Do you know any other? "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Galatians ii. 20.) "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 10.) "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans v. 8.)

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN, IF HE GAIN THE



WHOLE WORLD, AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?"—MARK viii. 36.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

AT this season, when a new year opens before us, how many are occupied with this question—"Profit and loss." The speculator, the merchant, and the trader of various kinds, are all casting up their accounts to see how they have prospered. Yet how few, amidst their calculations

of present interest, consider those things that are of eternal import, and take God into their reckoning, or ask themselves the question, Am I rich towards God?

Vain are all the hopes and speculations of those who seek to gain the world—of those who make this world, its wealth, its pleasures, its honours, their only God. How vain, I say, how fleeting! There is no security in anything here; the rich man of to-day may be the beggar of to-morrow. And even if a man attains to the object of his ambition, and has heaped up gold as dust, what advantage even in the present life is it, if, as often happens, he loses his reason, and has no health either of mind or body to enjoy his hard-earned gains? (Eccles. vi. 1, 2.)

Such a case happened a few years ago in our great metropolia. One of our large city warehousemen toiled early and late, year after year, sparing no pains, with the one object before him of making money. He pursued it with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and at last succeeded, and was worth, so it is reported, his two millions. But, alas! when he had arrived, as it were, at the goal he had set up, his brain, overwrought by the heavy and constant strain made upon it, gave way, and he became, although an envied millionaire, a pitiable object of compassion.

One form of mental weakness with which he was afflicted was that he fancied he was penniless, and that he should end his days in a workhouse. He used to pour out his tale of grief into the ears of his customers, as they came to transact business at his establishment, and they would gratify him by giving him money, getting the amount refunded to them at his counting-house.

Thus he proved the vanity of all his toiling and striving, and he stands as an example to all of the folly of making money an idol, and of forgetting God.

Such examples might be multiplied, but let this suffice, since God has once and for all by the mouth of Solomon declared that "all is vanity." Everything beneath the sun is but as a bubble full of emptiness, though bright to the eye, and it is only those who find their portion in Him who is "above the heavens," and are called to "inherit substance," that can truly say they are *satisfied*.

Let us seek to draw some comparisons between the man who seeks to gain the world, and the man who has Christ for his portion.

The former may prosper in temporal things; he may spread himself like "a green bay-tree;" he may have honours, and fame, and the good-will of his fellow-men. But is he satisfied? Nay; he has all the while an aching void in his heart, a spirit not at rest, a craving for something still unattained, and he has no hope as regards the future. What is the end? See God's description of the rich man's end in Psalm xlix. 17, "When he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him."

The believer in Jesus may not have temporal prosperity, seeing he is a pilgrim and a stranger in this world; but he has that which is of infinitely greater value—"a peace that passeth all understanding," "a hope that maketh not ashamed," and a heart bounding with joy at the prospect of the future. His end is in striking contrast to the other—"everlasting life."

Which, dear reader, is the true gainer? Surely the one who makes God his trust, and in Him has all the unsearchable riches of Christ as his portion.

The word of God settles this question of "Profit and Loss" beyond all dispute. In Luke xvi. two men are brought before our notice. The one has everything this world can afford. He is "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day." The other is a poor beggarman, who lies "at the rich man's gate, full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table."

So far, the former seems the gainer; but wait—they die; the curtain falls—eternal realities open up. The rich man is now seen in hell, an eternal loser; while Lazarus is in heaven, an eternal gainer. Oh, better to be poor with Christ than owner of worlds without Him, is surely the conclusion to which every reader must arrive in his heart, whether he obeys its dictates or no.

Don't delay answering this question, solving this problem; but *now*

"Work out the sum—the gain—the loss,
And weigh the profit well,
Then tell the Loving One who asks,
Will you choose Him—or hell?"

J. E. H.



THE CHOPPED BIBLE.



FEW years ago a Bible-distributor, while passing through a village of Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures, so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity.

The distributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out her week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation he offered her a neatly-bound Bible.

With a smile which said "Thank you" she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing her husband would be displeased if she took it.

A few pleasant words followed, in which the man spoke of the need of the mind of divine direction, and of the divine adaptation of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then her husband came from behind the house with an axe on his shoulder.

Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand, he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the distributor, "What do you want, sir, with my wife?"

The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so far softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility. But stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand, saying:

"We've always had everything in common, and we'll have this too."

Placing the Bible on the chopping-block, he cut it in two parts with one blow of the axe. Giving one part to his wife, and putting the other in his pocket, he walked away.

Several days after this division of the Bible, he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log and began eating his dinner. The dismembered Bible suggested itself. He took it from his pocket, and his eye fell on the last page. He began reading; and soon was deeply interested in the story of the Prodigal Son. But his part ended with the son's exclamation, "I will arise and go to my father."

At night he said to his wife, with affected carelessness, "Let me have your part of that Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having a hard time decided to go back.

There my part of the book ends; and I want to know if he ever got back, and how the old man received him."

The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy, and quietly handed the husband her part without a word.

He read the story through, and then re-read it. He read on far into the night; but not a word did he say to his wife.

During the leisure moments of the next day his wife saw him reading the now joined parts, and at night he said abruptly, "Wife, I think that's the best book I ever read."

Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words, which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said, "Wife, I'm going to try and live by that book; I guess it's the best sort of a guide for a man."

And he did. A strong prejudice against religious truth, growing out of a partial conviction of its necessity, is often followed by a changed life; and such was this man's experience.



THE FULLNESS OF JESUS.

"I AM."



ART thou weak, afflicted soul?

I am strong to make thee whole.

Art thou fainting on thy road?

I am near to bear thy load.

Art thou hungry, thirsty, poor?

I am rich to bless thy store.

Art thou much with grief oppress?

I am come to give thee rest;

I am ready at thy side,

At thy right and left, to guide.

I am life, and love, and peace;


I am joy which ne'er shall cease.



ROCHESTER CASTLE.

SIX POOR TRAVELLERS;

OR, THE OPEN DOOR.

OME years ago, while passing through the town of Rochester, my attention was arrested by an old-fashioned building in the High Street; over the door a stone tablet announced that, by the bequest of a certain gentleman, "six poor travellers, not being rogues or vagabonds," were nightly lodged, entertained, and provided with a few pence to carry them on their journey the next day.

My curiosity was aroused, and although it was bitterly cold, the keen wind driving before it a drizzling rain, causing the few passers-by, whom, like myself, business had compelled to be out, to hurry on to their homes, I waited, if possible, to see who would apply for the charity.

Addressing myself to a policeman, who had stationed himself near the door of the house, I enquired at what hour the poor travellers were admitted.

"Six o'clock," was his reply.

I had not long to wait. Soon the church clock, close at hand, chimed out the hour of six, and before the last stroke had died away, at least twenty men had ranged themselves along the pavement.

They came hurrying along from all directions—and a motley crowd they were. There was the farm labourer in his white smockfrock, the mechanic out of employment carrying his tools, while here and there could be seen one of the genuine beggar type, shivering in the bitter wind, his countenance bearing the pinched and haggard appearance which tells of long acquaintance with want and privation.

But what struck me most was the eagerness depicted on every face. Each had his eyes fixed on the door, and all else seemed forgotten in the one desire to get within the house of charity.

At length the door opened, and an old woman came out, and through the half-closed door could be seen the glow of the firelight within, in strange contrast to the inclement weather without. She quickly selected six, and I noticed that they were the most respectable ones—the poor shivering beggars were rejected—and then the door shut.

Reader, God has opened a door for poor travellers—those who are travelling on the broad road which leadeth to destruction.

Let me ask you, Is this your condition? Do you know yourself as a poor traveller—poor because you are without Christ? In a word, Do you know yourself as LOST? If so, draw near, I beseech you, to God's open door, and be saved.

THE OLD COACHMAN;

OR, "GIVING THANKS ALWAYS."



SHORT time since I was travelling by rail, and at a station, where we stopped for a few moments, an old coachman in livery got into the same carriage where I was. He sat down quietly and thoughtfully; indeed, I was

at the time struck with his manner. I was reading a very interesting little book, and one of a set which I had just bought. It was on "Prayer and Praise." As I read on I felt an inward inclination; nay, I would call it rather the "still small voice," whispering to me to give up my little book to my neighbour. Self whispered, "It is one of a set, and not easily replaced;" but louder and louder within me sounded the secret voice, till I at last turned round, and offered my book to my neighbour. He silently took it, and was soon deeply engaged in reading it. As I reached the end of my journey, I turned round to wish the old coachman "Good morning," when he respectfully bowed to me, and said, "Excuse me, madam, I did not thank you for the little book when you gave it to me, and I will tell you *why*. Before I left home this morning, I knelt down and asked my heavenly Father to be with me through the day, to bless me, and to keep me; I asked Him to give me His gracious journeying mercies, and to protect me from dangers, and to keep me from being taken up too much with the passing things of this world, as that I should forget Him; but to show me a token for good, and let something come before me to especially make me feel His presence was near. As I travelled on I looked out for the answer to my prayer; and when I had to change carriages, and got into this one, I sent up my prayer to the mercy-seat that God would be with me. I saw you reading attentively; but when you turned round, and gave me the book you were reading, I could not say 'Thank you;' no! my motto is, 'Giving thanks always.' Had not God heard my prayer? Was He not answering it by

inclining your heart to give me your book, and one on such a subject as 'Prayer and Praise'? Yes, madam, my first thanks must go upwards to my gracious heavenly Father, and *now* I thank you from the bottom of my heart, as God's messenger, for giving me this little book. It is on a subject I love so well, 'Prayer and Praise,' and has been spiritual food to me this day. May God bless you, and make you always His honoured messenger, to be instant in season and out of season."

"A praying coachman," though I, "and a child of God, and heir of heaven, of 'that inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away, reserved in heaven' for all who love God." What a lesson did I learn! Even the security of the child of God, and the happiness of having "the God of Jacob for our help." "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him." It is indeed a comfort when we can leave ourselves, and all that belongs to us, in God's hands, and trust His wisdom, love, and power. Then again we learn a lesson from this poor man's spirit of gratitude and thankfulness, viewing God in all His mercies, and praising God for them.

I know nothing more of the history of my fellow-traveller; how long he had travelled with his face Zionwards, or known the blessedness of having God for his friend, his guide, and his prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; but I would say to my dear readers that the child of God who knows God in this light, and whose faith and love and gratitude are abounding always from day to day and hour to hour, even the dark valley of the shadow of death will appear light unto him.

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my highest powers."

This is his language.

Yes; and it was the feeling and language of a dear young child of God, whom it was my privilege to visit lately on his dying bed. "It is all mercy," said he; "this cup of suffering is sweetened by loving mercy, and when I get home how I shall praise God for all His loving mercy to me! I cannot praise Him as I would here; I cannot say enough; and my mercies are so many that I can never have done thanking Him! But in heaven I shall know how to praise Him aright."

It is noticing our mercies, and acknowledging them continually, which enables us to "be full of joy and peace in believing," to leave it all with Jesus, "and to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His!" "Giving thanks always." Let this be our motto from henceforth, and feeling how utterly undeserving we are of the least of God's mercies, let "our mouth be filled with praise all the day long."

SALVATION.

WHAT a blessed word! How precious its sound. Follow those firemen, as they rush down the street at the alarm of fire, trundling their escape along. See, they have reached the conflagration. How quickly they rescue the inmates from the top window of that burning house. And now ask those who have just been saved whether they do not understand the meaning of salvation.

Or enquire of the survivors of the Greeley expedition, when found more dead than alive in the Arctic regions; and from those poor fellows who were picked up in mid-ocean, from the little bark *Mignonette*. These can indeed tell, through real experience, what salvation is, and what a joy it was to them when deliverance came.

Some months ago I read of another case of salvation. During the summer the following incident took place between Kingsgate and Broadstairs.

A nursemaid, entrusted with three little girls, left them playing about upon a ledge of rocks long after the tide had risen, so that escape was hardly possible, even by grown-up persons.

Not until the water had risen, indicating to the girls their danger, did the nursemaid, who had been reading on the sands, make known to those about the peril of the children.

Among a few who saw the danger were a party of gentlemen, one of whom, being an expert swimmer, divested himself of a portion of his clothing and plunged into the sea.

There being a strong tide running, he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the ledge of rock, but succeeding, he brought off the youngest child, and took her to the shore in safety.

Nobody volunteering, the same gentleman returned to the task of rescuing the other girls.

They were up to their waists in water, and the eldest implored the gentleman to save her. Getting a footing on the rocks, he was able to cut away his braces, attaching as a desperate resource the children to his waist by two straps. Then, waiting for an incoming wave, the last desperate attempt was made.

It proved to be successful, for though the receding waves for a moment or two seemed to destroy all hope, a manœuvre on the part of the rescuer brought all three to shore.

All, however, were insensible; but after a little

time, by the aid of restoratives, they were able to be sent home.

No one who reads this but must admire the self-denial and dauntless courage of this gentleman, who at the risk of his life saved these three dear little girls from a watery grave.

But, my dear reader, I have to tell you of One who has shown far greater self-denial than that just related.

God's beloved Son,

out of pure love to your precious soul, came all the way from heaven that He might deliver you from God's wrath and the eternal judgment of the lake of fire. But this could only be accomplished by His

Suffering, the Just for the unjust,

and passing through the waves and billows of God's wrath against your sins.

The kind friend who rescued the three little girls did so out of pure compassion. They had

No claim upon him.

So also the salvation that God has wrought for us, through the shedding of the precious blood of Christ, is all of free grace. We have no claim whatever upon God; it is all of His sovereign mercy that He saves sinners (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

But then, again, the three little children

Knew their danger,

which is one of the first things for a sinner to learn, because until this is seen there is little desire for deliverance. But whether believed or not, dear reader, if you are unsaved you are in terrible danger, already under condemnation (John iii. 18), and the wrath of God abiding on you. (John iii. 36.)

We next observe that the little ones were

Perfectly helpless.

They could not battle with those fierce waves, and gradually the danger was increasing with the rising tide. But however great the danger, it mattered not; they could not deliver themselves.

Such also is your case. You cannot get yourself one inch towards heaven either by your strivings, good works, or prayers. No, the salvation of the soul must be altogether the work of God, and you must put yourself into Christ's hands as a poor, helpless sinner.

Further, we notice that the children gladly and eagerly

Accepted the deliverance offered.

They had never seen that kind friend before, they knew him not, but they were willing to trust themselves to him.

Oh, dear reader, if you have not received Christ as your Deliverer and Saviour, you know Him not; but nevertheless He is the best friend you could possibly have.

The gentleman did much to save the little children; he risked his life. But Christ has done more for you. He willingly

Laid down His life.

and having become the sacrifice for sin, He offers salvation to all who trust Him.

Will you not receive it thus, even like those little children committed themselves to their kind deliverer. For it is written, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on Him." (John iii. 36.)

Remember, if you reject this salvation there is none other, and for ever you will perish in eternal misery and outer darkness.

"Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money;
'Tis the gift of God, 'tis free.
Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be."

J. W. J.

"SALVATION IS FREE."

HARK, sinner! hark! we have tidings so true,
Tidings of pardon and blessing for you;
God, in His Word, says that Christ on the tree
Died for the guilty—"Salvation is free!"

Hear the news, sinner, free! free! free!
Why not believe it? 'tis good news for thee;
Jesus, the Just One, has died on the tree,
Died for the guilty—"Salvation is free!"

Guilt you are, yet we know very well,
Jesus has suffered to save you from hell;
Condemned you are now, justified you may be;
The ransom is paid, and "Salvation is free!"

Trust not in "doing," it cannot avail,
Good resolutions and works can but fail;
"Grace, grace alone," is the saved sinner's plea,
"Not of works," saith the Word, "Salvation is free!"

Trust not in "feelings," your heart is depraved,
Trust "only Jesus," and you shall be saved;
Tears of repentance, though real they may be,
Can ne'er purchase Heaven—"Salvation is free!"

Haste! oh, remember, if grace you still spurn,
Banished from God, in hell you will burn;
Hark to His Word, then, which speaks now to thee;
Delay not, but haste while "Salvation is free!"



A WORD FOR 1885.

THE loving hand of our God has led us onward through another stage of our earthly pilgrimage; His grace and mercy have abounded beyond all our needs, so that while raising our "Ebenezer" for the past, we must press forward with confidence and trust for the further steps of our way until we reach His presence, where "fulness of joy" shall be our eternal portion.

In starting on a new year, let us consider the deep importance of *pleasing God* in our *life, walk, and service*. Being saved by His grace, and quickened by His Spirit, we are called into a position of nearness to Him; and our privilege is to walk worthy of that relationship unto all-pleasing. Of our blessed Lord, the Father bore witness that in Him He was well pleased. "As He is, so are we in this world;" therefore we are called "to walk even as He walked." This is a high standard surely, but it is the one set before us in the Word; and we should make it our aim that in all things we are well-pleasing to God. We should be careful to live, not before the world or the professing Church, but before the Lord, remembering ever that His word of approval will be according to the measure in which we have sought to do His will and to glorify His name.


In the present day there is a great danger of surface work, of mere outward obedience. To be successful in the eyes of others is the chief object sought, and to do the Master's will is alas oftentimes little thought of. The word of God as the sole chart on the voyage of life is little heeded, and its authority as the only standard of truth set aside. Let us, therefore, afresh see to it that we make *His will our choice, His word our guide, and His glory our object*. Let us walk, not in the light of present things, but with the eye on the eternal and unfading glory about to dawn upon us, make it our aim to be well-pleasing in that day when everything shall be laid bare

before the judgment-seat of Christ. That only will survive the scrutiny of that day which bears the impress of His Spirit, and has been wrought according to His mind. Then let us *live* so as to please God, and, like the Master in whose footsteps we are called to tread, make it our meat and drink to do His will. Let us *walk* worthy of being followers of Him who pleased not Himself, and let us *serve* with the divine pattern before us of Him who could say, "I delight to do thy will, O my God." This will bring true joy now, and by-and-by the untold bliss of receiving His commendation in that day when He rewards each according to their work. May He by His Spirit work this in our hearts for His name's sake!

J. E. H.

WATCHWORDS FOR THE YEAR.

CHRIST FOR US. WE FOR HIM.

 THOU wilt, dear, loving Saviour, to those who trust this year,

Be all they need at all times, a Helper ever near.
So, Master, looking now to Thee,
We forward go, triumphantly.

THOU wilt, for Thou hast promised, be Guard and Guide each day,

If only we will hearken, and loyally obey.
Then, Jesus, by Thy gentle might,
Incline our hearts to hear aright.

THOU wilt be sweetest Shelter in sorrow's sternest hour,
Thou wilt be strongest Fortress from fierce temptation's power.

O Saviour, may we by Thy grace,
Each find in Thee a hiding-place!

THOU wilt, when we are weary, restore our souls again,
And oftentimes, in Thy mercy, remove the throb of pain;

If not, may we accept Thy will,
And trust Thy wise and patient skill.

THOU wilt too, by Thy Spirit, increase our growth in grace,
Till we reflect the beauty, the brightness of Thy face.

Lord, may this year the holiest prove!
And may we give Thee love for love!

THOU wilt be, blessed Saviour (nay, more, Thou art to-day),
Our All-in-All for ever, then help us now to say:

"We each, dear Lord, will gladly be
Surrendered wholly unto Thee."

THOU wilt, we know, Lord Jesus, be coming soon again,
To take us to our Father, and over all to reign;

And then, oh, then with higher powers,
How we will serve through joyous hours!

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"



LOVE Thee, precious Jesus; for Thou hast loved me;
And deep in my remembrance Thy name shall ever be.

More tender than a mother, my Saviour, Friend, art Thou;
Yea, closer than a brother Thou cleavest to me now.

I love Thee, precious Jesus; and closely at Thy side,
Whence living streams are welling, would I henceforth abide.

So meek art Thou and lowly, of Thee I fain would learn,
And by Thy mind most holy the Father's will discern.

I love Thee, precious Jesus; I love Thee more and more;
Though scanty still the measure, my cup so soon runs o'er.
Oh, perfect my perception of this, the "wealthy place,"
To Faith's complete reception of Thine exceeding grace!

I love Thee, precious Jesus, and through the cloudy day
I mind me Thou art coming to call us soon away;
To end our time-condition in resurrection light;
To give, for hope, fruition; for faith, the promised light!

I love Thee, precious Jesus; Thy changeless love I know,
Too mighty in its fulness to fathom here below.
Nought Thine from Thee may sever, then lead me in Thy ways;
My mission, now and ever, to sing aloud Thy praise!

TO OUR READERS.

AT the beginning of another year of our monthly message of the glad tidings of the gospel, we desire to make an earnest appeal to our friends to assist us in spreading the good news more widely by increasing our circulation. The Lord continues to own our *Watchman* to awaken sinners, and to lead to Christ; and during the past year we have had many testimonies that it has been blessed of the Lord to the salvation of souls. We therefore appeal confidently to our readers to help us further.

1st. By sending for *gratis* sample packets to circulate among those who have not hitherto seen it.

2nd. By taking a certain number of copies monthly and giving them away among the unsaved in their locality. They will be found to be valued more than tracts or small books, and are often taken great care of, and read over many times.

3rd. By sending us gospel articles, especially authentic and original narrative papers for insertions.

4. By continued prayer for blessing on our pages.

FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

WE have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the amount.

THE LORD'S POOR.

FOR some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying any gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the inclement season now approaching, are needing sometimes the very necessities of life.

THE

CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye; return, come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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"BUT WHAT UP THERE?"

OR,

THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

A FRIEND of mine in America was once staying with one of those rich Western farmers who own immense tracts of country. He had started life as a poor boy, but by sheer hard toil and saving propensities had fought his way through the world, until now, advanced in years, he had built a large house on one of the best sites in his estates, intending in quietness to joy the remainder of his days.

My friend was travelling through the State, and though a stranger, was kindly received and entertained by this rich man, who at once was eager to show him all the objects that were of the most

interest to himself. He took him to the neighbouring city, and there pointed out the principal stores and warehouses; the largest places of business were his—indeed, rows of houses and whole streets had been built by him. In returning to the house, they drove through miles of country, all the property of the same man, who was proud to tell that he was the possessor of fifty thousand acres, upon which fed thousands of sheep and large herds of cattle. On arriving at the house, they ascended the tower built for the purpose of surveying the surrounding country. On the top of this tower the farmer kept a telescope, by which means he could see what operations were going on at his various farms. He bade my friend look through the telescope, telling him as far as his eye could reach was all his.

"Well," said my friend, after speaking in admiration of all he had seen, "but what up there?" pointing with his finger as he spoke to heaven. "Why, how, what do you mean?" said the farmer. "I don't quite understand." "You have been showing me what you possess down here, and certainly you have more of this world than most men, what have you in the world to come? You have been for years amassing all this wealth, which has cost you toil and time, and yet you know that you cannot take your houses, or your farms, or your flocks and herds, with you beyond the grave; and the day is fast drawing near when you will, whether you like it or not, be obliged to leave all this to others. Have you no inheritance for the great hereafter?" My friend paused, and a long and uneasy silence ensued, which was at length broken by the farmer replying, with a grave shake of his head,

"Well, I don't know; I can't say, for I never think much about that." He then had poured into his ear the blessed truths of redeeming love, as my friend looked to the Lord to rivet home the word in the power of the Holy Ghost.

This farmer, who was esteemed so rich in this world by all who were acquainted with him, was yet despicably *poor* as regards the next; for he knew nothing of that inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and which God assures us shall never fade away.

How true it is that the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not! They are so attracted by the fancied value of the present, that they perceive not the eternal glory which is in Christ Jesus.

When Haman had gathered of this world all that the world could give him, so that he was second to none but the great king, he tells his wife and neighbours of the glory of his riches, the multitude of his children, and the high honours and distinctions to which Ahasuerus had promoted him; the queen too had singled him out above all the princes of Babylon. "Yet," says this man of the world, "*all this availeth me nothing.*" For at the palace gate sat a certain Jew, who, for the word of the Lord, refused to salute this enemy of his people.

Such is a fair picture of the unsatisfying portion the world has to give its worshippers. But how different was the case of those two men with their feet fast in the stocks of the damp, dark dungeon of Philippi; though their backs were still bleeding from the cruel lash that had mercilessly been laid upon them in the public market-place, yet they sang songs of praise during the midnight hour. But where was the secret of their joy? It certainly was not in the surrounding circumstances. No; but they had in *heaven* a Friend to cheer, who had promised them that which this world could not give, the earnest of which they had already received in their hearts.

For Haman how true were the words, "Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and silver are cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire: ye have heaped treasure together for the last day." But for the servants of Christ, it is true God has given them that which "cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof." Yea, this

priceless gift of God "cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold." Words utterly fail to describe the worth of that eternal life which is "the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans vi. 23.)

So much as to the difference of the portion in this life. Now if you think of a deathbed scene—"What shall it profit a man," asks He who was greater than Solomon, "if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Solemn, solemn question. Reader, weigh it well. Are you going to *risk* your soul, and who but God knows, if by thus risking it you should lose it? And this is certain, if you lose it, you lose it *for ever*. A betting man has staked his whole fortune on some "favourite," and in a few minutes the man of wealth is a bankrupt; however, through the kindness of friends, and what men call "good luck," he may perhaps in after years recover what he lost. But the man who risks his precious soul, when he loses his soul he loses his all, and that without remedy.

If you will not have Christ now as your Saviour, but put Him from you, you may die without Christ. And as sure as you die without Christ you will stand in the judgment with no Christ as your friend; and then—then you shall spend your eternity for ever, for ever, and for ever without Christ. Oh, awful thought; but infinitely more awful reality.

I trust that the simple question, "What up there?" will ring in your conscience until you can with joy answer in the words of one when dying, who, laying her hand on her Bible, said, "I have Christ *there*;" then, pointing up, "Christ *there*;" again, laying her hand on her heart, with a sweet smile she passed away, saying, "and Christ *here*."

Oh, may God grant that *you* may know this treasure as the inheritance of your heart through time and in eternity!

H. W. T.

HE THAT BELIEVETH ON HIM
IS NOT CONDEMNED;
BUT HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT IS
CONDEMNED ALREADY.

JOHN iii. 18.

THE ETHIOPIAN.

IN Ethiopia, far south of Jerusalem, there dwelt a black man. He was an idolater, and worshipped gods of his own imagination. He held a position of great trust and importance under his queen, Candace. He was the great man of the court. Evidently in earnest as to his faith, and a zealous observer of his creed.

But he was dissatisfied with his religion. Wealth could not satisfy the craving of his soul. Rank and power failed to lull his troubled conscience. The Holy Spirit had evidently awakened him. What rest could he find in the meaningless superstitions of his country?

The death of the Lord Jesus Christ had reached every quarter of the globe. People of all nations were in Jerusalem on that momentous day, when there was darkness over all the land. Thereupon reached idolatrous nations. To the eunuch came tidings of the great events which had taken place at Jerusalem, that Jesus of Nazareth had been crucified, and that the course of nature had been disturbed by darkness at midday. He had heard that Jerusalem was considered by many the place where men ought to worship, so he undertook a pilgrimage to the land of Judæa. Doubtless many well-meaning advisers sought to dissuade him from so profitless a journey, but the Spirit of God strove with him.

With his chariot and his cavalcade of attendants he made a long and tedious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In the synagogue he heard the law, which terrified him. Nor sacrifices nor law could give his soul peace. All was inexplicable, and he rose to return to his own country.

Cast your eye now across the desert leading to Gaza. See a long cavalcade of an eastern magnate—camels led by slaves, runners clearing the way. In the principal chariot, driven by a slave, sits the black man.

One thing, however, he carried with him. Being wealthy, he was enabled to procure a parchment roll of the prophet Isaiah; this he held in his hand, and was reading, evidently much perplexed as to its meaning. At that time the Old Testament was written on rolls of parchment, and only to be procured at great cost. How different now that the whole Bible may be had for fivepence, and the

New Testament for a penny! With this treasure he set out on his return journey, and was so interested in its contents, though ignorant of its meaning, that he perused the roll diligently in his chariot.

Here then we find an anxious soul—a man troubled in mind respecting his state, and diligently seeking after God. Does God see this stray sheep in the wilderness? We shall see.

Among the disciples we find Philip the evangelist. He went to a city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. "And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert."

"He arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority . . . was

returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." God, who heard the feeble inquiry of the anxious, lonely stranger in the wilderness, sent the evangelist to instruct him in the way of life. Philip was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. Behold him running to stop the chariot. As he approached he heard the stranger reading aloud the prophet Isaiah, and said, "Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he



would come up and sit with him."

The place where he was reading was Isaiah liii., that blessed chapter of the evangelical prophet: "He was wounded for *our* transgressions, He was bruised for *our* iniquities: the chastisement of *our* peace was upon Him; and with His stripes *we* are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah *hath laid* on Him the iniquity of *us all*. . . . He is brought as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so opened He not His mouth: in His humiliation His judgment was taken away: and who shall declare His generation? for His life is taken from the earth."

"I pray thee," said he to Philip, "of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" Momentous inquiry, on the right understanding of which so much depends.

"Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus."

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

BY M. J. HOWARD.



NOW often is this solemn question forced upon us by the circumstances that are taking place in our midst. In our small country town, apart from other causes by which life is ended, three sudden deaths have occurred within six days, and separated not more than five minutes' walk from each other.

The first was that of a mother, on a visit from a distant town to her son: she had only arrived about an hour previous. Tea had been provided, and all were comfortably seated at the table, when suddenly the call came. "I feel very ill," was her only exclamation, she fell back in her chair, heaved a deep sigh, and immediately expired.

The second was a preacher of the gospel. On the Sunday he had addressed two congregations with great earnestness, urging his hearers with more than usual tenderness to accept of Christ as their all-sufficient Saviour. Of him, as of Richard Baxter two hundred years ago, it could be said—

"He preached as though he ne'er might preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men."

On the Monday he was apparently well as usual. In the evening he attended the prayer meeting, after which he returned home and retired to rest. But the messenger was on the way. Waking up at midnight in extreme pain, his friends became alarmed; a doctor was hastily summoned, but before he arrived the spirit had fled. To each of these "to die was gain." Sudden death *here* was sudden glory *yonder*. "Absent from the body, present and for ever with the Lord."

The third was a very different case, casting a sadness and gloom over all connected with it. A young woman of respectable parentage—an only child—had married with bright prospects for this life. But, alas! the drink was indulged in, first by the husband, and eventually by the wife; till their property was squandered, their earthly prospects blighted, their reputation gone. So low did they sink in degradation and sin that, when money or drink could be obtained, they were seldom sober. In this dreadful condition the evening before both had retired to their miserable bed, and in the morning it was found the wife was stiff and cold in the arms of death—*stified in her drunken sleep*. Truly "the wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)

Not only death of the body, but death eternal; for the word of God solemnly declares, "No drunkard . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Cor. vi. 10.)

Unsaved reader, as we read and think of these solemn incidents, may we not well ask the question, "What is your life?" I mean now, the present, natural, human life of which you think so much. Let Scripture answer: "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." (Psalm ciii. 15, 16.) "Verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." (Psalm xxxix. 5.) "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth . . . surely the people is grass." (Isaiah xl. 6, 7.) "For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James iv. 14.) Did you ever thus think of life—of *your* life, as grass, as a flower, as vapour, as vanity? If not, I pray that the solemn thought may come right home to your heart now.

But, reader, there is another life, far more important than life here—"eternal, everlasting life." "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) "I am," said Christ, "the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." (John xi. 25.) "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John v. 12.) Have you thus received Christ—believed on Christ? Life cannot be obtained in other ways. Christ must be received. And in receiving Christ you obtain eternal life in Christ—a life which will manifest itself in spiritual acts, in holy conduct, in a love to God, to Christ, the word of God, His ordinances, His people. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being *dead* to sins, should live unto righteousness." (1 Peter ii. 24.) And thus in answer to the question, "What is your life?" you may truthfully use the words of the apostle Paul, "For me to live is Christ."

But if this is not the case, and you are still "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1), let me beseech you, by the value of your never-dying soul, by the shortness of time, the nearness of eternity, by the blessings you lose here and the heaven hereafter if unsaved, by the torments you must endure if lost, to flee at once to Jesus; for, thank God, now—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for *thee*;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

THE POWER OF LOVE.



BY CHEYNE BRADY.

ONE day one of the gigantic eagles of Scotland carried away an infant, which its mother had laid to sleep on a heap of hay at the side of the field in which she was hay-making. The whole village ran after it, but the eagle soon perched itself upon the loftiest eyrie, and everyone despaired of the child being recovered. A sailor tried to climb the ascent, but his strong limbs trembled, and he was at last obliged to give up the attempt. A robust Highlander, accustomed to climb the hills, tried next, and even *his* limbs gave way, and he was in fact precipitated to the bottom. But at last a poor peasant woman came forward. She put her feet first on one shelf of the rock, then on a second, and then on a third; and in this manner, amid the trembling hearts of all who were looking on, she rose to the very top of the cliff; and at last, while the breasts of those below were heaving, came down step by step, until, amid the shouts of the villagers, she stood at the bottom of the rock, with the child on her bosom. Why did that woman succeed when the strong sailor and the practised Highlander had failed? Why? because between her and the babe there was a tie—that woman was the mother of the babe. Let there be love to Christ and to souls in your heart, and greater wonders will be accomplished.

What a beautiful picture of the love of a mother. But there is greater love than this. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

Yes, dear reader, your heavenly Father loves you. He has shown His deep love in the gift of His only Son.

The too prevalent idea about God is that He is an angry God, all terror, hard, austere, nay, even wrath itself. Consequently God is dreaded. Even from childhood God is misrepresented. How common to hear, "Be a good child, and God will love you."

All this is a delusion of Satan. The God of the Bible is the very opposite of all this. Therefore it is wise to "acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace."

If you come to know God and His character you

will have a very different opinion, and instead of dreading Him you will love Him, and give Him your whole heart.

It is not the case that you must hide from an angry God, and flee to an interposing Saviour; but that a God of love provided and foreordained a Saviour.

It is not that Jesus came to appease God's wrath, but God sent Jesus to bear the penalty due to our sins.

Our salvation originated in the loving heart of God. It was God's will that we should be saved; and Jesus said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

Read the description of God given in His word. "God is love." His essential being is love. "God, who is *rich in mercy*, for His GREAT LOVE wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins." (Eph. ii. 4, 5.)

It is perfectly true also that He is just and righteous; that He is angry with the wicked, and His wrath abideth on the impenitent; but to you, now, O sinner, He is a God of love and compassion, reconciled and offering to save you and make you happy, so that you have every warrant from His character to come to Him just as you are for pardon, justification, and a new life. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

"God willeth not the death of the sinner." "God is not willing that any should perish." God is waiting to be gracious.

From these words we learn that instead of God being angry, full of wrath, to be fled from, He is loving, good, kind, gracious, willing to save, long-suffering.

Your Father is photographed on all created things as love. All nature echoes to your heart, "God is Love."

Look up and see God's love in the sun, moon, and stars. Listen to the birds singing "God is love." Look on the earth and see the beauty of the trees, the plants, and inhale the sweet perfume, breathing the love of God.

Resist not the Spirit, but cry aloud from the depth of your inmost soul, "I have sinned; I am helpless; I am lost; there is no health in me. 'I will arise and go to my Father, and say, Father, I have sinned.' Thou knowest my sins, and, above all, my unbelief; I am vile; I repent in dust and ashes. Father, I believe in thy love. Lord Jesus, I believe thou art the Son of God; thou didst shed thy precious blood on the cross for me. I accept thee, I trust thee now, and yield myself to thee Jesus as my Saviour; I choose the Lord for my God. Now I am thine, and whenever I leave this earthly scene

Thou, O God, shalt have me."

"READY! AYE, READY!"

BY G. HEFFORD.

IN an open space in the town of Landport there stands a monument which has been erected to perpetuate the memory of Sir Charles Napier, the peculiar feature of which is that it says nothing whatever of the birth, achievements, or death of the admiral himself, but bears underneath the name "Napier," the simple inscription, "Ready! Aye, Ready!"

This, it is said, exactly portrays the character of the man—he was always ready. The moment he received his orders he was prepared to carry them out; meeting his enemies, he was ready for the encounter or defence. Nothing ever took him by surprise, every emergency was anticipated, and as far as possible provided beforehand, and to this habit of preparedness the success which attended whatever he undertook is attributed.

But Sir Charles Napier's last battle has been fought on earth—the conqueror has been conquered. Was he equally ready for that last encounter? Was death an enemy or a friend? As these thoughts crossed my mind, I hoped the inscription was true spiritually, that even to death he could say, "Ready! aye, ready!"

Reader, it is well to be prepared for life's emergencies, life's troubles, losses, crosses, and disappointments; these will come—let them not take you by surprise; as far as possible be prepared for them; but, above all, be prepared for

Death, Judgment, and Eternity.

Death will come. You may dismiss the thought, blind your eyes to its awful reality, but the word of God declares, "It is appointed unto men once to die." You belong to the race—you must die. Every day of the week, and every week in the year, thousands are grappling with and are overcome by death; willing or unwilling, prepared or unprepared, they pass away. Sooner or later your turn will come, the brain will lose its sensibility, the hearing fail, the pulse no longer beat, the heart cease to throb, the limbs to move, the eyelids close, and what is called "LIFE" here is gone for ever. Are you prepared for this? Is Christ yours? Has He been received into your heart by faith? Are you washed in His blood, clothed in His righteousness, sanctified by His Spirit? if so, death will only be a transition—"Absent from the body, present" and FOR EVER "with the Lord."

But, reader, if this is not the case, if through life salvation has been neglected, God's long-suffering mercy despised, Christ rejected, the Holy Spirit's strivings resisted, then death will pass you on to the judgment. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27.) Every eye shall see the Judge, every ear hear His voice; standing before the great white throne there can be no question as to thy guilt—thy sentence. Oh, sinner, read it: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." From this sentence there can be no appeal, from this doom no escape.

"And this for souls that heard of Christ,
Heard of His dying love!
Oh, this will be a ceaseless sting,
All other stings above!"

Reader, life and death, heaven and hell, are set before you. Choose ye, choose now, but choose life. Repent of your sins, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Be reconciled to God, seek the witness of the Holy Spirit in your heart. So will you be happy in life, safe in death, justified at the judgment, and glorified throughout eternity.

CHRIST IS ALL.

THERE is a *Rock* amid the billows' foam
That lifts its noble crest above the tide,
Where shipwrecked mariners may safely come,
And cast their all, and there secure abide—

That Rock is Christ.

There is a *Way* that leads to God and heaven,
Away from all the chequered paths of men;
And never failing is the promise given
To those whose happy footsteps walk therein—

That Way is Christ.

There is a *Star* amid the heavenly host,
Whose brightness quenches every meaner light;
Guiding them homewards through the shades of night—
A beacon to the wandering and the lost—

That Star is Christ.

There is a *Vine* whose fruitful branches fill
The cup of life, a dying world to heal;
Its juice was pressed on Calvary's sacred hill,
And ever flows, the gift of love to seal—

That Vine is Christ.

There is a *Voice* whose tones of love are sweet,
Beyond all earthly music in the ear,
Whose fulness every craving heart can meet,
Whose accents soften pain and banish fear—

That Voice is Christ.

Safety in danger, guidance in despair,
Sustaining help in sorrow, loss, or shame;
And, let a word the sum of bliss declare,
Finished salvation in *one only Name*—

And that is Christ.

The Watchman's Message.

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THE RAILWAY MAN.

Be ye
also
Ready.

At such
an
hour as
ye
think not
the
Son of
Man
cometh.

Friend,
are
you
Ready?

THE RAILWAY MAN.

IT was a lovely winter morning when the frost lay on the ground like a white mantle, and the sun just peeping out cast a golden tint through the icy crystals that hung to the trees, and everything looked as bright as it possibly could at time of the year. A number of gentlemen

were making their way to the railway-station to catch the early train to take them to their various occupations in town, when a familiar voice said, "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," I replied. "I wish you a Happy New Year."

"Thank you. I heartily wish you the same."

We walked on together, talking about the lovely morning, when my friend said:

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

"Did you hear that poor K—— was killed at E—— station last night? It is anything but a *happy* new year for his family."

"Really I had not heard it; tell me how it happened."

"Well, you will remember K—— was a happy-looking fellow; his hair was just turning grey."

"Oh, yes, I remember him well!" I said.

"You know he often examined the tickets, and last night as the express for the north was starting a gentleman rushed up and jumped in, and K—— jumped on the foot-board and asked for his ticket. He said he had not had time to take one; and when K—— had told the guard that a passenger was without a ticket he jumped off, and in doing so he slipped between the platform and the train on to the metals, and was picked up a lifeless corpse. Only a few days before he had spent Christmas with his family, and ere the new year dawned he was in eternity."

Reader, what if it had been you? If you were called to pass from time into eternity at a moment's notice, where would it be? Did you ever ponder the meaning of that momentous word *ETERNITY*? On earth, where millions live, and only live to die, the word *ETERNITY* is little heard, and still less is it pondered. Men live as if they were to live for ever here, and yet life's little day is but the threshold of their eternal existence; men hoard their worldly gain as if their hands would hold the prize for ever, yet these hands grow chill in death, and unclasp it all; men's hearts are set on mirth and pleasure as if these would accompany them through life and death, yet in days of lonely sorrow, and when the hour of death draws near, these false and misnamed joys of earth take wings and flee away.

Oh that men were wise, that they would look beyond the present into the future! But the great and mighty crowd press on, concerned enough about the present, but neglectful of the future. Solitary individuals here and there at times are seen to pause and think on great eternal verities, and with such we fain would speak.

Reader, how is it with your soul? How stands it with you in the sight of God? Are you in Christ or in your sins? Is your destiny the eternal glory or the realms of never-ending woe? I beseech you, stop and think. Heed not the crowd around; follow not their giddy track; it leads from God to death and hell. You yourself must live on through long eternal ages. Now, where is this to be?

Heaven's holy mansions are for redeemed inhabitants alone; its songs are sung by ransomed lips. Do you expect to have any share in these? You *hope* to be there, no doubt; but, think you, is this enough? Is there no fitness, no title required? Ah! yes, there is; and they are found in Christ, and in the blood of His cross, and there alone. Away then from dead forms and ceremonies and flee to Christ.

SAVED

IN THE LIFEBOAT.



An artist at a watering-place took advantage of the receding tide to go some distance to the sand-banks on purpose to sketch the surrounding country. Busily occupied, he forgot his position till the flowing tide surrounded his feet. Escape was impossible. His shouts and cries reached the shore, when not a moment was lost in sending help; but, owing to the banks and gullies, some time elapsed before he could be reached. With anxious looks he watched the movements of the boatmen, their laboured efforts seeming tediously long. The rapid current carried away his easel and much-cherished painting. Paints, palette, and brushes were lost in the flood. His feet sinking in the treacherous sand made each moment seem an age, and gave him the energy of despair, and lessen the hope of his being rescued. The men at last reached the artist, and dragged him, exhausted and bewildered, into the boat. He was saved at the last moment, but it was a perfect and complete salvation. One minute in the flood and almost lost, the next minute in the boat and altogether saved. To him it was a *lifeboat*.

This man is a type of thousands, who take up with the cares, pleasures, and occupations of life, and shut their eyes to their state of danger. Some perish without help, others are plucked from the jaws of destruction.

The boat is a type of Christ. The man found refuge—salvation from eternal death in Christ. "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John v. 12.)

Salvation from eternal death consists in my taking Christ as my Saviour from sin—not calling, longing, feeling, thinking, but I, the sinner, realizing my need, taking, laying hold on the Lord Jesus Christ, making Him my own personal Saviour.

LOST;

OR, REJECTING THE LIFEBOAT.



T a town on the south coast of England there is a very beautiful specimen of the patent self-adjusting lifeboat—that marvellous provision made for the poor shipwrecked mariners.

Some time since, in one of those tremendous gales which occasionally visit our coasts, a shipwreck occurred in the middle of the night. The signals of distress were heard and speedily answered by the gallant crew of the lifeboat. On reaching the wreck, a few miles from the town, they were called to witness a spectacle of unusual sadness. The captain of the ill-fated vessel, under the influence, no doubt, of ardent spirits, was standing amid the appalling scene, and with oaths and imprecations refused to enter the lifeboat—madly refused to avail himself of the messenger of mercy, of the kindly succour brought nigh to him in the moment of imminent dan-

ger. And not only did he refuse to enter the lifeboat himself, but drawing out a revolver from his pocket he threatened to shoot the first man who would dare to step from the sinking wreck on to the lifeboat. Vain were the entreaties, the arguments, and appeals of the coastguardsmen. The frantic captain, bent on his own and his fellows' destruction, obstinately refused to leave the wreck. Six of the ship's crew, either influenced by the captain's argument, or terrified by his revolver, and perhaps themselves under the influence of drink, joined with him in his mad purpose not to enter the boat.

At length the commander of the lifeboat sadly and reluctantly issued the order to his men to row to shore with such of the ship's crew as had wisely consented to accompany him. And now comes the heartrending part of this sad tale. Far on in the night, that dark and stormy night, there was a momentary lull of the storm; the crew of the life-

boat were still lingering on the shore, unwilling and unable to retire to rest amid such a scene of terror and danger, when they heard the death-wail wafted across the surging waters, "Lifeboat! lifeboat! lifeboat!"

Once more those gallant fellows pushed off and made for the wreck; but, alas! it was "too late." The wretched captain and his six men had sunk beneath the boiling surf.

They went down, and in a few hours their bodies were washed upon that very shore which they might have trodden in health and safety but for their own blindness and folly.

Reader, we need scarcely ask the question, "Of what does this sad tale remind thee?" It is too plain, too pointed, too telling to render any such question needful. Art thou unconverted, unsaved?

Then remember thou art in thy sins, in thy guilt, and in imminent danger of the lake of fire.

Was not that captain, were not his men, most culpable in refusing the lifeboat? Dost thou not think that the agon-

ising cry of "Lifeboat! lifeboat! lifeboat!" issued from hearts filled with bitter self-reproaching because of their stupid folly in having rejected the proffered aid? "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) Christ is the Lifeboat, the true Ark of salvation. Thou art the sinner; He is the present Saviour.

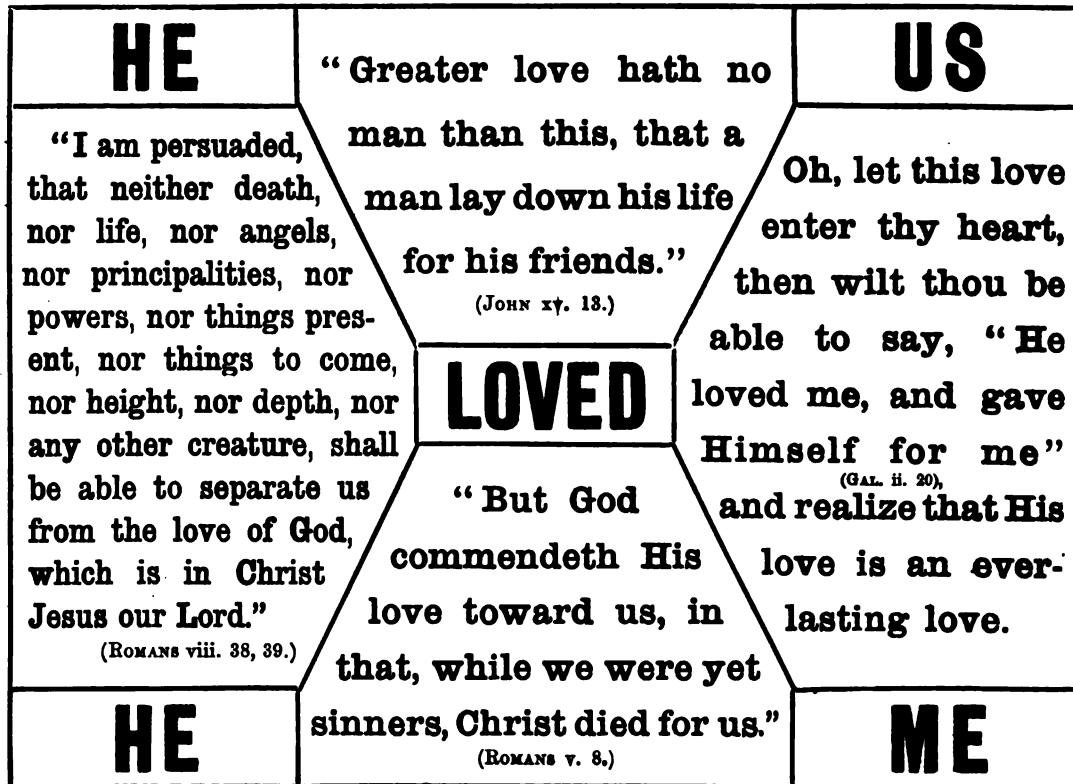
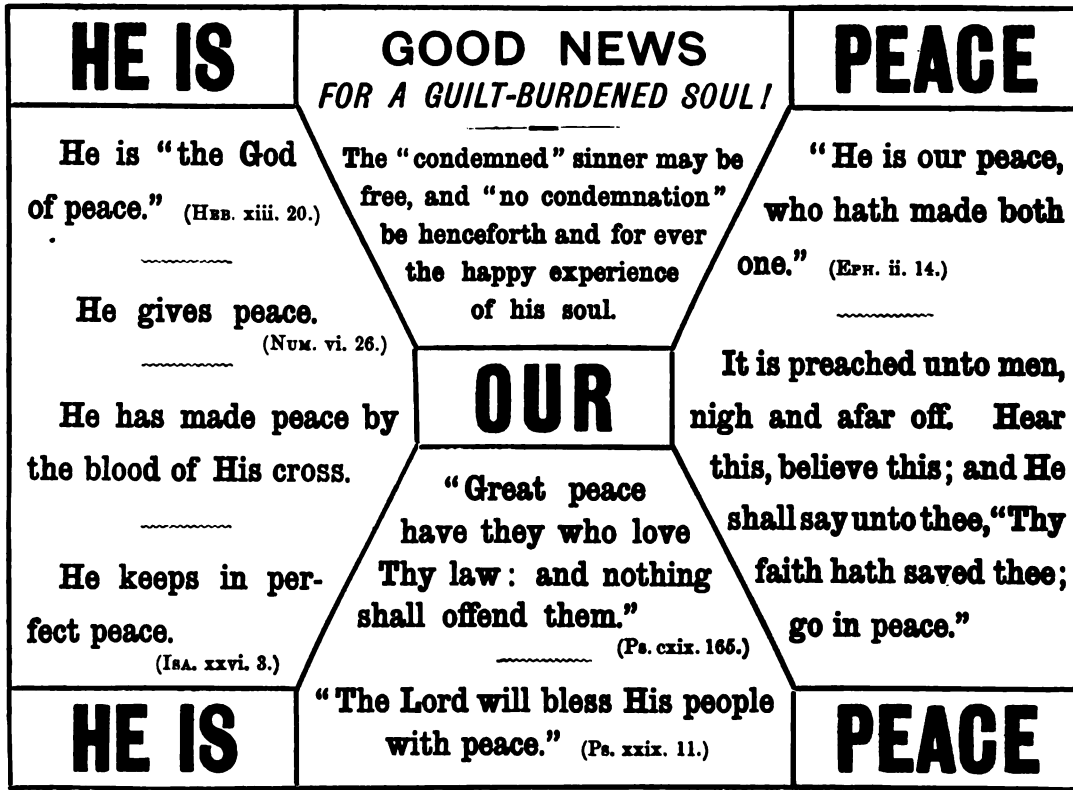


PARDON OFFERED.

PARDON is offered—pardon is offered;
A pardon full, present, and free;
Thy mighty debt was paid,
When on Calvary Jesus died,
To atone for a rebel like thee.

Why dost thou linger? why dost thou linger?
Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved?
Thy time is flying fast,
And thy day will soon be past,
Oh, arouse thee, and come to be saved!

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE



THE GAMBLER AND CRUEL HUSBAND SAVED BY GRACE.

GEORGE L—— had been a collier, but at length had opened a public-house, and for a time prospered. Fond of running, bowling, and gambling, he became a noted person in the neighbourhood where he lived; in fact among sporting classes he was as well known as any man throughout the entire county of N——.

But a change came to his ill-gotten prosperity; for how could the proceeds of drinking and gambling be otherwise designated?

Owing to excessive betting and very heavy losses, he was compelled to retire from a publican's life and seek employment in the coal-pit again.

His temper, never of a genial kind, now became worse and worse, and his poor wife was often cruelly ill-treated.

Many a time, smarting with pain, and oppressed with fear, did she make up her mind to leave him, and seek a livelihood for herself and helpless children.

In the colliery district where she lived there were a number of earnest Christians, all of them (women excepted) working in the coal-pit. These, whenever they had opportunity, were in the habit of conducting open-air gospel services, and they generally concluded by giving a hearty invitation to the listeners to come to their meeting-house.

One evening the wife of George L—— stood at her door and heard the story of the cross proclaimed. She was intensely interested, and resolved, if it were possible, to go to the meeting-house the next Sunday evening.

The evening came, wild and stormy (it was the night of the Tay Bridge disaster), yet she ventured out, and made for the meeting.

As she got near the door, her hat was blown off, and carried away into the darkness. What should she do? It was the only one she had, and she couldn't afford to lose it. Still the resolve to hear the gospel was strong within her, and she made up her mind, "Well, if I can't find it, I'll just go in as I am. I must go to the meeting to-night."

In she went, and listened. The preacher was a faithful herald of the cross, and proclaimed the message of God with fervour of spirit and in the Holy Ghost.

The woman's eager face attracted his attention, and at the close of the address he went up to her and expressed his joy at seeing her in the meeting. "Ah, but I'll come again next Sunday if I can," was her reply, which showed an anxiety and interest which cheered the preacher's heart.

Another Lord's-day came round, and in the evening there she was again; and ere she slept that night she became a "new creature in Christ Jesus." She trusted in the Saviour with all her heart, and found a joy and peace altogether new and wonderful. Never again did she contemplate leaving her husband, but made up her mind to endure the ill-usage he so frequently subjected her to, and hoped and prayed that she might win her erring and wicked partner to Jesus.

It was a few months after her conversion when he found out that she had a little money, and this he instantly demanded for gambling purposes. Upon her remonstrating with him, he swore awfully, and gave her some fearful blows. Scarcely had he ceased from striking her, when a peculiar numbness manifested itself in his tongue, and he could not refrain from communicating this to his wife.

"George, what if the Lord had given you numbness of your tongue as a judgment for your terrible use of it this morning?"

The words were hardly uttered, when George walked to the door intending to go out. All of a sudden he was seized by a paralytic stroke, and stood with the power of speech completely fled. Evidently he regarded it as a judgment from God, and the man—so brutal hitherto—wept like a child.

After a little time he recovered from the stroke and his voice returned, although he never regained it fully, being a mere stammerer at frequent intervals. But this illness was destined by God to be the means of breaking down the hard-hearted, cruel man. He became greatly alarmed about his sins, and eventually found peace and salvation through faith in God's dear Son.

For a little time he was in fellowship with the Christians who gather unto the name of the Lord in the place where he lived, and then his reason partly gave way.

One morning he entered the house of a brother in the Lord, and unceremoniously enquired of his wife, "Is Jack in? I've got something grand for him to-day."

"Well," said she, "he's not in just now. What is it, George? Can't you tell me?"

"Oh, it's something grand! Listen! I'll sing it to you now, and then wait till Jack comes home."

And then he began. He could sing fairly well, but the emotion and joy of his heart defy description.

"Man of sorrows! What a name!
For the Son of God, who came,
Ruined sinners to reclaim.
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!"

It was not long before "Jack" returned, and poor George shouted out—

"Jack, I've got something grand for you to-day," and again he burst forth with the verse of that beautiful hymn we have referred to.

It became necessary to remove the poor fellow to an asylum, but recovering after a little while he was sent home.

Jesus, Jesus, and His great love was ever his theme, and although eventually he was sent to the asylum, from which he never returned the second time, whenever the periodic fits of madness passed, his whole soul was absorbed with the love of Christ. When entering the asylum for the last time, the porter remarked, "Well, George, where are you going now?" "To heaven" shouted he, while the man, abashed, held down his head.

True enough, he was going to heaven, and in a few weeks he fell asleep in Jesus and his ransomed soul passed into the presence of Christ to await the bright morning of resurrection.

Grace enabled the wife (when saved through the blood of Christ) to bear with his brutal ways, and pray most earnestly for his salvation. In God's time and way her faith was rewarded, and she had the joy of seeing "the lion tamed into the spirit of the lamb."

Dear reader, whatever your guilt, the blood of Christ can cleanse it away. Whoever you are, Jesus is willing to receive you and save your precious soul.

"Only believe, and you shall be saved,
And heaven is yours for ever."

F. A. B.



THE STOWAWAY.

BY J. W. C. FEGAN.



WAS returning from Canada in June last year (1884) on board the Allan Line S.S. *Circassian*. With the exception of some detention through foggy weather off the coast of Newfoundland, which is very common, the passage was a very favourable one. On the afternoon of the ninth day we entered Lough Foyle, and

waited off Moville (Londonderry) for the tender to come for the mails to be hurried to London and elsewhere by rail as fast as possible, while we continued our course to Liverpool by sea.

It was a lovely summer day; the bold rocks rising out of the sea; the yellow sands stretching away up the Lough; the mountain pasture, the meadow grass, the patches of wheat or oats in shades of varying green; the ruined castle with its ivy-covered walls; the stranded wreck with its bare masts; the trim barque with swelling sails cleaving its homeward way. How charming it all appeared to us who day by day had seen nought but sea and sky! How buoyant and hearty everybody seemed!

"How happy we all are! What high spirits every one is in!" remarked an American lady to me as we surveyed the animated scene on deck. "You English folks are overjoyed at the thought of so soon seeing the faces of the loved ones from whom you have been separated, and we Americans are anticipating with delight our visit to the Old World with its historic glories and quaint antiquities; but how miserable that poor stowaway must be!"

"Stowaway?" I enquired. "Is there a stowaway on board? I have not heard of one."

"Yes," she said. "The captain told us about him the other morning. He came out from his hiding-place two or three days after we had started; he will be given over to the police at Liverpool, and be sent to prison if he cannot pay his fare. The company must be strict in prosecuting cases of this kind or, the captain says, they would become seriously common."

I went forward soon after, and got one of the sailors to point out to me amongst the steerage passengers the wretched stowaway. He was a tall, well-built man; his face was an uncommonly hard-

some and intelligent one, but wore an anxious, depressed look.

"Why did I stow away?" he said in conversation with me. "Why, sir, I made a fool of myself at Quebec. I went wrong altogether, and when I got down to rejoin the steamship of which I was second engineer, I found she had gone, taking everything that belonged to me with her. I was in a strange land without money or friends; I had a wife and children in Glasgow; I did not know what to do, so I hid myself on board, hoping that I might be allowed to work my passage over, when I was discovered; but they tell me I will have to go to prison for it. I am not much afraid of prison life; I have been through too many hardships in my day to be afraid of that; but what I mind most is that my children will know I have been in gaol, and a man cannot expect his family to respect him much after he has been locked up in prison."

I felt the force of this. It was certainly not desirable to humiliate a father before his children. He seemed to have already suffered smartly for his freaks. Others concurred in this view, and in a few minutes we subscribed the amount of his passage money, took it to the purser, and got his official receipt as follows:

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Moville, "Circassian."</i> June 16th, 1884. Received subscription from passengers for fare (£3 8s.) in favour of M_____ P_____ a stowaway. Purser.</p>
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I found the sailor who had first shown me the stowaway, and sent him to tell the poor troubled fellow what had been done for him, and give him the receipt to produce, and clear himself if challenged as to his right to be on board.

Imagine him leaning gloomily over the taffrail, the disgrace and misery of prison-life staring him in the face as he remorsefully reviews his mad follies. He has not seen anything of what is being done for him. But here comes the boatswain with the good news he so little expects. He starts as a friendly hand taps his shoulder.

"Cheer up, mate! You're all right this time; they've made a subscription for you. Your passage is paid. You've nothing to fear now. Here's the receipt."

How bewildered he is by this unexpected news!

He can scarcely take it in; it seems too good to be true. But there's the receipt; yes, positively he is free. *He can pace that deck as boldly as though he had never been a stowaway at all, but had paid his passage lawfully at Quebec.* It would be a sorry compliment to doubt the gracious action and say, "I do not think they can have done it for me, because, you see, I know I do not deserve it." Surely he would honour the donors more if he gave them full credit for their kindness and said, "How good it was of them to pay the fare for one so undeserving as I!" The happier he is the better pleased the givers will be. They pitied his plight, and they paid the money on purpose that he might be extricated from his troubles and share their joys.

Now, unsaved reader, just as *he* trespassed against the Allan Line, and exposed himself to a sentence of imprisonment, *you* have transgressed against God, and have been brought under the condemnation of death; for God's word says, "All have sinned" (Rom. iii. 23), and "the soul that sinneth it shall die."

In his penniless state *he* was utterly helpless. He could not stir in settlement of his case. Even an offer of passage at a very reduced rate would have been of no use to him. *He* had no means of meeting his liability at all; he was a ruined man. So, while in "the flesh" (*i.e. your unconverted state*) you "cannot please God." (Rom. viii. 8.) *You* could not get salvation if even it was offered so cheaply as at the price of one good resolution, for every imagination of your heart is only "evil continually." (Gen ii. 5.) *You* have literally "nothing to pay" (Luke vii. 42); you are a spiritual bankrupt.

It was in vain for *him* to hope it would be all right at Liverpool. *He* had been told the company always prosecuted those who were found on board without justification. *He* simply deceived himself if he made light of his offence; tried to forget it, and feel there was no cause for fear. What madness for *you* to be saying to your heart, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." *You* have been solemnly warned that God "will by no means clear the guilty." *You* make for your soul "a refuge of lies," soon to be swept away by the tempest of God's wrath, when you trifle madly with sin; cunningly question the reality of hell's eternal fire, and idly hope for heaven's joys as though they were to be gained by mere wishing.

His deliverance came altogether from a source outside of Himself. *He* simply benefited by what

others did for him. It was his difficulty that drew out their pity. If he could have by any means paid his own passage, or even part of it, they would have required him to do so; but knowing his utter poverty they paid it all. So for *you* "salvation is of the Lord." (Jonah ii. 9.) "Christ died for our sins" (Cor. xv. 3), not our virtues; "for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6), not the sanctimonious; for those who are "without strength" (Rom. v. 6), not for those who are full of their own ability; for "enemies" (Rom. v. 10), not for friends. The Lord does not save people who think they are doing their best, but He is ever ready to save those who think they have done their worst. As regards your salvation *you* can only delay, obstruct, and thwart God's purposes of grace by your tryings and resolvings. An old Scotchman said once, "It took two to convert me." "How was that?" "Why, you see, first, I resisted as long as I could, and the Lord did the rest." Just so, when you cease vain efforts at law-keeping, and look away to Christ, He will do the rest for you—*give* you pardon, life, peace, and rest. It was because *you* could not possibly get to heaven through law-keeping that God gave His Son to bear the penalty of the law you had so often transgressed. "What the law could not do" (*give life or blessing*), "in that it was weak through the flesh" (*i.e. our sinfulness*), "God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh" (*i.e. in a human body*), "and for sin" (*i.e. to settle the question of sin*), condemned (*i.e. visited with its just judgment*), "sin in the flesh." (Rom. viii. 3.)

He knew he was free by the receipt. If anyone threatened him, or disputed what he said, he could produce it as proof positive that the Allan Line had no further claim upon him. If *they* declared in the receipt that their demands had been properly met, who was to accuse him of fraud? If *you* believe the gospel, that Christ died for our sins according to the Scripture, and rose again for our justification, you have a right to *know* your sins are forgiven. God's word says, "By Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.) "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive the remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.) Have you ever seen this grand verse—

"He signed the deed with His atoning blood,
And ever lives to prove the payment good.
Should hell or sin,
Or law come in
To urge a second claim,
They all retire at mention of His name."

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" (Rom. viii. 33, 34.) Your transgressions have been against God. He is satisfied with the atonement made at Calvary. If you are justified by Him, what have you to fear? If Satan or the world, or the unbelief of your own heart, seek to rob you of the peace you ought to be enjoying, look up by faith and see a risen Jesus, the Man once crucified for your sins, exalted at the Father's right hand in glory because He has so gloriously finished the work of redemption. Then put your finger on John v. 24, and let those written words of His be as real to your soul now as though you heard the spoken words that fell from His lips when a man of sorrows He sojourned in this vale of tears.

Remember this, whatever your antecedents, circumstances or prospects, it will never be easier for you to be saved than *now* as you read these lines. *Now* is the only time you can be sure of. *Past* life is gone, *future* life here is neither leased nor promised to you, the present (*now*) is the only time you can call your own. It is God's time of mercy too. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation." What suitability! Salvation for one "ready to perish;" offered freely to one who has "nothing to pay;" no effort required from one who is "without strength;" pressed upon you *now*, for to-morrow may be too late. Yet once more (it may be the last time) the pitying Saviour knocks at the door of your heart. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Receive the glad news—"All that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.) "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." (Rom. v. 1.) "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." (2 Cor. ix. 15.)

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that" (*i.e. a free salvation*) "not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." (Eph. ii. 8-10.)

JUST THE FRIEND YOU NEED.

YOU want a friend, do you not? A friend who will be always true, always the same—loving, sympathizing, tender-hearted—just what *you* really need.

Well, dear reader, you have such a one in Jesus. He knows you better than you do yourself; none

of your secret wants are hidden from Him; and at this moment He is yearning over you with an infinite longing that no human friend could ever feel. God has given us *large* hearts—so large that only He Himself can fill them; and yet the poor sinner is always craving after some object that will satisfy; seeking here and there for what he hungers, and drinking of the waters that will cause him to thirst again, instead of turning to the Fountain of life, provided by Him who knew what it was to be wearied, and *there* with Samaria's daughter cry, "Give me water, that I thirst not" (John iv. 15); a request which has never yet been refused by the gracious Saviour. Jesus, only Jesus, can fill these hearts of ours; and He does, so perfectly that we are satisfied, our need supplied, and we are content to let the things of time go by unheeded, for "we have heard a sweeter story, and found a truer gain." Oh, it is precious to be resting there! to know that Friend unchanging! and so we long that you should know Him too. Surely He is just the one your soul needs, for everything is to be found in Him, and He is the source of all blessing. Little does the sinner realize what he is losing by not trusting Christ. One cannot but marvel at man's foolishness in rejecting such an offer. Eternal joy or eternal death hang in the balance of your choice. God puts the matter into your hands; He has done His part, will you do yours? "*He* gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

Will you accept the *gift*? for remember it is a gift; not that which may be purchased by gold or aught else, but just to be had by faith stretching out her hand, and saying "*I will.*" The Lord grant that you may trust His promise, and find Him the object your poor unsatisfied heart has so long sought after. We all need *Him*, whether our station in life be an exalted or lowly one; all have their wants and trials, which none but Jesus can understand or meet like Him; and oh, how often we have proved that He is suited to every one of them!

Reader, will you take Christ as your portion, and go on your way richer in soul and happier in mind than ever you have been in the long years which have passed? And you will not go forth alone; the Friend who "neither fails nor forsakes" is beside you, and He will supply *all* your need according to His riches in Christ Jesus.

W. A. G.



**"ARISE, GO UP TO BETHEL,
AND DWELL THERE."**

THE story of God's dealings with Jacob is full of interest for His children. They speak to us of mercy and of judgment. It is a record of divine grace and of mercy from first to last. The command given by God to Jacob—"Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there"—must be read in the light of what had occurred to him at an early stage in his history some twenty years previously. At that time he had just left the home of his youth, having been sent on his journey to Padan-aram with the blessing of his father Isaac still fresh in his memory. To avoid the wrath of his brother Esau he set out from Beersheba, "and he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep."

In this homeless and lonely condition Jacob had, for the first time in his life, to do individually with God. There is a time in the history of every Christian when he is first brought into the presence of the living God and has to hear His voice in the soul. It is a memorable hour, and a day never to be forgotten. It was so with Jacob. In that solitary place, and in the stillness of that night, God spoke to Him. In a dream he realized for the first time that there was a link between himself and heaven—"And behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." But, better far than this comforting dream, Jacob perceived that he was in the presence of God, and that he was speaking not as a stranger, but as "the Lord God of his father Abraham and of Isaac." In this character he revealed to Jacob his purposes of love concerning him. His promises were unconditional. Jehovah was going to be a bounteous giver, and Jacob was to be the object of mercy full and free. "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep

thee in all places whither thou goest . . . for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. . . . And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stones that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called that place Bethel."

It would have been well had he stopped here, without any further words of his own. It would have been well if he had gone on his way rejoicing in the boundless love that was about to do so much for him, instead of making a vow that if God would supply him with bread to eat and raiment to put on, then He should be his God, and a tenth of all he had would be given to Him. But in this Jacob had yet to learn, as all God's children have to learn, how deceitful the human heart is, and how soon we forget to perform that which we often pledge ourselves to do. As subsequent events fully proved, Jacob was unfaithful; but God was faithful even to the end. Jacob bargained for bread and raiment, but God did for Him far more than he had asked or even thought that he would do. Twenty years passed away—seven years he served with Laban for Rachel, seven years for Leah, and six years for the cattle. He increased exceedingly in worldly store. God gave him sons and daughters. He was true to His promise in spite of Jacob's forgetfulness and faithlessness. But the time had come for God to speak to him once more. "And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there." When God speaks He must be heard. What a word it must have been to Jacob—Bethel! What memories lingered round that hallowed spot! The command sank down into his soul. That voice must be obeyed. It was at Bethel he had vowed that the Lord should be his God to love and serve; and now there were strange gods with his household, and he had allowed this to be. When God speaks the conscience is always aroused. When God begins to make His voice heard in the soul it comes with power, and we feel its force, however far we may have wandered from Him. It was so with Jacob on this occasion; he began to put matters right. "Then Jacob said unto his household, and to all that were with him, Put away the strange gods that are among you, and be clean, and change your garments: and let us arise, and go up to Bethel; and they gave unto Jacob all the strange gods which were in their hand, and all their earrings which were in their ears; and Jacob hid them

under the oak which was by Shechem." How instructive all this is for the Christian. Bethel was a place of blessing for Jacob, because it was ever associated with the presence of God. Now the command came to him—"Go up to Bethel, and dwell there." The Lord's presence is the only place of safety or of blessing for His children. How encouraging it is for the believer to know that when he wanders from the Lord, the unfailing and restoring grace of God recalls him to the place of nearness and security. It is His desire that we should dwell in His presence. Then it is that all is well with us. When we get away from the presence of the Lord, then, as with Jacob, unworthy objects are allowed to come in. In the light of that presence they have to be put away and hidden from sight. Jacob's God is our God. To every believer who reads this number of another volume, may this word come home with power, as a light to lead us still on as the years roll by—

"Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there."

W. H. F. C.

"IN THE SHADOW OF HIS HAND."

ISAIAH xlix. 2.



H to be hidden, yea, hidden there!

In the shadow of His hand

Made a "polished shaft"

By the workman's craft,

To be used at His command.

Oh to be kept in Thy keeping, Lord!

Abiding close, close to Thee,

So that I may know,

Day by day below,

E'en more of Thy love to me.

Oh to be ready if Thou shouldst call,

And bid me go forth to-day!

By Thy grace made meet,

For Thy service sweet,

I would hasten on my way.

Oh to be used, ever used of Thee!

Just, Lord, as Thou thinkest best,

Or glad to lie still,

If that be Thy will,

In my hidden place of rest.

Oh to be wholly and only Thine,

Henceforth and for evermore,

Until earth shall cease,

And I dwell in peace,

Where the toils of life are o'er. W. A. G.

THE LORD'S POOR.

RECEIVED for "The Lord's Poor."—Oldham, 7s. 6d.; Kirkby Stephen, 10s.



LONDON: J. E. HAWKINS, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.;
and 36, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

MARCH 2, 1885.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.
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→* THE LOST GLOVE. *

A TRUE NARRATIVE.



FF to N—— to-day, Harry?"

asked a young man of his companion, one bright Sunday morning in July.

"Ye-e-e-s," he replied, "I suppose so,"—"or the old man will not like it," he added apologetically.

"You had better take care, or they will be converting you," said his friend again, with a laugh.

"No fear," answered the other, and indeed he meant what he said.

Harry and his companion were two young men in a large business house in London, and as both came from the same town in the West of England, they were a good deal together, and called themselves friends, although there was very little true friendship between them. They had both been under influences for good in the country, and had even been engaged in Christian work, but now, like too many others, they had given up all religious profession, and lived only for the pleasure of the hour. Harry especially had been brought up by Christian parents, and had been warned repeatedly, before leaving his home, of the ease with which he would be led astray if he did not make a firm stand at the first; but he had already formed a liking for the theatre, and was secretly longing for more opportunity to enjoy life free from the restraints which

surrounded him. The cords of love which kept him from evil he angrily chafed against, and bitterly asked himself why he should not be allowed to do as he liked. But his time of emancipation (?) came when he entered the establishment where we have just met him.

Alas! how many young men there are who promise well in the country town or village where they pass their boyhood, but on coming to the great city allow themselves to be carried away by the stream of pleasure and folly with scarcely any resistance. Some mean well, but the current is strong, and needs to be breasted manfully, and they are only half-hearted.

With Harry it was different; he had made up his mind beforehand to have his fling. It is true that leaving his home had awakened some misgivings, but these soon melted away. He meant to avoid the dangers of which he had been warned, but to enjoy all the pleasures of London life. He would pluck the roses without the thorns; he would take the honey, but avoid the sting. How many have tried to do this, and as many have failed.

And now he has had a good try all round, from the best theatres to the common music-hall, card parties and sing-songs, the public-house and the dancing-room—he had tasted of all these pleasures, and pleasures they are undoubtedly, however deceitful they may prove in the end.

So now Harry is pretty well satisfied with himself and things in general. He has advanced fairly both as to position and salary, and is able to gratify his appetite for pleasure and excitement more fully than ever. There is some good left in him, however. Ha

is not utterly given over to selfishness, or he would not be going over to N—— this afternoon to take tea with his father, who is staying in London for awhile. He dislikes going above all things, because he knows he will be booked for the preaching meeting at the mission-hall in the evening; and with him the Sunday stroll has long been found more agreeable than attending any place where he might be reminded of the claims of God upon him. But he knows that his father's heart is bowed down with many a sorrow, and that if he does not go it will give him a fresh pang, and so he goes. Let us follow him.

They go to the mission-hall sure enough in the evening, and there he is seated between his father and brother. The preaching has commenced.

He does not mean to listen to the sermon, not he; he turns his mind to things more congenial, but somehow he cannot help hearing. The preacher speaks of sin and judgment, things which Harry does not like to hear about; but he cannot get away from the speaker's voice, and he trembles as he hears of God's wrath. Not but that he knows all about it; but now it is forced on him, and he becomes positively alarmed as he remembers his friend's words in the morning.

Was he going to let those words become true? not he; and so he smothers his feelings, rouses himself, and looks around, and soon feels more comfortable again.

But the preaching is followed by a prayer meeting, and his father and brother evidently mean to stay? What shall he do? Shall he rise and push past one of them? But no; he has not the heart to do that, hasn't the manliness, he bitterly says to himself. Blest unmanliness which held him in that seat! yet another opportunity to yield to the convictions fiercely striving within. His father prays, and touches another chord in his heart; but no, he won't give in, he will not be caught.

At last all is over, and they rise to go; and as they move down the aisle he congratulates himself that he has escaped. But stop, he has only one glove; the other must be in the seat. Back he hastens in search of it, but one row of seats looks so much like another that he cannot find the right one or see any trace of *the lost glove*; so he gives it up, and begins hastily to retreat. He is almost the last person, and is very much annoyed to see the leader of the mission making up to him as he nears the door. Another struggle, but he cannot break

the chains of sin, he cannot face his companions; he knows now that it is the devil who is his master.

Soon the preacher comes up, and they both endeavour to lead him to the Saviour, but cannot get anything out of him. He is bound hand and foot, none but himself knows how fastly bound; and with despair in his heart he maintains a sullen silence, and at last they let him go. He does not congratulate himself now much; he has got away, but he has looked into hell, as it were, and he feels he is being taken there by one stronger than he. So he leaves—a tumult surging within, heaven and hell fighting for his soul. Is there any hope for him?

But his father and brother have been watching and praying, and are now waiting for him in the house near by. His father rushes forward to meet him as he enters the door, and the scene of the prodigal son is enacted once more, both on earth and in heaven. He is indeed a long way off, but the father's heart goes out to him, and with a mother's tenderness and a father's strength he pleads with the wanderer. Never has he so pleaded before, and as he pleads with his boy to trust in the great Saviour, his heart is rejoiced as he hears the trembling response, "I will." It is like a drowning man making a last effort as the lifeboat reaches him. But it is enough; it is all the loving Saviour is waiting for, and there is joy in heaven over the repenting one.

And now he has to return to the business house, and meet his friend, and the two others who share his room. He is armed with a new Bible given him by his father before leaving, and as it is too large to go in his pocket, it now serves him a good turn in helping to tell his companions what has happened. They look rather queer as he hands it round, and in a few broken words tells his tale. "Hope you'll stick to it," says his friend; the other two are silent, they will wait and see.

Has he stuck to it? Yes, thank God. He has failed sometimes, it is true, but the Father who sought the prodigal, and the Good Shepherd who found the wandering sheep, have kept him from falling, and will keep him until safely at home in the Father's house.

The same loving Saviour can save you, reader, and will keep you too. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. You may think, as Harry did, that there is no case so hopeless as yours, and no circumstances so desperate. Your case is hopeless,

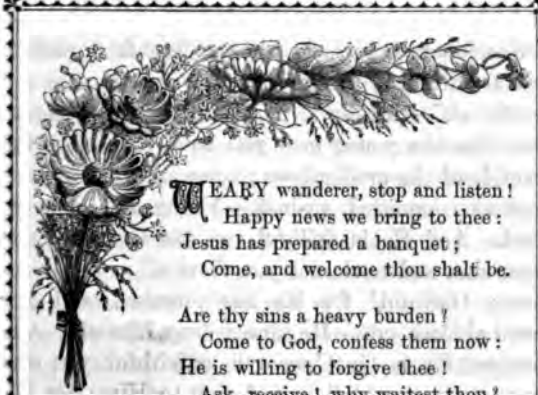
so far as any human help is concerned; but God can save you, and deliver you from the entanglements of sin. True it is that "the wicked shall be holden with the cords of his sin;" but if the Son of God shall make you free, you shall be free indeed. Are you willing to be made free? God offers a full pardon for the sake of Jesus Christ, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree. And more than that, God promises that "sin shall not have dominion over you." (Rom. vi. 14.) You cannot see how, but that is nothing to do with you; your part is to be willing and to trust.

Will you risk your soul's salvation for the sake of the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, or from fear of the ridicule of your companions? Do not trifle with this matter, but *decide* to forsake your sin, and accept the forgiveness offered you through the precious blood of Christ. After all is it not more manly to go against the stream than with it? It has been truly said that a dead body can only go with the stream, but there must be life to swim against it. Accept then the life eternal which Christ offers you, and be a true man in Christ Jesus.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

S. P. E. S.

(To be had in Book form of J. Wheeler, 88, Muldway Park, N.)



WEARY wanderer, stop and listen!
 Happy news we bring to thee:
 Jesus has prepared a banquet;
 Come, and welcome thou shalt be.

Are thy sins a heavy burden?
 Come to God, confess them now:
 He is willing to forgive thee!
 Ask, receive! why waitest thou?



A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.



PERHAPS there is no position more trying to one who feels aright his vocation as an ambassador for Christ—whose message by him is a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death, according as it is received or rejected—than that of dealing with those whom a slow and lingering consumption has already marked as its victims. There is a clinging to life against any reasonable grounds of hope in that disease, more than in all others. When the hectic cheek, the fevered hand, and the eyes illumined with unnatural brightness, tell but too plainly to those around the sufferer that the last grains of life's hour-glass are falling, the sick man is talking of plans and prospects that would need a future of years to accomplish. I have been obliged in all faithfulness to draw aside the curtain which had been shutting out the unseen world from the view of such a one, and show him that ere many hours have passed, the awful realities of eternity must have burst upon him. Oh, if the soul has hitherto been neglected—if the man's life has been spent in pursuit of the vain shadow of earthly things—how fearful the discovery! On the other hand, I have visited, day after day, one who has early in the approach of the disease felt that his days were numbered, but whose hopes for the life to come were as dim and unpromising as those for the life that now is. And I have seen such a one enlightened by the teaching of God's Holy Spirit in the Word, first led to see himself a lost, ruined sinner, then led by that same Spirit to Jesus, to find peace and salvation in Him. I have rarely found, however, such an instance where there was not a certain admixture of sorrow that the time had passed for living for Christ, for glorifying Him by active service.

One such case was a seafaring man. Born and educated at Gravesend, he early acquired a predilection for the sea—a fancy which, though restrained as far as possible by his parents, yet at length led him to escape from their control, and to procure

employment on board one of the steamers plying between London and Rotterdam. Here he soon showed a talent for practical and mechanical engineering, which rapidly developed itself, and he rose step by step, until, while still a very young man, he attained the position of chief engineer. But, alas! here also were developed all those propensities of corrupt human nature, uncontrolled by parental discipline, and nourished by an abundance of easily-earned salary; so that he quickly ran into every excess of debauchery and dissipation. Nay, he added also the sin of blasphemy, using his considerable ability and talents in scoffing at the existence of a God, and of eternity; and again and again daring God to strike him dead if He possessed the power. Surely God is a forbearing God. He willeth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should repent and live; and so He patiently bore with that young and hardened sinner, and in His own time and way led him to seek for that salvation to be found only in Christ.

In my first interview with that young man, whose case was evidently what is well known as rapid decline, he told me freely the circumstances of his early life, adding, that so grossly immoral had his conduct been, that his father and family had forbidden him their house, and that when he came as an inmate to the hospital he seemed to be abandoned of God and man.

How truly the word of God has declared, "The way of transgressors is hard." (Prov. xiii. 15.) "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." (Gal. vi. 8.)

"Some men's sins"—like this young man's of whom we write—"are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they *follow after*." (1 Tim. v. 24.)

But remember, O reader, whether outwardly you appear to be a hopeless wreck, or whether you have managed to maintain discreetly a cloak of hypocrisy, your sins, if unforgiven, are marked for judgment, and shall surely meet you again in the day when every secret thing shall be revealed, and every hidden thing brought to light before the *great white judgment-throne of God*.

I spoke at once to him of the necessity for losing no more time in calling upon God, if haply he might still find mercy. But he said, "It's no use; there is no hope for such a one as I am. You may speak of mercy to others, but there is none for me." I found it necessary to probe deeply his spirit that he

might see his sins in their true light as committed against a God whose *love*, exhibited in the gift of His dear Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life, was yet following him with its gracious invitations and promises. In speaking of this love, I explained to him that, while it honours God's *justice, truth*, and *holiness*, it provides a righteousness, clothed in which the vilest sinner finds acceptance; and an atonement, complete, perfect, and all-sufficient; for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"*All sin*, did you say, sir?" said the young man, for the first time a gleam of hope seeming to light up his hitherto downcast countenance, "*all sin*?"

"Yes," I replied; "these are God's own words;" and turning to 1 John i. 5-10; ii. 1, 2, I read: "This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us. My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

"Oh, sir!" said the young man, "do you think those words can be for such a sinner as I have been—a blasphemer, a wicked, wild wanderer from parents and from God?" I replied, "The apostle uses the word 'all'—'all sin.' You have but to come to God like the young man you have read of in the parable of the prodigal son; come and confess your sins as committed against a loving and gracious God. And He is *faithful* and *just* to forgive you your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness; 'faithful,' for He has promised, and His word abideth sure—He cannot deny Himself. And because He is 'just' as well as faithful, you may have strong consolation in fleeing to Him; for His justice is satisfied in the finished work of Christ,

and will never therefore condemn the sinner coming to Him by Jesus Christ, who is, as we have read, the 'propitiation for the sins of the whole world.'

"But, sir," he said, "I am dying; I know it well. I shall never rise from this bed. Will God receive such a wretch as I am? I did not serve Him when I could; will He accept me now that I have nothing to offer Him, no time or strength to serve Him? Oh that I had given Him the strength of my youth, instead of giving it to the world, the flesh, and the devil, as I have done!"

After a short prayer that God would show him his sin in its true light, and would lead him to Christ as the only Saviour, I left him for the day, marking the parable of the prodigal son for his private reading, and promising to return on the morrow. When I saw him again, he was writing a letter to his father, full of expressions of sorrow, asking his forgiveness, and saying that he trusted he had found God's forgiveness; and at the same time entreating his father to come and see him before he died. It cost him no small effort to write such a letter; for he had a will and disposition which nothing but God's grace could subdue. The meeting between the young man and those members of his family from whom he had been so long estranged (for they came immediately on receipt of his letter) was a solemn scene. There was the aged parent receiving back the wandering, erring son, but to resign him again immediately into the hands of death; and there the son, filled with contrition and sorrow at having sinned against heaven, and in his earthly father's sight, and now having only this regret, that he could not go into the world and tell all his sinful associates how gracious the Lord is, and urge them that, as he had found mercy, they also should seek it ere it be too late.

Reader, what a solemn thing it is to have found Christ, and yet to pass out of this world without ever doing anything to make Him known to others! If there could be sorrow in heaven, this would be its cause. Let me ask you then, in all love and faithfulness, how is it as regards your own soul at this moment? Perhaps you have not found the Saviour yourself. Oh, let not this word of warning pass by you unheeded and disregarded if it be so! Be well assured that you will have to render an account for the use you make of these few words now addressed to you in the name of the living God. Oh, flee to Jesus, that you may inherit eternal life! and then see that you tell others what

things God hath done for your soul. Had you witnessed with me that young man's grief that he could show no love by labouring for the Saviour, whose love—deep, and rich, and full—he had experienced, you would not regard it as a light matter to be careless and indifferent to the honour and glory of Christ.

Once again I saw that dying man. His thirsting soul seemed to have drunk deep of the well-springs of mercy and peace. And though as a rule I do not depend much on the evidences of a death-bed repentance, yet he gave such evidences as none could question of having found salvation. His was not a character to rest satisfied with half measures in anything. Having learned where the treasure was, he laboured diligently, searching, with all prayerful effort, the Word of the living God during the short time he lived. I had occasion to leave home for a day just at that time. On my return I anxiously sought his ward in the hospital, knowing how rapidly his disease was running its course. But his bed was untenanted; he had died early that morning, and his friends had already removed his body for interment. I heard from those who were with him, that he continued to the last moment speaking of God's wondrous love in receiving such a sinner as he had been, and urgently pressing on his fellow-sufferers to give themselves wholly and unreservedly unto the Lord.

No Hope, and Without God.

In an adjoining ward there was another young man, of about the age of him whose death-bed I have just described. When I first saw him, he had only a few hours before arrived at the hospital, and was evidently fatigued with his journey from a distant quarter of the city. It was too evident that he was not likely long to occupy that place. I felt therefore that I must lose no time in endeavouring to become acquainted with the state of his soul.

In his exhausted state, I thought it right to ask him but few questions at that time. He informed me that he had occasionally attended a place of worship since his illness commenced; but that, from the period of his leaving school up to that time, he had neglected all religious observances. I spoke to him of Jesus, the Saviour of the lost, and of the ruined state of each man and woman who had not been brought into a state of personal union with that Saviour. He assented to all I said; but evidently seemed to care nothing for these things.

I prayed that God might bless to his soul his sojourn in the hospital, and might incline him even then, at that late hour, to seek for pardon and peace; but there was no response—in short, nothing to indicate the least interest in the matter on his part. When I expressed my intention of seeing him again soon, he assented, but with the same listless indifference which he had shown all through my interview. There was another person in the ward, however—a man reclining on one of the beds, engaged in reading a penny newspaper.

He was a Jew, and I observed on his features an expression of mingled rage and contempt, as I spoke to the young man of Jesus of Nazareth. And when I addressed him before leaving the ward, he told me that he did not desire the ministry of a Christian.

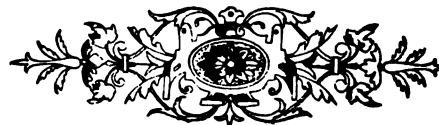
The following day I returned again to the ward. The young man had recovered from the fatigue of the preceding day's journey, and I spoke to him of the love of Christ to perishing sinners; but he still maintained his indifference. In vain I unfolded before him the glories of heaven on the one hand, or the terrors of divine wrath on the other; he remained unmoved. The Jew, on the contrary, who was there on the previous occasion, put aside his paper, and seemed to listen with attention to all I said. Having again offered prayer, I took my leave, promising to return soon; but the young man received the promise carelessly as before, and did so for several days. I could elicit nothing of encouragement, nothing to indicate that he realized the terrors of death and judgment to come. But on no occasion was the Jew absent, and each day he seemed more and more interested in the gospel of Christ, which I unfolded in such a way, that, whilst addressing myself to the professing Christian, I might lead him to see that Jesus is indeed the Messiah, the Saviour of the world.

One day, on entering the ward as usual, I found the young man, as I supposed, in a deep and heavy sleep; and as I had many other patients to see, I left with the intention of calling later in the day. When I called, he was still apparently in the same lethargic state. The next day I called at a different hour. He again seemed to be asleep; and as I left the ward, the Jew followed me, saying, "Sir, that man is not asleep; he was talking to me a moment before you came in, and you had not left the corridor yesterday before he roused up and cursed all 'meddling parsons' in a fearful manner. At times

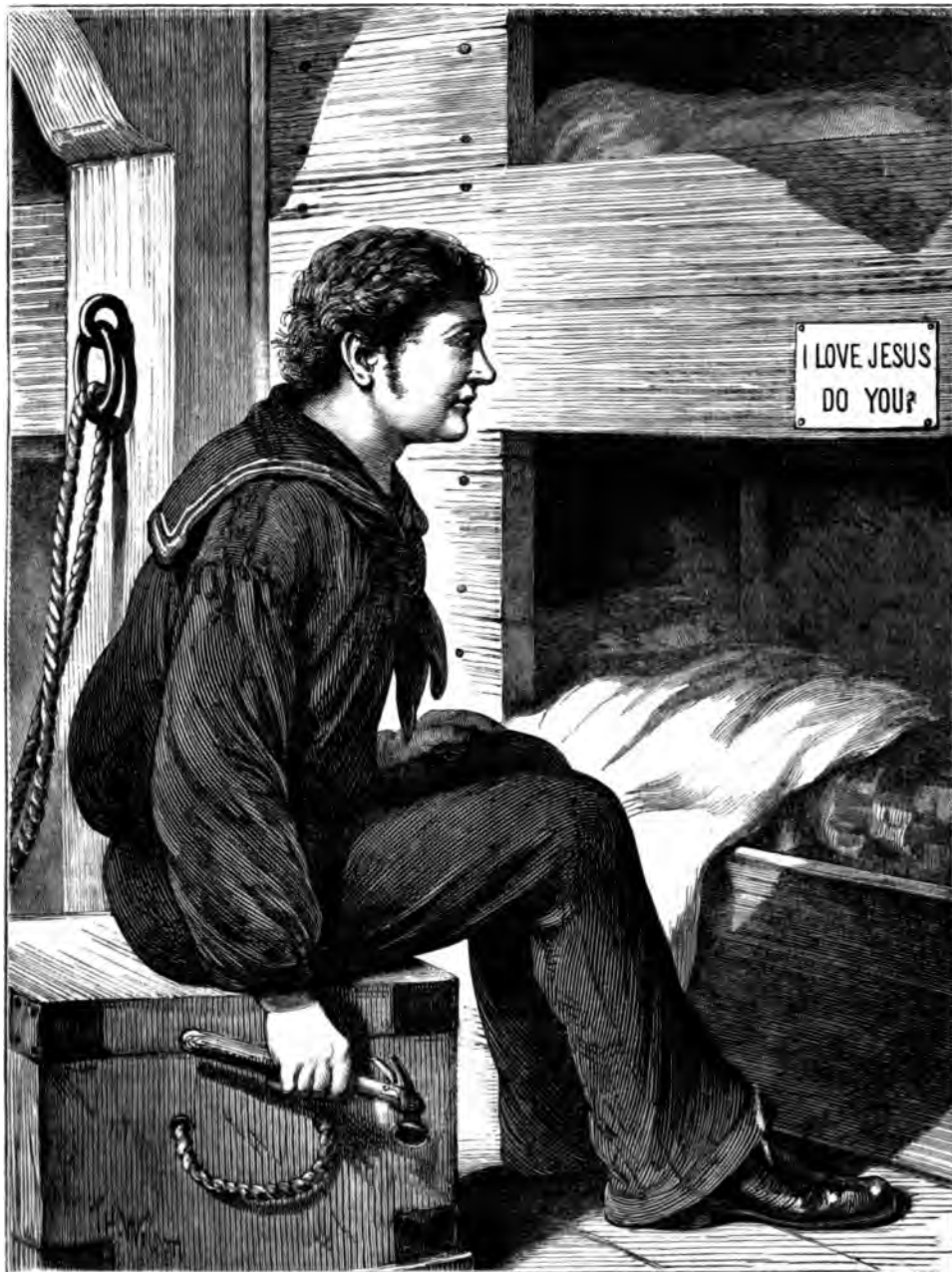
his language is so awful that we can scarcely bear him in the room with us. One of the men said to him, 'You know you are fast dying; do you not think of where you are going to?' He replied with an oath, 'I don't care where I go; only let me go where gin is plentiest.'"

I took the opportunity of speaking to the Jew as to the state of his own soul, and on that and on several other occasions set before him from the Old Testament scriptures Jesus and the resurrection; and more than once I found him reading aloud to the poor dying young man portions of the New Testament. And thus the mind of the Jew was gradually opening to the acceptance of the truth of Christianity, when his term of residence in the hospital expired, and he was discharged nearly convalescent, to return to a distant part of the country; whilst the nominal Christian obstinately closed his ears to the voice of mercy. To the last moment of his life the young man continued impenitent and hardened. His death was one of the most fearful the nurses of his ward had ever witnessed. For two or three days he writhed in agony, mental and bodily; whilst his language was blasphemous and even obscene. Once or twice during that long death-struggle I came to his bed-side; but he motioned me away, as though he could not bear the presence of one who came as the servant of that God before whom he was about to appear. In that awful state he died, his blasphemous language ceasing not till he ceased to breathe.

Unsaved reader, will you madly postpone the settlement of the question of your eternal salvation to a death-bed? It is by this subtle deception that Satan is lulling thousands to sleep. "Time enough yet," says the young man as he turns aside from the very thought of an ETERNITY that he knows in his inmost soul he must spend in woe unutterable, or else in the light and joy and peace of heaven. Be entreated to take warning by these two examples. Salvation there is by the sovereign grace of God even at the eleventh hour; doubtless there will be many a monument of such grace beside the dying thief on Calvary, but for one who is saved at the last—like the first of these two young men—thousands die in hardened indifference, or else in the agonies of despair!



The Watchman's Message.



"I LOVE JESUS! DO YOU?"

MISSIONARY, who is labouring among our seamen, relates that one night at the close of a prayer-meeting, a young sailor, who had only a few nights before been converted, came

up to him and asked him to write a few words on a card for him. "What shall I write?" he asked. "Write this: 'I love Jesus! do you?'" After writing the words, he asked the sailor what he was going to do with the card. He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

take a stand at once I may begin to be ashamed of Christ. So I am going to nail this card on my bunk, and that will let everyone know at once that I am a Christian." It is a good thing not only to confess Christ, but to nail up our colours wherever we may be.

Reader, the sailor lad would ask you the same very important question—"Do you love Jesus?" DO YOU?

In order to love the Lord Jesus, you must first of all know and believe *His love to you*; until His love enters the heart there can be no response towards Him. His love has been abundantly shown in His giving Himself to die in our stead; the cross and all its suffering, with the hiding of God's face, is its measure and the pledge. That love is everlasting in its source and in its duration, and when the knowledge of it is received in the heart by faith, there arises a response at once, for "we love Him, because He first loved us."

Reader, we ask you again, *Do you love Jesus?* Have you yet believed His love to you, a lost sinner? If not pause and consider how He left the glory of heaven to come down to suffer and die, the just for the unjust; how He yielded up His life as a ransom for sinners; ask yourself, Does not such love merit a return from you? Is that wondrous manifestation of compassion and pity nothing to you? Will you go on careless and heedless, and pass into eternity despising the grace of Him who came down from heaven as the witness and proof that "God is love"? Believe that He loves you, and you will then say to others, "I love Jesus; do you?"

"ALL TICKETS READY."

TRAVELLING recently on the North London Line to the Broad Street terminus, in a second-class compartment, when the train arrived at Canonbury Junction, the door of the carriage was suddenly opened, and a stentorian voice called out, "All tickets ready." The collector simply looked at them, and closed the door again. Turning to a friend who was with me, I asked him the meaning of this unusual proceeding.

"Don't you know," said he, "that occasionally the collector does this in order to ascertain that each passenger is travelling in the right class of carriage for which he has a ticket?"

"Supposing they find a man in here with a third-class ticket?"

"Well, he is summoned for it."

This suggested to my mind a truth of great importance; namely, that there are numbers of people to-day who are travelling to eternity under false pretences. For an unconverted man to console himself that by performing acts of charity, and leading what *he* considers to be a good life in order to get to heaven, is like a man travelling second-class with a third-class ticket; he is bound to find out his mistake some day. *The world* may not detect any difference between a Christian and a well-living unbeliever (though it should do so); *but God does*. There are none in heaven under false colours, and none ever will be there. God has found a legitimate way into that glory-land, and that way—the only one—is through Christ. You may try another, but it will not lead you to the goal you wish to reach. There are hundreds of ways to hell, which at some point branch into the main road that leads to destruction; there is but one way to heaven.

Are you on the way to heaven? Let me ask you to sink every other question, and in the presence of God confine yourself to this one: "*Am I going to heaven?*"

THE LEPER CLEANSED.

LEVITICUS xiv.

"And Jesus put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

MATT. viii. 3.



THE One who *healed* the leper
Is looking on thee now;
But, though thy case discerning,
No frown is on His brow.
Not all thy sin's dark story
Can turn away His love;
'Twas need, like thine, which brought Him
Down from His throne above.

The One who *touched* the leper
Was undefiled by sin;
As God, for ever holy,
As man, all pure within.
Behold His grace and goodness
In every action shine;
His words and ways expressing
Both light and love divine!

The One who *cleansed* the leper
Can surely make thee clean;
His blood outweighs the utmost,
Whate'er thy guilt has been.
Oh, doubt not He is willing,
But take Him at His word;
Without the "If" exclaiming,
"THOU WILT, THOU CANST, O LORD!"

THE INFIDEL FATHER, OR THE PIOUS MOTHER—WHICH?

IN the United States of America infidelity found an active champion in the well-known Colonel —, who made an open profession of his disbelief of revealed religion. It happened that a daughter of the colonel's, to whom he was much attached, became ill. During the progress of her disorder, Dr. — was one day dining with the colonel, and after dinner, having adjourned to the colonel's library, some deistical publications were introduced by the colonel to the doctor's notice. While they were occupied in looking at them, a servant came to announce that an alarming change had taken place in his daughter, and that his presence was required in her bedroom. Thither he went, accompanied by Dr. —. As he approached her bedside she took his hand and said, "Father, I feel that my end is drawing near; tell me, I entreat you, am I to believe what you have taught me, or what I have learned from my mother?" Her mother was a sincere Christian, and had spared no opportunity of instilling Christian truth into the mind of her child. Her father paused a moment, he fixed his eyes on his

dying child, his countenance changed, his frame seemed convulsed to its very centre, while his quivering lips could scarce give utterance to the words, "Believe, my child, what your mother has taught you." The struggle was too great, the conflict between the pride of human reason and the swelling of parental affection in the heart was more than he could bear, and even over his stubborn mind the truth prevailed. The mother had implanted the good seed of the word of God in the young heart, and when death came it proved that the mother's prayers and teaching had not been in vain; but like, as in the case of Timothy (who learned the Scriptures from his mother and grandmother), it proved the power of God unto salvation.

THE VENTURE OF FAITH.

MANY years ago, when living in the country, I observed several men running rapidly down a wooded slope toward the river near by. Thinking something unusual had happened, I quickly followed, and was surprised to see, on a little rock that rose midway in the stream, a boy of six or eight years, drenched and trembling. He looked timidly towards those who had gathered on the bank, and now and again glanced with alarm on the boiling river he had just escaped from, and which threatened to devour him. How he came

there we afterwards learned. The first thing to be done was to save him. A long ladder was speedily procured and pushed out to the rock, and a brave man volunteered to rescue the child. Slowly and steadily he stepped along the ladder, till he reached the rock and stood beside the boy. So far from gladly welcoming his deliverer, he refused to leave the rock. "You may trust me; I will carry you safely to the shore." The boy answered, "No, no; I cannot do it." Then said the other, "You will perish if you stay here." The conflict in the heart of the child could be seen in his face.



TIMOTHY LEARNING THE SCRIPTURES.
(2 Tim. iii. 15.)

At length trust conquered fear, and he yielded to the love of his hitherto unknown friend, who, clasping him to his heart, returned with him by the ladder, and landed him safely, amid much rejoicing.

This is an illustration of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. The child is a picture of the sinner, miserable and helpless. The ladder is the cross by which the Saviour finds His way to the sinner's side, to plead for the sinner's heart. Happy is the man who, by God's grace, makes trial of Christ, and says, "I believe." There is only one way by which the unsaved sinner can put honour on Christ, and that is by trusting Him. Do you trust Christ? If not, why not?

THE RESULT OF

✱ **Faith.** ✱ **Unbelief.** ✱

WHOSOEVER liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. (JOHN xi. 26.)

IF ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins. (JOHN viii. 24.)

HE that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. (JOHN iii. 36.)

HE that believeth not the Son shall not see life. (JOHN iii. 36.)

✱ **GOD'S LOVE** ✱ **MAN'S HATRED.** ✱

GOD so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (JOHN iii. 16.)

IF the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you.

But this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled that is written in their law, They hated Me without a cause. (JOHN xv. 18, 25.)

HEREIN is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. (1 JOHN iv. 10.)

HATERS of God. (ROM. i. 30.)
He that hateth Me (Jesus) hateth my Father also. (JOHN xv. 23.)

THE FUTURE OF

The Saved. **A** **The Unsared.**

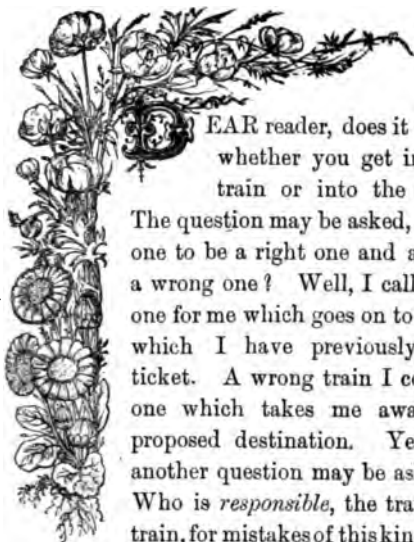
IN My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. (JOHN xiv. 2.)

WHO shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power. (2 THESS. i. 9.)

THEY shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. (REV. xxii. 4.)

AND whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. (REV. xx. 15.)

THE WRONG TRAIN.



DEAR reader, does it much matter whether you get into the right train or into the wrong one? The question may be asked, What makes one to be a right one and another to be a wrong one? Well, I call that a right one for me which goes on to the place for which I have previously taken my ticket. A wrong train I consider to be one which takes me away from my proposed destination. Yes; but here another question may be asked, namely, Who is *responsible*, the traveller or the train, for mistakes of this kind? Common-sense will say the passenger is responsible, for he ought to make SURE as to where the train is going before he starts upon his journey. Indeed, he is *without excuse*, from the fact that the needed information is *freely* given by the railway officials, if applied to, at all the stations along the line.

This is how I got into a *WRONG* train a few months ago. Without asking any of the railway people a single question, I got into a down train at London Bridge, intending to go to Woolwich. I was perfectly satisfied I was in the *RIGHT* train, for I am a pretty regular traveller between London and Woolwich; and as to the possibility of making a *MISTAKE*, the thing was altogether out of the question; no fear of a mistake on my part. I well knew the trains by this time. Other people might be silly enough to go wrong—not I—and so there I sat with my wife, waiting to hear the whistle give the starting signal for my home journey. Before the train started, I was partly amused and partly annoyed by my wife saying, in a quiet but decided tone, "YOU HAVE GOT INTO THE *WRONG* TRAIN." "Wrong train! wrong train indeed! What could have put such a thought into your head? Wrong train! As if this had been my first journey between London and Woolwich!"

By this time we were nearing Spa Road Station, but our train swept through without stopping. Strange, I thought, but it does not matter to me, as Woolwich, and not an intermediate station, is the place to which I am going. On we went, nearer

and nearer home; twenty more minutes, and we will be there, for here is New Cross. We stop here, of course; no, a sharp scream from the driver's whistle, as we fly through the station, is our only stoppage at New Cross.

For the first time since getting into the train I began to have misgivings, and an *INWARD VOICE* seemed to say, "What and if you *are* in the *WRONG* train, after all your self-confidence and contempt of your wife's warning before leaving London Bridge; for you had ample time to get out if you had wished? "I will hope for the best," I said to myself as the train passed at full speed through St. John's Station.

"Dear me, this must be an *EXPRESS*," I thought, as I looked out of the window at the vanishing objects as we flew along the line.

And now all doubts are at an end, for there is Lewisham on our left. Yes, sure enough I am in the *WRONG* train, perfectly helpless, and at the mercy of a South-Eastern express. Vexed and humbled, in a faltering way I said to my wife, "We *are* in the *WRONG* train!"

"I knew it all along," she said.

"How?"

"I asked the guard before I got in; but, right or wrong, I must follow *you*; and now do tell me where we *are* going?"

"I am sure I cannot tell you," I said.

"Well now, did you not, in a boasting and confident way, tell me you knew all about the trains?"

I remained silent with averted face, and kept looking out of the window as we passed, to see Eltham, Pope Street, Sidcup, Bexley, and Crayford stations.

To my great satisfaction our train stopped at last at Dartford. In a few seconds I was on the platform, and my first question was, "Where is this train going?"

"This is the *EXPRESS* for Gravesend," was the porter's reply.

"Can I get a train for Woolwich?"

"Yes, in half an hour."

And glad was I to get back, I can tell you, having been taught a lesson by which I hope to profit, so far as right and wrong trains are concerned; my overweening confidence and conceit being the sole cause of my blunder.

And now, dear reader, let us see if there is not a lesson here for you too, unless you are self-willed and over-confident, just as I was when I got into

the wrong train at London Bridge. If I may use the figure, Are *you* not also a traveller, travelling on and on at a very high speed to *eternity*? Your train is also an *express*. Since you drew your first breath, up to the present moment, your train has been going on without *one* halt by the way, neither will it stop until it lands you either in heaven or hell. But although your train never stops on this side death, but keeps going, going, by heart ticks night and day, God has provided a *way* by which you may get out *now* if YOU ARE IN THE WRONG TRAIN.

A train is simply *the way*—a way provided by a railway company by which travellers are carried to certain places along their line on payment of a specified sum of money. You will see in the word of God that by *nature* and by *practice* all are sinners, on their way to eternal ruin, or, as one may say, in the devil's down train to destruction. But the God of love and of all grace has provided an *up train* to eternal glory for WHOSOEVER will go in it. And notice, this journey to heaven is *free* to you, because your fare there, as well as your eternal home there, has been purchased for you by the precious BLOOD of the eternal Son of God, if you will take your place in *God's train now*. God's train is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself; for He is the *way* to God, the *way* to heaven, to peace and everlasting happiness. Will you *take* Him as your Saviour *now*? God says to you, "*Consider your ways.*" Have you done so? If you have considered your *past and present ways* in the light of God's word, as well as in the light of eternity, you can have no difficulty as to knowing in which train you are *now*.

The *up line* corresponds to the *narrow way* to heaven, the *down line* answers to the *broad road* to hell, where, if once there, you must remain, body and soul, for all eternity. May the God of all grace open your eyes *now*; *yes, now*, even before you have read this paper.

If you are in any doubt as to which train you are in, permit me in love to point out to you certain unmistakable marks by which you will be well able to tell whether you are *now* in the *up* or in the *down* train. Will you kindly consider some of the stations I passed on my foolish but self-deceived journey? My starting-point was London Bridge. What does London suggest? Is it not a little world in itself? From a spiritual point of view you and I have started on our journey for another world, but it was in this world we began it. Your journey

here is not finished, but it soon will be; and now the burning question for your heart is, WHICH TRAIN am I in at this very moment of time? Oh, see to it that you are not in the *WRONG* one! Next to London Bridge Station is *Spa Road*. This is, to my mind, a picture of those who have used up their strength and energy in their pursuit of worldly pleasure, and have found it all vanity and vexation of spirit. Jaded, weary, disappointed, heart-sick of what they can neither hold nor enjoy, they go for comfort to some spiritual *Spa*, of which there are many, presided over by the God of this world. Such places wear the garb of religion, but it is after all only *sham* and outside show. Those who try these spiritual watering-places suffer many things of many physicians, and spend all they have, are nothing bettered, but rather grow worse. It was so with the poor woman, until she tremblingly, but in faith, touched the hem of the *Great Physician's* garment. Blessed be His dear name!

The next station I passed was *New Cross*. This station is not on God's *up line*. Oh, no, no, never will you find a *new cross* on the *up line*! This new cross is simply the devil's counterfeit of the glorious cross of Christ. Satan uses the new cross to deceive and cheat precious souls out of the *full, free, and eternal* salvation of God, purchased for them by the blood of Christ. You will see a *cross* at the very beginning of the *up line*, but that *cross* is not the new cross, it is the dear *old cross*, on which was crucified the Saviour. The Christ-dishonouring sham Christianity, so very popular at the present time, delights in a *cross without a Christ* on it. Yet Christ on the cross *bearing sin* was God's only possible way of salvation. Dear reader, beware of *new crosses*, for the end of all who trust the devil's new cross is eternal damnation, and justly so, for is it not making light of the *blood* of the everlasting covenant of God's grace in Christ Jesus our Lord?

Please note the next station, which is St. John's. This is in perfect keeping with its next door neighbour, New Cross; for the devil's saints (shams of course) are *new cross* sinners, exalted by men to be saints, one for each day in their calendar. Such despise the free grace of God in Christ; they go about to establish their own righteousness instead of coming to God as helpless, ruined, and lost sinners, and accepting salvation through simple faith in a *risen and glorified Saviour*. Dear reader, for your soul's sake, see to it that you do not trust yourself

and your eternal destiny to any cross, priest, or saint, for there is no salvation out of Christ.

On my *wrong* journey I passed *Pope Street*. This station is on the *down* line, and with the other stations by natural descent is in the line of Cain, and therefore very popular with such as pretend that by their good works they merit forgiveness of sins and eternal glory, in spite of the testimony of Scripture, which declares that "the *blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin*," and that "*without shedding of blood there is no remission*." Dear friend, keep clear of this station, for it is one of Satan's *gilded trap doors* opening into the lake of fire and everlasting burnings! Remember, salvation is of *grace* and not of *works*, and if you are doing anything in the *working* line give it up at once, and *trust a living Christ*, who will give life to your *dead soul*. Then *work* you may, nay, *work* you must, if you *love Him*; for oh, dear friend, *with His very life's blood* He *worked* out salvation for you on the cross. *Is it possible you can reject such a Saviour?*

Fortunately for me the train stopped at Dartford, and it was there I escaped from my imprisonment, for which I had *no one* to blame but myself. As I have already told you, my wife voluntarily followed me into the train, although she knew it might end in vexation and trouble, if nothing worse came of it. Are *you* leading any other precious soul wrong, in spite of their convictions? If you are, is not this a double sin? Take care, my dear reader, how you deal with others as you travel on to eternity. If you are in the *UP* train, by all means get hold of as many as you can for Jesus. If you are not, the ruin of your own soul is more than enough. Dartford means a ford, crossing, or bridge over the river Dart. That also reminds me that the Lord Jesus Christ is the *bridge* which has spanned the *river* of God's *judgment* for my sins. Yes, blessed be our God, the atonement of Jesus stands between me and a deep eternal hell, whilst the glorious living Lord Jesus Himself stands between me and present sins on my way home. He is also God's pledge to me of future glory. Dear, dear friend, all this He will be to you, the moment you trust Him as your own Saviour.

I was to blame for getting into the wrong train, but surely it was a wise thing to get out of it the moment I had the opportunity, for you must know that the *end* of the journey was *Gravesend*. Oh, how very suggestive to the awakened conscience—

grave's end! What else can you expect at the end of your short life's journey but an eternal *grave's end*, if you die unconverted to God through simple faith in Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners?

And now before bidding you farewell (the first and last time on this side of the grave may be), do tell me what is your true state before God? Are you born again of the Spirit of God? Are you ready to meet God at a moment's notice? Had you died last night, where would you be *now*? In heaven or in hell? Oh, be wise in time! This is your day of grace, *now* is your day of salvation; it may be *grave's end* for you to-morrow.

My mistake caused me some inconvenience; but if you are not in God's train, and that is Christ alone, then fearful will your mistake prove to be. I was a prisoner in the train for an hour or so, but if you die in your sins, you must remain a prisoner under the abiding wrath of God for ever and ever.

But listen, oh, listen! believe and TRUST Jesus. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Will you be a *whosoever*? Will you trust Jesus *now*? Do you say in your heart, "I will, yes, I will *trust* Jesus *now*?" If you do, we shall meet in God's terminus in glory, where sin, death, and Satan can never come. Blessed be our ever-loving God for Jesus Christ, His most precious and unspeakable gift! Amen.

I am, dear reader,
Your faithful and willing servant,
A PORTER ON THE UP LINE.

"I WILL SING OF THE MERCIES OF THE LORD FOR EVER."

PSALM LXXXIX. 1.



COME, ye that know the Saviour's name,
Unite with us to sing;
God's sovereign mercy we proclaim,
Let each his tribute bring.

This sovereign attribute of grace
Demands our choicest strains,
This mercy to our ruined race
To every soul pertains.

Once prodigals, and far from God!
No hope our souls to cheer;
But Christ in mercy shed His blood,
Through Him we're now brought near.

Now reconciled, the peace of God
Like Eden's river flows;
And righteousness, like ocean's flood
Profound, no limit knows.

Of mercy, then, we well may sing,
Would all our Saviour knew:
Come, sinner, come, your guilt to bring,
This mercy is for you! R. C.

THE £500 AND THE £5 NOTES;

OR,

THE SHAM AND THE REAL.

BY S. BLOW.



WAS rather interested when I read in the public press of the box of supposed Bank of England notes found by the scavengers employed by the Metropolitan Board of Works under a furze-bush on Clapham Common. The place and the spurious notes gave birth to reflection. The common I know well, I might almost say every yard of it. As soon as I could walk my boyish feet trod upon its grassy sward. As I grew older it was one of my chief resorts for youthful games and sports. It was there, I remember well, I had a marvellously providential escape from a broken neck, or being maimed for life. I was on the back of a high-spirited hunter. It was reported she had wicked freaks while jumping—of suddenly stretching her head and neck downward, at the same time flinging in quick succession her hind legs upward. I had known and ridden her for some time, and seeing no signs of anything capricious in her, I thought it only a report. But one morning, while exercising her over ditch and furze-bush, being off my guard, in a moment I found myself in the air, literally turning a somersault. Mercifully my feet had freed themselves from the stirrups, and I landed safely unhurt on the grass. When I regained consciousness I found she had made her way to the smith's shop, where I mounted her again, and made her traverse over the same ground for my pleasure as she had done for her own. Alas! I was unconverted, unsaved then; and, oh, if I had been killed my soul would have been lost, lost for ever! But this providential deliverance awakened reflection, and made me think a little, for a time at least, of ETERNITY, and where I should spend it. It was on this common, shortly after my conversion to Christ, I gave my first maiden speech—a gospel address.

I only now remember the Scripture I kept quoting; it was, "Ye must be born again." I had just been born again; I felt it, I knew it. And, reader, you must be born again, or you will never enter heaven. From that Lord's-day, and for years after, I with others preached Christ to the crowds who ever resorted there, and many have

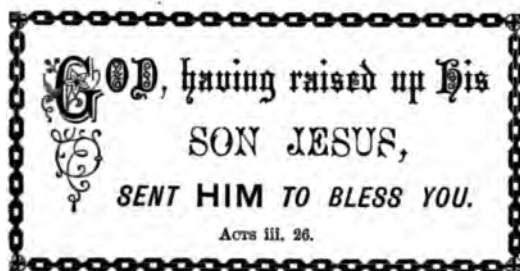
been saved, washed in the blood of the Lamb; but years have passed since then—some whose voices were heard proclaiming Christ, the *Life*, to dead sinners are now with the Lord, and though dead they speak. One out of that number, who was ever speaking and writing about "heaven, and how to get there," a few years ago safely landed there himself. Others are far, far away from that spot—some in the antipodes, *all* widely scattered, but still lifting up the same Christ, the only Saviour of poor, lost, sinful man.

But what has this to do with the "notes"? my reader may say. Why just this: As the notes were only imitations of the real, so there were also some who attended those meetings, who proved to be only *professors* professing to be saved, converted, when they were only imitations, counterfeits of the real professors of Christ, but not *possessors*. The papers state the £500 note tendered to the cashier at the Bank of England appeared to be perfectly genuine, and it was only by the discovery that there were no notes of that particular number issued for that amount that the forgery was detected. And, dear reader, it is possible to be so much like the true, real Christian that it is difficult to detect the difference. But there is a day coming when the hypocrite will be unmasked, when all that is unreal and fictitious will be brought to the light, and seen and known by the Judge of all the earth at the great white throne. There will be no mistake then, no passing current for the true when false then. Oh, reader, be a real, true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ now, then you will never stand at that great white throne to be judged and to be cast into hell! "He that believeth on Him is not condemned," "shall not come into judgment;" "He is delivered from the *wrath* to come."

The writer once had a five pound note in his pocket loose. It remained there for some weeks unknown to him. Frequently he amused himself by twisting and twisting it round his fingers, until it became dirty, ragged, and a part of it torn off and lost. One day, to his surprise, when turning out this old piece of paper, as he thought, he found it to be a veritable five pound Bank of England note; but so disfigured, so dilapidated, that it looked useless. There was only one way open to get it changed; that was, to go to the Bank of England. On my way through London I called and explained all particulars. From one place

I was directed to another, until at last I was ushered into a small office, with boarded partitions and little openings in it, just like where you get your tickets at the railway stations, only much smaller. Here I had to give full explanation in writing. Of course, going through all this ordeal made me a little nervous. After a little while I had to follow the gentleman to whom I had given the written explanation into a large room, where I had to stay till he returned, as he had evidently gone to show my poor, torn note to some higher officials. After a little more shifting, my note, with explanations, was returned, with instructions to pass it through our banker; which I did, and soon had its value returned to me, and my dirty, ragged, and imperfect note was of more value than the whole box, stated to contain from £6000 to £7000. The reason is obvious; mine was genuine, real. Those found in the box were only imitations—sham Bank of England notes. A real, true Christian may not have much exterior or outward appearance to commend himself. But if he is trusting in Christ alone for salvation, he is a Son of God, a joint-heir with Christ. His body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and he is sealed with the Spirit till the day of redemption. God has marked him as His own, he need not fear. Neither will men, devils, or angels be able to destroy there personal identity, or sever them from that love which has made them His for ever. "We know Him that is from the beginning." "We know that we have passed from death unto life." "We know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us." We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true—His Son Jesus Christ. "This is the true God, and eternal life." "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them."

May you, dear reader, never be among the number to whom the Lord will say, "*I know you not.*"



THE INFIDEL'S END.

HERE stood the preacher of the cross, beneath the bright blue sky, heralding forth with divine authority the gospel of peace and salvation, good-will from God to men. There, in the town where he had been brought up and was well known, where in past years he had been sinful and frivolous, the merriest of the merry, identified with folly and sin of every description.

He is a *converted* man now, his life is vastly different from what it was, and his destiny is altered eternally. With compassion in his heart, and sympathy beaming in his eye, he stands in the open air proclaiming the Saviour's love to all mankind.

No feeling of shame or cowardice lurks in his breast while he openly and fearlessly proclaims salvation to the lost, pardon to the guilty, peace and rest to men oppressed with a sense of alienation from God, from Christ, from Hope.

Scarcely has the last utterance of his address died away when he sees a sudden commotion among the listeners, caused by an old acquaintance, a tradesman in the town. All eyes are now turned upon the man causing the disturbance, and with the coolest deliberation he spake as follows to the preacher:

"Before I would make such a fool of myself as you have to-day, I would have my tongue ripped out."

For a moment there is perfect silence; then the preacher, gazing sadly upon him, made a brief and suitable reply, and the people dispersed.

The man who had thus disturbed the meeting was wellknown in the locality, being an avowed infidel, and he seemed to take a pride in repudiating everything connected with God, or with the Holy Scriptures.

About a month after this happened, while engaged in his place of business, he took a pen out of an inkbottle, and finding the nib useless, attempted to remove it. The latter being too tightly fixed to be taken out in the ordinary way, he put it to his mouth, and extracted it with his teeth. It was only an everyday occurrence, but in his case it was destined to lead to very serious results; for in the act he scratched his tongue by the nib, and

the ink having in some way or other become tainted, conveyed poison to his tongue. Being for a time ignorant of what had happened, he neglected to attend to the matter, and eventually a cancer formed itself upon the tongue. Driven to desperation, he at last consented to an operation, in the hope of saving life. His tongue was cut out; but he died almost immediately after.

Oh, what an end! Does the reader regard it as a mere coincidence? We view it as a signal illustration of the passage, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Infidelity, blasphemy, and impiety are rampant; and the *greatness* of God is evidenced by His patience and longsuffering with men in their impious and wicked behaviour.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." "The fool"—for that is God's verdict upon the man who in his madness ignores the bountiful Creator of heaven and earth—presumes in the arrogance of human reason and research to sneer at things holy and sacred.

It has been truly said, "There is no infidelity in hell;" for the moment the soul of man passes into eternity, if unsaved, what a terrible awakening it has. The stern hand of an offended God is felt, judgment without mercy is poured forth, and the ceaseless wails of the lost soul in perdition proclaim aloud the fact that unbelief and infidelity have been swept into oblivion. The land is flooded with infidel and hellish literature; the youth, especially in our large cities and towns, are rapidly learning to despise their parents' piety and their parents' God. With hard-hearted effrontery they too can look with scorn and treat with contempt the man who speaks of God and eternity in our streets.

Saul of Tarsus hated the Christians, heaped ridicule and ignominy on their heads, delighted to oppress them and treat them with cruelty, and knew not the one he was really persecuting till the Lord of glory thundered in his ear, "Why persecutest thou me?"

Little did the man mentioned in this narrative think how sudden and how terrible would be the judgment of God upon him. Reader, think! You too may be marked out by God for similar and summary vengeance; and even should you be permitted by God to pursue your course of ungodliness without such specific manifestation of His righteous displeasure, remember the day of reckoning will come—you cannot escape it. And

over and above your boastful repudiation of His claims upon you as a bountiful Creator and Preserver you must then give account for your contempt of His greatest manifestation of Himself, even of Christ—"God manifest in the flesh." Poor creature, object of the Christian's deepest commiseration and prayers, what have you got in death's dark and dismal hour? Nothing. Who can describe the desolation of soul that has seized many a man with similar unbelief then?

Stripped of every stay, bereft of every hope, ignorant of God's infinite mercy and salvation through Christ, they have passed into dense and hopeless darkness. Oh, be wise in time; account yourself, with all your wisdom and research, a fool indeed; become as a little child, and in all the helplessness of the infant cast yourself upon the mercy of the blessed God.

He will not upbraid for the past, He will not cast out, and He saveth to the uttermost all that come to Him.

F. A. B.

THE EFFECT OF LOVE.



I WAS loved so in sin and in blindness,
My enmity melted away,
And the choicest of all human kindness
Grew dim, like a star at the day.

I was wild as the heath of the mountain,
And dark as the depths of the sea,
With a heart never filled by the fountain
Of love—ever full, ever free.

While the meteors of fancy were glaring,
They dazzled, but faded in gloom;
And the hopes that have kept from despairing
Were bounded, alas! by the tomb.

Yet an eye, as I wandered, was on me—
A power overshadowed my way,
And so lovingly lighted upon me
A hand that so tenderly lay;

While a face of affection and pity
Broke in on the shade of my night,
That, in tears, to His heavenly city
I turned, and trod in His light.

Then away with the idols of folly,
Too long I have lain in their dreams;
I am bought, and the heart should be wholly
His own, who so dearly redeems.

Shall my song of confession be closing,
And bear not the stamp of His name?
On Jesus what spirit reposing
Could cover His glory and fame? W. S. E.



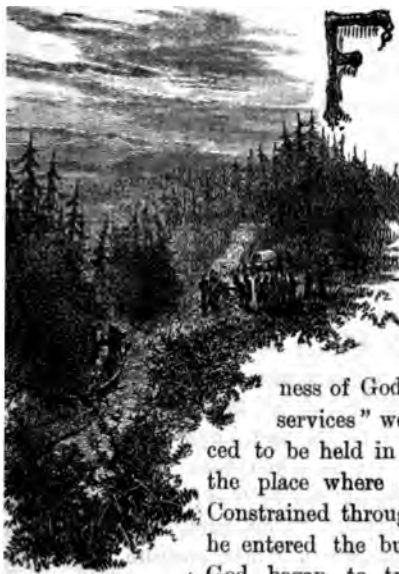
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THE SHOWMAN'S CONVERSION.

Y. A. MARSHALL, OF TORONTO.



— was a careless, thoughtless young man, who cared for the world, and did his best to make himself happy in forgetfulness of God. "Revival services" were announced to be held in a chapel in the place where he resided. Constrained through curiosity he entered the building, and God began to trouble him. He became deeply concerned about his soul, and listened most attentively to the words of the preacher. Instead, however, of being directed to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour through simple faith in His finished work, he was urged to "go forward" and seek God for forgiveness. At the close of the preaching one evening he went forward to the "penitent bench," knelt down, and earnestly besought God to give him mercy on him. He was spoken to, and told that if he were willing to renounce his sins, and give his heart to God, he would obtain salvation. The result was, he made a profession of being "converted,"

declaring that he had given up his sins, made a start for the kingdom, and meant to serve God and prove faithful to His cause. But the poor fellow had missed Christ. Satan had given him a plank to rest upon instead of the Rock of Ages. What he did, felt, experienced, and intended doing in the future, composed the sandy foundation on which he was building his hopes for eternity.

How many, like F——, have been led to rest on their experiences, feelings, vows, and resolutions, instead of on Christ Jesus and Him crucified. What an awakening it will be to them to find out that they have been deceived by the arch enemy with a spurious conversion.

In due time F—— was received into communion with the Church, taking an active and prominent part in religious services, exhorting at class-meetings, &c. He "held on" to his "profession" for some time, but was greatly shocked by the inconsistencies of some who took a prominent part in church affairs. They did things that honourable men of the world would not stoop to. At last he renounced his profession, and lost faith in everything and everybody. For a time he professed infidelity, openly advocating it, and attacking Christianity. But he was miserable and wretched, and to quiet his conscience and allay his fears he took to drinking. Deeper and deeper he plunged into sin, farther and farther he fell in the social scale, until at last he began to travel with a show. God was caring for him during his miserable career, and was deeply and intensely interested in his welfare.

Whilst visiting Q——, to obtain a hall for one of his entertainments, he was informed that at a

farmer's house, not far distant, a peculiar man was preaching "the devil's doctrine." The people of Q—— appeared to be up in arms against him, and F—— determined he would go to the meeting. On reaching the place he heard an earnest evangelist warning men and women of coming wrath and judgment, and pointing them to the sinner's friend, the Lord Jesus Christ. At the close of the address the servant of Christ asked F—— if he were saved. "I am not saved, and I don't wish to be," was the curt reply. A farmer came round to where he was, asking him a similar question, and he told him that he was not, and did not wish to be, and added, "I don't want anything to do with you or religion." Placing his hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his face, the Christian said, "God says you are lost," and left him. Enraged at what was told him, he determined to chastise the farmer, and with that object in view he left the house, resolving to await a favourable opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. Soon he was surrounded by earnest Christians, who began to talk plainly to him about God, death, judgment, and eternity. He was faithfully warned of the doom that awaited him if he rejected God's Christ. Stung to the quick by what he had heard, amongst other things he told them that he did not believe that there was a God, and that the Bible was a lie. Growing bolder, he declared, "You who have so much faith in God, if there is such a being, let Him manifest His power! One of you can take out your watch, and join in prayer for three minutes, and I will give Him that time to take me out of existence." Feeling shocked and horrified at such dreadful and daring blasphemy the Christians went away, leaving him alone.

He returned to his hotel and retired to rest, but sleep forsook his eyelids. Memory recalled scenes which he would infinitely prefer were buried in the depths of oblivion. He remembered his dreadful challenge to the Almighty to strike him dead. If his request had been answered he would now be beyond the reach of hope in the depth of a burning hell. What if it should be answered before the morning? Every shred of his infidelity was demolished. He tried hard to banish from his mind his past life of ingratitude, folly, and rebellion. He could not do so. Like David, the psalmist, he could say, "The pains of hell gat hold upon me." (Psalm cxvi. 3.) The burning, searching, piercing eye of a holy God seemed to be resting upon him. The Holy Spirit

showed him his true position and condition—a lost, guilty, condemned sinner, on the brink of a lost eternity. In the midst of his anguish a verse of scripture quoted at the gospel meeting was brought before him in wondrous power—"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) The light from the cross of Calvary streamed in upon his darkened soul. He saw God's "easy and unencumbered plan" of salvation. Now he knew *why* the Lord Jesus Christ suffered, bled, and died. It was for the sins of "lost" sinners like him; and through believing on Him, who did it all and paid it all, he was a sinner saved by matchless grace.

The same evening he walked eight miles to tell the preacher what the Lord Jesus had done for him. The change in his life was soon manifest to others, and a few days after he gathered all his show trappings and boxes together and burned them. Years have rolled away since F—— professed to have received Christ; and the writer recently had the privilege of hearing him tell what great things God had done for him.

Perhaps some who read this short sketch of F——'s history may, like him, have had a spurious conversion. They were troubled about their souls, and rested on happy feelings, or perhaps believed that they had eternal life instead of believing on Christ. Oh, the multitudes of deceived souls who can give day and date, chapter and verse, for their conversion; and there is *nothing in their lives* to show that they have passed from death unto life. God's holy Word has declared, that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: *old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.*" (2 Cor. v. 17.) Do you know anything of this experience? Or have you been "deceived"—*converted by man, but not by God?*

What has your "conversion" done for you? Have you become a "new creature," with new desires, new feelings, new aspirations? Get to the foundation on which you are building for eternity, and see where you are.

Whatever condition you may be in read God's holy Word, and see what He has said *about yourself*, and then see what He has said *about Christ*. First believe God's testimony *against you*, and then believe His testimony *for you*. If you are eternally lost you will have no one to blame but yourself. Salvation has been provided for you at an infinite cost, and is pressed upon you for your acceptance without money and without price. Will you have it? Will you have it now?

PART I.

LOST! LOST! LOST!

LOST! lost! lost!

It falls on the passer's ear—
'Tis the town crier going his usual rounds,
And you heedlessly hear the accustomed sounds
That echo afar or near.

Lost! lost! lost!

A poor little child in the street—
And the questioners hear, through her sobs, of how
She strayed from her mother's side just now,
Mid the crowd of hurrying feet.

• • • • •

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to SAVE
that which was LOST."

• • • • •

Lost! lost! lost!

The preacher raises the cry,
As he asks of the well-dressed, ill-dressed, all,
In chapel, or church, or mission-hall,
"Will you *lose your souls* for aye?"

Lost! lost! lost!

They *will* not enter and hear.
So the messengers go to the streets and tell,
"If you're out of Christ you are going to hell;"
And the words ring loud and clear.

Lost! lost! lost!

But we bring you wonderful news,
For lost ones Jesus His life-blood gave,
You are not *too* lost for Jesus to save;
There is pardon for *you* if you choose."

Lost! lost! lost!

We will cry it out while we may.
Though men and women listen awhile,
With sometimes a scoff, and sometimes a smile,
Then go on their downward way.

Lost! lost! lost!

But listen, and mark me well,
If you cast your immortal soul away,
The devil will catch it, and laughing say,
"I will have you with me in hell."

Lost! lost! lost!

In spite of that wonderful love.
In spite of that Saviour who died for you;
With a suicide's hand your *soul* you slew,
And forfeited heaven above.

Lost! lost! lost!

Escape ere you utter the cry,
As amidst the torments of hell you are tossed,
"I *might have been* saved, but now I am lost—
I am lost for eternity."

"How shall we escape, if we *neglect* so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)
"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and *lose*
his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.)

"In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." (Luke xvi. 23.)

"Send . . . testify unto them, *lest they also come* into this place
of torment." (Luke xvi. 27, 28.)

"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."
Mark ix. 46.)

PART II.

SAVED! SAVED SAVED

THE FACTS MENTIONED BELOW ARE ALL INSTANCES OF CONVERSION
PERSONALLY KNOWN TO THE WRITER.

"What must I do to be saved?"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

SAVED! saved! saved!

'Tis the cry of the new-born soul;
I was down in the mud and mire of sin,
But the Saviour has made me fair and clean,
And the Saviour has made me whole.

Saved! saved! saved!

What a chorus of joyful cries!
Will you listen with me, and hear them tell
How they met the Lord on the way to hell,
And He bade the dead arise?

Saved! saved! saved!

"I was sick of a life of sin,
I had lain all night on a tap-room floor,
I would have laughed at the thunders of law,
But the love of Christ came in."

Saved! saved! saved!

(a) "I was broken down by His love;
In my mess, on the lower deck, 'twas there
He saved me from sin, and hell, and despair,
And gave me a home above."

Saved! saved! saved!

'Tis another sailor's voice—

(b) "Hearst—believeth—*hath*, I read;
And the words were a message of life to the dead,
And they made my heart rejoice."

Saved! saved! saved!

'Tis a lady speaking now—

(c) "'Twas the crimson page in a wordless book
Bade me look at the blood. There was life in the look!
And He saved me—that was how."

Saved! saved! saved!

"As a child it was that I heard

(d) He had said, 'It is finished' on Calvary's tree,
And I knew that the work was finished for me,
And I took Him at His word.

Saved! saved! saved!

"'Twas away in India where

I thought of the Sunday-school at home—
(e) With a comrade I knelt in a little room,
And the dear Lord saved me there."

Saved! saved! saved!

And saved to tell of His love.
He died for me, and He died for you,
I've trusted Him, so I know it's true;
And He wants you, too, above.

(a) "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son,
that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting
life." (John iii. 16.)

(b) "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me,
hath everlasting life." (John v. 24.)

(c) "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."
(1 John i. 7.)

(d) "He said, 'It is finished:' and He bowed His head, and gave up
the ghost." (John xix. 30.)

(e) "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."
(John vi. 37.)

H. E. W.

"BLESS THE LORD, THAT'S IT!"

BY S. BLOW.

IN a small town in the county of S——, where a friend of the writer resided he used to recognize a young man frequently pass his house who by his appearance indicated he was suffering from that fell destroyer, consumption. As day by day told the sad tale that deadly disease was, like a demon, devouring his life's blood, blighting all earthly prospects, and withering all his earthly cherished hopes, my friend longed to speak to him about eternal things and heavenly prospects, and heavenly hopes which could never be withered or blasted. Having frequently crossed his path, he used the opportunity thus afforded, and on several occasions conversed with him—kindly and lovingly referring to his painful disease, which was so rapidly gaining ground on him, as a just reason eternal things should specially occupy his attention; but, like many, and especially the young, who are subjects of this deadly and deceptive disease, he usually replied that he was a little better, his cough was not so troublesome, he had a better night, and he thought he should soon recover. Hence he was continually flattering himself by these false delusive hopes of "getting better" soon; so he took comparatively little notice of what my friend said, and refused to accept the invitation repeatedly given to him to come and hear the gospel in the little meeting-room close by his house. After much patience and repeated solicitation, one night he turned into the gospel meeting, and listened attentively to the preached word. The result was conviction of sin, restlessness of soul, and deep concern about the future and *eternity*, and where he would spend it. At last, when he had to keep his bed, and all hopes of recovery were futile, his soul anxiety increased, deepened, and he gladly welcomed the visits of Christian friends. One day my friend, while visiting him, was led to read Isaiah liii. When he reached the verse, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed," all at once he broke out in such ecstasy and joy, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, that's it! bless the Lord, that's it!"

"What is it?" asked the Christian visitor.

"Why," replied the young man, rejoicing in his newly-found peace and joy, "'He was wounded for

our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace is upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.'"

When his mother came home, soon after the Christian friend had left, he called her to his bedside, and repeated the same passage of scripture with much vehement joy, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, that's it! bless the Lord, that's it, mother!" When his father came home in the evening, and as his custom was went immediately upstairs to see how his son Johnny was, he shouted out, as soon as his father entered the room, "'But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.' Bless the Lord, that's it! bless the Lord, that's it, father!" And he did exactly the same with other members of the family when called to see him. What simplicity! what confidence and trust! No fear, no dread now of the future; all radiant with heavenly light and heavenly joy; death's sting gone—for ever gone, for ever vanquished. The simple reason of this was because he knew himself to be a sinner, and trusted in the Saviour of sinners, who died in the sinner's place, suffered in the sinner's stead. Such is God's way of saving, and the only way and condition in which He will save—faith, simple trust in what *another* has passed through, has suffered. God's beloved Son, who became the sinner's Substitute, bore the wrath that was due to the sinner who believes in Him.

"For God must visit sin
With His displeasure sore;
For He is holy, just, and true,
And righteous evermore.

"Yet Jesus died for sin—
Upon the cross He died;
God's righteousness was then displayed,
And justice satisfied.

"This only can we do—
Believe in Christ and live,
Fly to the shelter of His blood,
Who only life can give."

Hence the sinner, however deeply stained with sin, however long he may have alighted, rejected, or despised God's way and only way of salvation, if he comes resting, relying, believing on God's Christ, he is saved—saved in a moment, immediately, and is ready for death, and prepared for eternity and the presence of God; and can say, whether living or dying, in health or in sickness, in prosperity or in adversity, "Bless the Lord, that's it." "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we ARE HEALED."

→* WAITING. *←



ASSING along the road to — Station, I was startled by a carriage coming up behind me at an unusual speed. I turned, as it was so near, and saw some one clinging to the side of the vehicle, while the horse, frightened perhaps by want of its accustomed guidance, and by the reins dangling about its feet, was rushing onwards. I expected every moment to see the man loose his hold and the wheels to go over him; however, some of the people at the station managed to stop the animal, and thus save him.

A few words of congratulation on his wonderful escape, and he returned to his seat, and continued his journey.

An opportunity some time after occurring, this merciful escape was alluded to; and the remark made how near the unseen world was to each of us, although it was invisible; and how in one moment we might be ushered into it, and of the happiness of being prepared for such an event.

"Since my wonderful escape I have indeed been thinking much on the subject, and I pray that God would make me fit for it. I ought surely to be very thankful for His mercy, and live a better life than I have done."

"Then what do you expect God to do for you, as you say you pray that He may make you fit for a better world?"

"Well, he is very merciful, and I hope He will forgive all my sins and shortcomings, and hear my prayers."

"You do pray to Him?"

"Oh, I have never lived such an ungodly life as never to pray to Him! but since my accident, feeling how near I was to death, I have prayed more earnestly, and I hope God will hear me."

"Then you cannot have any hope of salvation until God hears your prayers?"

"Oh, yes, I hope to be saved, because I am praying to Him! and the Bible says 'He is the hearer and answerer of prayer,' and I hope He will hear mine."

"Well then, how do you expect to know when your prayers are heard, and when you are saved?"

"Of course we cannot know for certain, till the day when some shall be on the right hand and some on the left."

"As you seem to know the Scriptures, tell me

what is the meaning of the declaration of God, that 'now is the accepted time.' (2 Cor. vi. 2.) 'Now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.' (Eph. ii. 13.) 'And thus giving thanks to the Father *who hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.'" (Col. i. 13.)

"Well, I suppose that when we are living a good life, then we may call ourselves Christians, and expect to enter the kingdom."

"But do you not observe that there is no mention of such a thing—the apostle speaks of *having* salvation, of *having been taken into* the kingdom?"

"Oh, that was St. Paul! Of course we do not expect to be like him."

"Do you think, then, that there is one gospel for the apostle and another for us? Does he not say that if any one, or even an angel, were to preach *another* gospel he would be accursed?"

"I never thought of that."

"Are you not in some measure expecting something more than what God has already given you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Are you not expecting something more to be given you in answer to your prayers than what He has given to you in His word before you can have salvation? You are *waiting*, you say, praying, and hoping God will hear you."

"Yes."

"Well, consider a little. Are you not thinking that some day you will feel differently, that some day you will hear a sermon that will convert you, perhaps, in short, that something will occur that will make you think God has heard your prayers?"

"Perhaps I have been thinking like that; I do not quite know."

"Think of this then: God has revealed His salvation to us in the Scriptures; they are divine, proved to be so by abler people than we are, so we need not discuss that point. He will not send an angel down to tell you or me anything new; you can never be any more fit to have salvation than you are to-day, since God has accomplished already all that His justice and mercy required in order that fallen man might be saved. What are you waiting for? He will not speak to you with an audible voice. He will not send one from the unseen world to assure you of eternal realities. What then are you expecting before you can be saved?"

"I cannot say; I never thought of things in that light. You do not surely mean that I am not to pray?"

"No, I do not say that; but as God has made known to you in His word *His way* of salvation, you must take heed to His instructions. He says that He has, by His own beloved Son, provided a perfect salvation and way of reconciliation, and *beseeches you to be reconciled*. He has given His Son to be our Saviour. He came and finished the work His Father gave Him to do, and 'obtained eternal redemption for us' (Heb. ix. 12); so that it is a gift. 'The gift of God is eternal life, and this life is in His Son.' (Rom. vi. 23.) 'He that hath the Son hath life.' (1 John v. 12.) Thus you see that God gives salvation to *whosoever* accepts His Son."

"Oh, I cannot see that such a great matter as my deliverance from hell, from the consequence of having broken God's holy law, can be had in so easy a way!"

"It was not an easy way to secure your salvation. It required the wisdom of God Himself to devise it, and cost the Lord Jesus Christ bitter suffering and death to accomplish it, and needs the power of the Holy Spirit now to convince you that it is all true, and that you may be a partaker of it. God has made known to us fully the truth of all this in Scripture once for all; no more will be added to it. Will you credit His word? or will you doubt it? Will you consent to His plan, and accept salvation as a gift from Himself, obtained for you by the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"But I am not worthy to come to God for such a gift, my sins and shortcomings are too many."

"Your sins and shortcomings! God has already settled about these."

"How so?"

"I will try and explain. Suppose it were possible that you could stand before God in your sins, and He were to pronounce upon you sentence of death, according to His word—'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' (Ezek. xviii. 4.) And suppose it possible that you could endure this punishment of death, rise up from it, and afterwards live a perfectly holy life; you would then feel entitled to salvation, as it were, because you had answered for your transgressions, and you would not expect to be a second time called upon to do so."

"No; of course I would consider myself free."

"Then do you not see that when you accept the

Son of God as your Saviour, as your substitute, you are actually made *one* with Him, and God accounts that when Jesus died on the cross to make atonement for sins, all who believe virtually died with Him; and when *He* was buried out of sight, *they* were also; and when He rose again, having 'put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself' (Heb. ix. 26), God received Him, and in Him *all who are His*, as having thus fulfilled all righteousness, and as a token that all was finished, according to His holy will, set Him at His own right hand where he awaits the time appointed of the Father for the full enjoyment of the accomplished redemption. Jesus waiting on high, His people here, 'fellow-workers' in making this salvation known, beseeching its acceptance *now*, by every one who will be persuaded."

"Do you mean that my prayers and waiting are of no use to obtain my eternal safety?"

"Do you anywhere in the Bible find that *they are*?"

"Yes; is it not said, 'Wait on the Lord'! (Psalm cxxx. 5.)

"That means that *God's people* when in any need or trouble are to wait on Him for deliverance or guidance, not that sinful men are to wait before they decide to trust His message. To wait is to doubt His sincerity when He says, 'Come;'" to doubt His word when He declares that "*all things are ready*;" to disobey His command when He says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. xi. 28.) 'God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because He had appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained.'" (Acts xii. 30, 31.)

This seemed to throw a new light upon the question, and by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, led to an intelligent apprehension of the gospel, and the possession of that which passeth understanding, the following "good confession" being the witness thereof: "I can now rejoice in the glorious truth. Accepted in Christ! Adopted into the family of God! My sins I see were indeed dealt with when the Lord Jesus, my substitute, died on the cross, and I now stand complete in Him. Saved by nothing of my own, yet I want to work out this salvation, thus made mine, by serving the Lord my master, and showing others—so as to win them—the reality of it. I have a peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away; and if unbelief arises to shake my hold of these precious truths, I have but to remember that it is not my grasp of my Saviour which is weak, and which Satan might easily displace, but it is His grasp of me on which my salvation depends; and He declares that none shall be able to pluck me out of His hand."

J. H.

The Watchman's Message.



• THE SIN OFFERING. (Leviticus iv.)

ATONEMENT FOR SIN.

IN our picture we see an Israelite bringing his offering to the gate of the Tabernacle, that its innocent life may be taken as an atonement for his sin. By virtue of the typical sacrifice his conscience would obtain peace, as the priest would make an atonement for him and pronounce forgiveness to him. But, better far, we are now pointed to Jesus, the Lamb of God, who by

His one sacrifice for sins for ever, has made an everlasting atonement, on the ground of which He can save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

Reader, have you trusted in Jesus? Have you seen by faith that your sins were borne by Him, and that by His precious blood you have remission of sins? He is waiting to receive thee, and to impart the precious knowledge of a perfect and full forgiveness of sins.

"I DON'T FEEL SORRY ENOUGH."

H E above is a part of an answer given to the writer by a young lad, the son of Christian parents, brought up to know the truth as it is in Jesus, on putting the invitation of the Lord Jesus before him—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) He said, "I often think I should like to be a Christian, but I don't feel sorry enough." Oh, if there is one who may read this with the same thought, remember, dear reader, it is not what you feel, it is what you are. You are a sinner, and Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He died to save you, and He simply wants you to accept a free pardon and thank Him for it; and oh! what it cost that Blessed One, the Son of God, to leave all the glory which He had with His Father to come into such a scene, to save such hell-deserving sinners as we are by nature. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." (Isaiah liii. 4, 5.) Now, you see, He has fully met the righteous claims of God against sin, in proof of which God has raised Him up from the dead, taken Him into glory, seated Him on His own throne, and is now sending forth a full and free salvation to everyone. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) And if we do not accept this offer of salvation, there is a time coming when it will be too late. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Weigh this all-important question in the presence of God, and in the light of eternity, when (if you still refuse God's offer of mercy) you will have to spend it "with the devil and his angels: where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." But if you accept salvation, it will be happiness and joy both now and throughout eternity, for ever with the Lord, praising and adoring His worthy name for His marvellous love. Which is it to be? Have it all out with God at once; own yourself as a lost and helpless sinner, and accept His free pardon that He delights to give. Think of this—"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.) Accept it now.

"Take salvation, take salvation,
Take it now and happy be."

MAN'S QUESTIONS, GOD'S ANSWERS.

BY G. HEFFORD.

Is there a God?

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork." (Ps. xix. 1.)

Am I accountable to Him?

"So then EVERY ONE of us shall give account of himself to God." (Rom. xiv. 12.)

Has God seen all my ways?

"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." (Heb. iv. 13.)

Does He charge me with sin?

"The Scripture hath concluded all under sin. (Gal. iii. 22.) "All have sinned." (Rom. iii. 23.)

Will He punish sin?

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ez. xviii. 4.) "For the wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)

But is not God merciful?

"Will not at all acquit the wicked." (Nah. i. 3.) "Will by no means clear the guilty." (Ex. xxxiv. 7.)

Must I perish?

"God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Peter iii. 9.)

How can I escape?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

Is He able to save me?

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." (Heb. vii. 25.)

Is He willing?

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

Am I saved on believing?

He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." (John iii. 36.)

Can I be saved now?

"Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

As I am?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

Shall I not fall away?

"He is able to keep you from falling." (Jude 24.)

If saved, how should I live?

"They which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them." (2 Cor. v. 15.)

What about death, and eternity?

"I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." (John xiv. 2, 3.)

These are the sayings of God.

A CRY FOR HELP.



WAS sitting one morning on the pierhead at ——— enjoying the sweet stillness of the scene, with no thought of death or danger near, when my ear caught the sound of a stifled cry for “help.” It seemed to come from one whose strength was well-nigh gone. I rose quickly, and looked down over the rail which guarded the pier. A man who had been bathing, having got out of his depth, was clinging to one of the joists for support, and crying for help to those above in a voice growing faint from exhaustion.

Never shall I forget the look of agony in that up-turned face. There were but few on the pier, but I called to a gentleman near, who with great presence of mind cut the ropes of the awning, and lowered one of sufficient length to reach the drowning man. I afterwards ascertained that he was by this means saved from a terrible death.

I saw in that dying man a picture of thousands of souls perishing around me from day to day; souls building on some cherished hope which can give no present peace or ultimate security—it *cannot save*. It may be the vain hope of working out a salvation by works of righteousness, by a high morality, by ordinances, church-going, prayers, fasting, almsgiving, or by sincere repentance. Alas! beloved reader, if you cling to these death will come and sweep you away into the ocean of eternal wrath. But suppose to one thus vainly clinging the thought come that he is not safe—that his hold will have to be relinquished—his prop will fail. He looks round; there is no escape! Behind him, a broken law, forfeited favour, sin unforgiven; before him, retributive justice—cold, relentless—

destroying as that sea upon which the drowning man's eye rested that morning. A sinner in such a state sees that he can *do nothing*; he looks for deliverance, but sees none. Shall he perish thus? He cries, “Help, Lord!” When lo! the answer is heard, “In *Me* is thy help found.” “I *have* blotted out thy transgressions.” “*Look unto Me*, and be ye saved.” Down from the cross of Calvary comes immediate deliverance. “He bore our sins in His own body on the tree.” This is as the rope let down to the drowning man. Had he aught to do but to lay hold of it? Did he begin to question its power to save him? Did he stay to ask, Is it meant for me? He saw it; he seized it; he was sinking without it, but by it drawn up safely out of

reach of the devouring element.

Dear reader of these lines, are you crying for help, conscious of your lost condition? The cry is heard, the salvation is accomplished; it was wrought out fully and for ever when the cry “It is finished” issued from the lips of that blessed One who died for you and me on the accursed tree 1800 years ago. “Believest



thou this?” No other trust will avail in that day when the rejecters of this full and free salvation, who have chosen to stand upon the sandy foundation of their own merits, will find themselves overwhelmed by the tide of God's righteous judgment. Oh, reject not the gracious offer of deliverance *now*! Give up all other dependence, hold fast the hope set before you; then to you there will be no *condemnation*. Justice is satisfied, the atoning work is done; the prodigal, clothed in the best robe, becomes the beloved child of the Father's house. He is now the heir of eternal glory, a present partaker of the joys and privileges of the family of God, sealed by the Spirit until called to enter upon the full possession of his purchased inheritance. Blessed portion. May such, through grace, beloved reader, be yours and mine.

YE

Whoever you are, whether religious or irreligious,
drunkard, Good Templar, or anything else.

MUST

A positive necessity; for an ungodly sinner has nothing
in himself
whereby to meet the demands of a holy God.

BE

A RULER once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and
light;

The Master made answer, in words true
and plain,

"Ye must be born again!"

Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord,
And let not this message to you be in vain,
"Ye must be born again!"

O ye who would enter this glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of
the blest;

The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
"Ye must be born again!"

A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns
to see, (for thee;
At the beautiful gate may be watching
Them list to the note of this solemn refrain,
"Ye must be born again!"

Not only know it
in theory,
but as a reality,
true of your own
very self.

BORN

HOW solemn are the words,
And yet so faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again!"

"Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice,
"Tis life poor sinners need.

"Ye must be born again!"
And life in Christ must have,
In vain the soul may elsewhere go,
"Tis He alone can save.

"Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heaven;
"Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

Not merely a professor of religion, a member of some
Church or Chapel, a moral, respectable person;
but BORN

AGAIN;

Or bear the terrible consequences of your sins and
rejection of the

→* LORD JESUS CHRIST.*←

GONE—WEIGHED—REGISTERED ;

OR,

WHAT I SAW FROM A RAILWAY BRIDGE.



HAT wonderful places are our large and busy railway stations! What lessons they teach! what suggestions they give rise to! One must be intensely occupied or obtuse who could pass leisurely along any of their bustling platforms without conjuring up some strange pictures, or indulging perhaps in a multitude of curious reflections. Even those whose business it is to be familiar with such scenes—guards, porters, and the like—are not free from those speculative fancies, which naturally spring up with the ever-changing incidents that pass before them.

But what a panorama must all these things present to Him whose “eyes are in every place,” and before whom there can be no veiled mystery of thought or circumstance! Are not all things “naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do”? (Heb. iv. 13.)

As we stood recently upon a bridge, overlooking the various platforms and lines at one of the principal stations of the Great Western Railway, we could not help noting some of the more striking scenes which crowded upon our view.

Some of these were instructive and helpful; some there were that broke like rays of gladness upon our heart. But, alas! there were deep shadows that never seemed to lift, and we thought sadly of the “wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.” (Jude 13.)

All are hurrying on *somewhere*, and in a little while every moving figure before us will be GONE! Gone upon that journey which knows no returning. Gone where severed friends may never meet again; or, having met, will part no more.

There were long, loaded trains threading their way in and out of the station below. Some of them had come or were about to go long journeys. Of the passengers, some were apparently mere pleasure-seekers, leading a kind of butterfly life. Others were hasting on, as if on some pressing business—called suddenly, it may be, to a last interview with a loving friend who was passing away, and might be gone before their destination was reached. There were many tender and affectionate greetings, and many equally loving farewells.

How often is a railway platform the last meeting-place on earth! How often “good-bye” there means good-bye for ever!

Some arrived at the station or left it on foot; others by ordinary conveyances. But here and there a splendid equipage drew up to receive or deposit its highly-favoured occupants. Here the rich and poor meet together. (Prov. xxii. 2.) Here they take their seats according to their assumed stations in life—1st, 2nd, or 3rd class. How few amongst them reflect perhaps that “there is no respect of persons with God,” and that they all will soon be gone where earthly distinctions cease! Alas! are there not many whose pride thus comes in between them and their souls’ salvation?

We heard recently of a lady in high station, who swept into her splendid drawing-room, where a dear servant of God was waiting by appointment to speak with her about her soul’s eternal interests.

“And do you mean to tell me, sir,” said she, “that I must be saved in the same way and upon the same terms as my butler or footman?”

“Precisely so, madam,” was the reply; “*all have sinned, rich and poor alike*, and all need alike the same Saviour. ‘Neither is there salvation in any other.’” (Acts iv. 12.)

Alas! Satan had blinded her eyes with pride. She turned her back upon Christ, and chose her own way. Little did she anticipate the time which we read is coming: “Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of My counsel; they despised all My reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.” (Prov. i. 28–31.)

Oh that people understood their need—their present and eternal need—of the Lord Jesus Christ! Without Him the rich are poor indeed; the poor possessing Him are rich for evermore.

There is no 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class with God. He “accepteth not the persons of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor; for they all are the work of His hands.” (Job xxxiv. 19.) Oh, my reader, whatever your station, all will soon be over as regards this life! you will soon be gone; and where, oh, where will you spend eternity?

What a bustling throng of all ages and conditions! Some are robust, healthy, and active;

and there are careworn and feeble. Here and there are the cripple and the deformed. Inspectors, guards, clerks, porters, shunters, messengers, and newsboys are rushing and pushing about. Of their several histories we know nothing; but *God knows them all*, and He knows how soon some of them may close. Are they ready? Are *you*, my reader, ready? Suppose *this day* were to end your career on earth, would you be—*are you now*—SAVED OR LOST? Can you say truthfully—

"Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know
It is well, it is well with my soul!"

Here is a young man leaning upon the arm of an elderly lady, whom we suppose to be his mother. His thin, bony hand, his weary eye and sunken cheek, his slightly bent figure, and every now and then "that troublesome cough," all indicate approaching sorrow. His days are few; he will soon be *gone*. Is he saved?

That strong country girl, those three merry youths, that stalwart porter with a box on his shoulder, those weather-beaten drivers, that sharp, watchful guard, that active little newsboy, and this hale couple intently watching their luggage; what of them?

Oh, swiftly, swiftly are they all being whirled along! soon they will be *gone* out of sight; we may never see one of them again; and yet, let us hope as to some of them—may we do so as to you?—

"In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

But our best hopes and wishes will not save anybody. They, you, every one, must have a personal interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, or there will be no meeting there. Thank God, it is written in His word, which cannot be broken, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

Here is a middle-aged lady, with a satchel slung at her side, giving away tracts. God bless her. May the good seed she is so earnestly scattering bear abundant fruit, and in the great harvest home bring her a rich reward.

A little way off are two young women, who seem to have not long ago emerged from their *teens*. One is *dressed as a widow*. They are not going by any train, that we can see, and yet they too are passing swiftly on—more swiftly than any train can carry them—into eternity. They will soon be gone beyond the reach of kind entreaties. Their

business here is evidently a sad one; very sad perhaps are the homes they have left, it may be, in waywardness and folly. Not far off we stopped to read a handbill in a shop window. It ran thus:

"To —, your dear mother is almost broken-hearted; therefore do not add to her already great affliction. Delay not, but return immediately to your loving parents, your truest friends, who will forget and forgive everything."

Did the handbill refer to either of these?

This much we do know, that for them—for *every* poor sinner—there is a printed handbill to be found in every Bible. It has been dictated by God Himself, and runs thus: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though yours sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 18.)

"The trembling sinner feareth
That God can ne'er forget;
But one full payment cleareth
His memory from all debt."

Yes, thank God, the debt *has been paid*. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." And now He can and does say to all, "Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out." Oh, will *you* come *now*, and know the joy of being saved and forgiven, if you do not know it already! *Do you?*

Some one has beautifully said, "When the Lord saved me, He cast all my sins behind His back, and has not once turned round to look at them." This is what He says to every sinner who comes to Him believing in the Lord Jesus Christ: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isaiah xliii. 25.) Oh, the precious peace of *knowing* that all our sins are *GONE*, blotted out, forgotten, cast behind His back, buried in the depths of the sea! Is this blessedness yours? If not, listen to the voice of God, before it be *too late*: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah lv. 7.)

Nearly Gone, but Saved.

Not long ago, at the close of a gospel address, a hard-working man came up to us and said, "I am very unhappy, sir; I want to be saved, and I want to be saved *to-night*, if I can." "Thank God for

that. Come into the vestry, and we will try and show you from God's word how this question may be settled." From one favourite passage to another we led him in search of the word that should speak peace to his soul. Nothing, however, seemed to meet his case. At last we said, "Let us kneel down and ask God to show you what you need."

As soon as we had done praying, up rose this dear man, and stood right in front of us, his face a very picture of intense earnestness. "There was something you said in your prayer, sir, I want to know *if it is in the Bible*." "What was it?" "It was something about believing in the heart." "Yes, friend, that is in the Bible. Would you like to read it?" We turned to Rom. x. 9, and he read aloud, very slowly, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, **THOU SHALT BE SAVED.**" "I never thought it was so simple as that," said he. "I *do* confess with my mouth the Lord Jesus, and I *do* believe in my heart that God raised Him from the dead, and I **AM SAVED**; *God says so.*" We were on our knees again in a moment, our brother overcome with joy, thanking God for having saved him.

Next day at work he met with a sad accident. Carrying a "hod" of mortar up a ladder, he slipped his foot and fell to the bottom, breaking his jaw, and fracturing several of his ribs. He was *nearly gone, but safe*. Picked up and carried to the London Hospital, he lay there for two months in great suffering. His first visit when discharged was paid to the place where the Lord met him. "Where," said he, "should I have been if I had died unsaved? and what should I have done during the last two months of intense agony, if I had not had *God to rest upon*? He has been with me all the time, to give me patience, and to comfort and soothe me in my racking pains. Thank God for His kindness. I was *nearly gone*; but if I *had* gone I should have gone to Him straight." "Absent from the body" was to be "present with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 8.)

Happy is the man whose trust is in the Lord. Dear friend, is **HE** *your* trust, *your ONLY trust*?

Weighed.

Down on one of the platforms is a sharp little fellow, shouting out incessantly, "Try your weight, sir; your correct weight for one penny." Now and again he finds customers of both sexes and

various ages, who go away apparently satisfied with the result. The condition of their body is, perhaps, their chief, if not their sole, concern.

Do we not read of a certain king—Belshazzar—who was one night feasting with "a thousand of his lords, 'his wives and his concubines'?" In the midst of the feast, as they drank wine out of the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God, there came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall. The meaning of one word that was written was this, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." God had weighed that king and found him "wanting." A little further on we read, "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain." (Dan. v. 30.) Oh, if God were thus, at this moment, to put you in His scales, would not *your* correct weight be "*found wanting*"?

We read in the Bible that our "days," our "months," our "steps"—"the very hairs of our head"—"are all numbered." God knows us in all that we are, and in all that we do!

And so infinitely superior to all human mechanism are His balances, that we further read, "The Lord weigheth the spirits." (Prov. xvi. 2.) "By His actions are weighed." (1 Sam. ii. 3.) No wonder, therefore, that many tremble to think of that day when "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccles. xii. 14.) Does not conscience even now pronounce the dread verdict—GUILTY? But oh, what will it be to see every secret thing searched out and weighed by God in the balances of eternity! No wonder that many tremble! Don't you, as you think of this?

Thank God, there is a way out of the difficulty. Would you like to know it? If so, we will try to make it plain. We are sinners, every one of us. And just as one theft makes a man a thief, or one act of murder makes a murderer, so one sin, even if we have committed but that one, makes a man a sinner. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one point*, he is guilty of all." (James ii. 10.) Guilt deserves punishment—*sin must be punished*. But thank God, we read, "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3.) He took our place, and *has been punished in our stead*. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." (Isaiah liii. 5.) Oh, my reader, think of the holy Lamb of God on the cross, suffering, bleeding, dying for

us—for *you*. But without this there could have been no way of escape. The righteousness of God could be satisfied with nothing less. Our sinless Substitute, "who knew no sin," *was* "*made sin for us*." Why? "That we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) Thus God *is satisfied*; He needs nothing more.

But now comes the point. How does this blessed condition become *our* condition—yours, mine? Let us see. Weighed in His balance, "men of low degree," or "men of high degree," the Scriptures tell us, "are altogether *lighter than vanity*." (Psalm lxii. 9.) "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." But grace comes to the rescue. "Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus . . . that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 23–26.)

How simple! We, altogether worthless in ourselves, are "justified," "made the righteousness of God," through believing in Jesus. (See Rom. iii. 22–26.) In other words, it is God who does all this for us in grace, upon the ground of what Christ had *DONE*, if we believe in Him. Do *you* believe in Jesus—not merely what is said or written about Him—but are you *TRUSTING IN HIM*? "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.)

It is this that takes away our fear; it is this that quiets the dread of our failures, our sins, and our secrets coming out, when, through believing in Jesus, we *KNOW* that He has been already punished for them, and that now in Him we are "*washed*," "*justified*," and "*sanctified*." (1 Cor. vi. 11.)

Praise the Lord, this wonderful statement rests upon the sure foundation of His own Word. Oh, my reader, have *you* the peace of knowing this? Are you believing, trusting, looking to, resting upon, Jesus *only*?

Registered.

There is a man with a long-handled hammer tapping each carriage wheel, to see that all is safe. And following hard after him is another man, taking the numbers—registering each carriage about to leave. Inside the ticket-office are books for registering the tickets issued. One of the clerks is busy registering the names of some who wish to be insured; and away in various offices and safes are huge books, registers of *past events*. A note is

made of every important circumstance; *everything is registered*.

Is God less careful of what is taking place in this busy, bustling world? Not so; everything is registered. And the courses of mighty planets, rushing on through immensity, are no more interesting to Him than the minutest details of our daily lives.

The Lord knew all about Saul of Tarsus, for instance. He was praying, and Ananias was to go to a street "called Straight," and inquire for him in the house of Judas. And so also Simon Peter was to be found *lodging* with one Simon a tanner, "whose house is by the seaside." Their addresses were registered in heaven. (See Acts ix. x.)

Then again we read of the disciples whose "names are written in heaven" (Luke x. 20); of "the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven." (Heb. xii. 23.) And there is one register of the most vital importance to us—*you* and me—kept there; it is called "the Lamb's book of life." No one will be received in heaven whose name is not entered there. Oh, see to it that *yours* is! And it may be this moment, if you will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. How solemn the circumstances that surround this book!

It is said of heaven: "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. xxi. 27.)

And again: "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.)

Dear friend, make sure that *your* name is
Registered in the Lamb's book of life.

(To be had separately in Book form, Loco. Series, No. 6, *Stirling, Drummond Tract Depot.*)

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

JOHN xiv. 6.



GRACIOUS Lord! how doth Thy word
End to the weary heart all strife!
We hear Thee say, in sweetest tones,
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life."

Thou art the Truth—in Thee shines forth
The Father's heart of grace and love;
Food for the wandering saints below,
Food endless for the blest above.

Thou art the Way—the way tracked out,
And "finished" in Thy precious blood;
By which the vilest may draw near,
And meet in peace a holy God.

Thou art the Life—*eternal* life
Breathes, Saviour, in Thine every word;
Let them our inmost spirits fill,
Till we at length behold our Lord!

G.

AN AWFUL DREAM.

"For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not, in a dream, in a vision of the night."—JOS xxxiii. 14, 15.



WAS about twenty, a wild, reckless fellow, living but for the pleasure, the folly, and the sin that a London life could give me, never thinking about attending a place of worship, but an habitual frequenter of the race-course, the theatre, and the casino.

I had not been though without my warnings. Some six months before the dream I am about to narrate, I had seen my youngest sister (about mine own age) pass away from this world into the next, from time into eternity, and who, while dying, had exhorted me to cease from the careless life I was living. "Promise me, promise me now, no more C—— Gardens, will you?" cried the dying girl; while I, whose eyes were suffused with tears, readily gave the required promise, but in whose strength the promise was made may be gathered from the fact that while the body of my sister was lying in her coffin in the room in which she died, I was dancing with my gay companions in the A—— Rooms.

It must have been, I think, the year 1866, when one night, as usual, I had been dancing at the A—— Rooms, I reached home about one o'clock, and went to bed—

"To sleep, perchance to dream."

Yes, I seemed in my dream to be walking by a long terrace of houses on my right hand, and in front also was another similar row, while on my left was a beautiful open space of green fields or meadows.

Mine eyes were first attracted to the tall zinc chimney-pots on the tops of the houses. They melted away before my sight; the windows then slipped from out their casements, and the buildings themselves heaved, trembled, and shook before they fell, as though shaken by an earthquake; the heavens rolled away like a scroll, the elements melted with fervent heat, while at my feet the earth opened, a yawning chasm gaped to receive me, while there burst upon my mind the truth—"The judgment-day."

I fell upon my knees, cries of mercy burst from my lips. I had often said my prayers, but this was prayer—"Lord, have mercy on me." *Too late, too late*, seemed to ring through my mind, while hell itself waited to receive me; but I awoke bathed in perspiration, to thank God through all eternity

"'twas but a dream," and not a stern reality. Yet I knew it was sent to warn me of hell, and of the careless, godless life I was living. The devil whispered, "It's only a dream, forget it, go to sleep again." I did at last, though it was hard work at first, I quenched the Spirit, I forgot the warning, and again when night came round, was dancing as merrily as ever with my worldly companions.

I came home again, again went to bed, again to dream the same dream; the houses shook, the heavens melted, the earth opened, again in despair I threw myself upon my knees, "the truth of 'the judgment-day' again burst upon my soul, as I again implored for mercy, while still I felt it must be now *too late*."

Blessed be God, I awoke, and I shall for ever praise Him that I awoke not in hell, amidst the bitter biting pangs of the eternal lake of fire, but on earth where still I might seek his mercy. Had I died at this time hell must have been my portion—I was not converted, but unconverted. Reader, which are you? Were death to cut you down, where would you spend eternity—in heaven or hell? on the throne, or in the bottomless pit? Be warned by one who has since found mercy, though, despite the second warning, I still lived on in sin and shame. Again I went back to the old life. I forgot the warning again, I quenched the striving of the Spirit; and it was not for some months after that God, in His own marvellous way, brought me to Himself, won me to Christ, and offered me heaven, which by faith I grasped; while, as quickly, this world, with all its so-called pleasures, was relinquished as so much dung and dross.

"Once I took pleasure in the world,
And lived as worldlings live;
But now in Christ I find a joy
The world could never give.

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its gilded toys,
But God has set me free."

Beloved reader, are you saved from hell? have you seen your danger? has Christ won your heart? has His precious blood cleansed you from your sins? If not, by all the glories of heaven, by all the misery of the lost, I implore you, I warn you, live not another day till the question of your soul's salvation is settled. Decide for Christ; "now choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" but if you are not saved, and after all are lost—"What wilt thou say when God shall punish thee?" (Jer. xiii. 21.)

C. C.



IN the south of Ireland, in a very old town, lived a young Christian named Annie —. She had "known the Holy Scriptures" from childhood, having been trained by a godly mother. Living in a town almost entirely inhabited by Roman Catholics, she felt very much for any Protestant placed among them, and loved to tell each one she met of the God whom she was "acquainted with."

A lady called on her one day, and told her that a poor Protestant man who was dying had been placed in the workhouse (which was not far from Annie's house), and that she would be grateful if she would visit him and read to him. Annie did so when she had an opportunity, and her heart was cheered to see how glad this poor man was to listen, and not only he, but all in the same ward, though being Roman Catholics; yet I regret to tell my reader of her failure when God opened her way a second time.

One evening soon after she went out with her sister and cousin, intending to visit our friend, while her companions took a walk. The evening was fine, the country around presenting a lovely picture, and a walk could be greatly enjoyed by Annie; and as she drew near to the workhouse, her thoughts rested on the high walls, gloomy wards, and gazing Romanists that were before her, if she went inside the gate to read to the invalid; so she said, "I'll go for a walk too, and I can call when returning." She was like Jonah. God gave him a "command," and he failed to obey. He had opened a door for Annie to "tell what great things He had done for her," and she passed by it. My reader, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Jonah passed through the "midst of the sea" before he obeyed the Lord; and Annie lost an opportunity before she learned the evil of procrastination.

I need hardly say Annie was not able to enjoy

her walk, for she knew she had done wrong, and "the way of transgressors is hard."

When passing the gate on their way home, her cousin said to Annie, "Will you not call?"

"It is too dark to read," replied Annie. "I won't call this evening."

Ah, how easy it is to find excuse after excuse when one "turns aside" from the "right way!" Having taken one step aside should not prevent her taking the next step in the "straight path;" but she did not "ponder the path of her feet." She could have repeated many portions of scripture, even if it were too dark to read, but she was not then "a vessel fit for the Master's use," having rejected His command.

Late that night, when Annie was about to go to bed, her heart was crushed when she learned that this poor man had died a few hours before. He was now beyond help, and she could not tell him anything more about Jesus. Poor Annie, she sank on her knees, broken-down before God. To Him all was clear; He saw that she needed a lesson, and He tried to teach her. A similar case appeared before her, and she felt that she was as guilty as the king to whom it was said, "Thy life shall be given for his life" (1 Kings xix. 38-42) when, through being "busy here and there," he let go out of his hands one whom the Lord required him to keep. The words "as I was busy, here and there, he was gone," rung in her heart for a long time.

More are lost through procrastination than through anything else. They "intend" to do good as Annie did, but they fail to accept "the gift of God, which is eternal life," while God offers it to them. They are "busy here and there," and forget that "this night their souls may be required of them." Is my reader a Christian? If so, consider the value of time; see that you deliver the message God has commanded you to carry to "every creature;" remember that He will not excuse you for being silent. Should the reader be unconverted, I ask him to pause while hastening on to "destruction." "The Lord hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world" (Acts xvii. 31), when "every idle word" and wasted moment will be called to "account."

God is now offering to forgive all sin. Why procrastinate? Take care, dear reader, lest you, waiting for a "convenient season" (Acts xxiv. 25), "harden your neck, and be "suddenly destroyed without remedy." (Prov. xxix. 1.) W. G. A.



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THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF POOR SMITH.

BEING AN INCIDENT IN CONNECTION WITH
THE INDIAN MUTINY.



HIS story is related by Mr. E. S—, and it describes in a very graphic manner how one may be overwhelmed in the very anguish of hell, even previous to death. It should be a solemn warning to those with whom the Spirit of God has long striven,

but to no saving effect hitherto.

"It was in the year 1859, and the mutiny in India being over, we set sail for England, the land of our birth.

"We had experienced many a hard struggle with the foe, and had come through them victors. It were needless to say that we were thankful to be passed the uncertainties of war, and were delighted to be hastening home with all possible speed. Our minds reverted to the grand old cliffs of Dover, and the prospects of seeing them once more raised our spirits considerably.

"There were about seven hundred soldiers and marines on board, and, as is generally the case, we were all a reckless and jolly lot. Among the company there was a special favourite with all the men,

a Scotchman—the very picture of health and strength. Jestings, as we frequently did, as to who should reach the old country in perfect health, we all agreed that if anyone did it would be the stalwart Scotchman named Smith.

"In passing the Cape of Good Hope, however, to our surprise Smith was taken ill, and was confined to his cabin.

"Many of us were anxious as to his welfare, and almost daily went to his side to make enquires after his health.

"He of all men was missed from our games and frolics, for a livelier comrade could not be found.

"One afternoon, after Smith had been ill for several days, an especial friend of his went to see him, to sit by his side and cheer him a bit if possible. Gently pushing the door of his cabin open he heard Smith speaking, and he paused a moment to listen. The sick man appeared to be dying, and his voice was plaintive and low.

"'I'M LOST! I'M LOST! I'M DAMNED!'

"His companion at the door was alarmed and afraid to go in, and withdrew from the scene.

"A few hours passed, when the word went round, 'Poor Smith is dead!' 'Poor Smith is gone!' and his last words were—

"'I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm damned!'

"The next morning, amid the tears of his sorrow-stricken comrades, poor Smith's body was wrapped in canvas, and after an officer had read the 'service for the dead,' his body was cast overboard, to await the morning of resurrection. The effect of his words upon the soldiers was very perceptible for a time, but soon it passed away, and they resumed

their ways of folly and sin, heedless of this solemn warning from God."

Reader, if you are unconverted, you are *lost* now, and if you die in this state you will be *damned* through all eternity.

Damned! Let the awful word sink into your conscience. Doubtless you have heard it often before; but has its deep and indescribable meaning alarmed you?

Damned! Ah, what does it mean? Everlasting alienation from God and happiness; sunk down into the unfathomable depths of hell.

Damned! and through your own neglect of God's salvation, your own persistence in sin, and rejection of the entreaties and warnings of the Holy Spirit.

Ah, dear friend, stop in your downward course—it leads to destruction. Why should your face be toward hell and misery, and your back to heaven and joy? What if the messenger of death should lay hold upon *you*? Would the bright hope of heaven, or the dark gloom of hell, possess your heart? You know which. If Christ should come in His glory "to take His ransomed ones home," how unutterably forlorn and desolate you would be. We beseech you to hasten to Jesus, "He lingers still on the throne of mercy—the princely Saviour.

There is no time for delay, "procrastination is the thief of time," and eternal interests are at stake.

Flee, oh, flee, from the wrath to come! Never let your language be—

"*I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm damned!*"

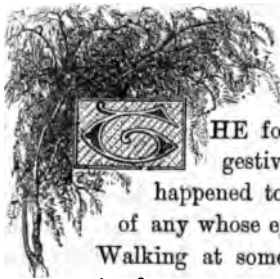
"Hell is darkness, deep and awful—

Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;

Though the Spirit long has striven,

He'll not always strive with thee."

F. A. B.



A STORM AND A RETREAT.

THE following trifling but suggestive incident which has just happened to me I offer for the profit of any whose eye this may meet.

Walking at some distance ahead of the rest of my party towards the close of a morning's march, and having mistaken the road leading to a certain bungalow, which was to be my resting-place for the day, I accosted a stranger, who at once put me in the right direction, himself leading

the way, until he was assured that I was safe not to miss it.

All this time, unperceived by me—for as I went along I had never once thought of looking up—the clouds had been gathering blackness, and to me there seemed nothing for it but to face the coming storm. In a few moments more the wind came tearing along, and the rain began to fall in torrents, but not before a most remarkably-shaped tree presented itself to my view, to which, through much mud and slush, I hastily betook myself.

The rain beat violently against the tree, and spared it not; but I was untouched, for I had taken up my position under cover of its friendly slanting trunk.

This one thing was necessary in order to obtain the safety it afforded. I had to *stoop* very low. There I waited for a break. It came before long, and the sun peeped forth. Soon after I reached the building which I had a glimpse of all the time I was in my hiding-place.

Unsaved reader, passing to eternity, that refuge I have described reminded me faintly of what the Lord Jesus is to a helpless sinner exposed to "the wrath to come." Are you not as one who has lost his way, wandering you know not where? May I help to put you right, and lead you to a hiding-place, to a perfect shelter from the impending awful storm, none the less certain, though you may be tramping on unheeding its approach?

In a word, come to the Lord Jesus *as you are*, and take Him *as He is*. Trust in the crucified and risen Saviour, that pardon, peace, and eternal life may be yours. There is no salvation for guilty man apart from Jesus and His sin-atonement precious blood. Much as God loves you, nothing is presentable to Him unassociated with that. When Jesus was first presented to sinners it was in His sacrificial character. "Behold *the Lamb* of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) If you reject Him, will not Christ Himself look on in silence at your final solemn doom? He has done all that He can. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." (John i. 12.) "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

Dear fellow-believers, you who are looking for "the break of day," wait on. "Home, home is nearing; 'tis coming into view." (I quote from

memory ; I am on a journey through a jungle, and packed up.) On the way home you and I, being sometimes overtaken by a tempest of sorrow and sore disappointment, are tempted to lose heart. Suffer then the word of exhortation from one oft tried. *Wait for a break.* Keep on. Expect it to come. It will clear up. The sun will shine forth before long.

If trouble pursues you wherever you go, do not "goodness and mercy" follow too? And though seen, it may be, through tears, do they not outweigh the trouble?

Besides, all is carefully measured out by the same hands that were pierced at Calvary, so how can there be any mistake? "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him."

"He knows ;
Yes, Jesus knows just what you cannot tell ;
He understands so well ;
The silence of the heart is heard,
He does not need a single word ;
He pities you."

Wait for a break. Let me give you that to cheer you. A. T. W.

India.

"COME THOU!"

"**C**OME thou!" Hear the gracious message, Gen. viii. 1.

Full of love and mercy free ;
Sinner, wherefore linger, doubting ?
Plainly God is calling thee.

Yes, He calls thee, oft hath called thee ;
Wondrous love to tarry still !

"Come thou." Dost thou doubt its meaning ?
List ! 'tis "Whosoever will." Rev. xxii. 17.

"Come now." Oh, delay no longer ! Isa. i. 18.
Haste ! the precious moments flee !

"Now," with all thy guilt upon thee—
As thou art—God calleth thee.

Linger not to seek for fitness,
None in self thou'lt ever know ;

"Come now"—though your sins be crimson,
He will make them "white as snow."

"Come to Me." Behold the imprint Matt. xi. 28.
In those blessed hands and feet ;

See the pierced side ; and answer,
Was there ever love so sweet ?

"Come to Me." He calls "the weary,"
"Heavy-laden," and "oppressed ;" Ps. ix. 9.

Says, with arms spread widely open,
"Come, and I will give you rest."

Wilt thou then accept the offer ?

Thankful take the place of "THOU ;"

Stay no longer trembling, doubting,
But receive salvation "now."

When the King says, "Come, ye blessed,"
To your everlasting home,

Thou, whom God has called so often,

Will He count thee in that "Come" ? A. F. P.

"I AM READY."



AM ready, not to be bound only, but also to die." (Acts xxi. 13.) Such is a bold assertion. The same man some time before had to fall down before the light from heaven and cry, "Lord, what wouldest thou have me to do?" Surely you would say that if he could not endure a ray from heaven, he would not be able to dwell in the light of heaven ; but now he was saying, "I am ready to die."

Most men are afraid to die. They look upon death as a great and terrible monster, which separates them from all that their affections are entwined around on the earth, and carries them to a vast unknown world. But not so with the Christian ; for *he knows* that to be at home in the body is to be absent from the Lord, and to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. (See 2 Cor. v.)

"*Are you afraid to die?*" I asked a young woman the other day, after the preaching of the gospel. "Oh, sir," she replied, "I cannot sleep for fear I should die before I wake up!"

"*Are you afraid to die?*" asked a gentleman of a poor dying infidel. "Sir, I am not so much afraid of dying—I could stand that—but I have just found out that after death there is judgment, and the thought of that terrifies me."

"*Are you afraid to die?*" asked a servant of Christ of a poor criminal who was awaiting his execution. "Sir," he cried, "can I help being afraid, when I remember that to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I have to meet God?"

I just quote three, out of many instances, showing the fear and dread that man has of death. However brave they may profess to be, yet when the time comes, and death's icy-cold hand is placed upon their brow, they shrink back with terror, their bravery is changed into timidity, and, like Hezekiah, they weep sore at the thought of leaving this world ; and yet there was a man able to say, "*I am ready to die.*"

What gave him such confidence ? It was not his good works. True he had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and was well instructed in the laws of the Hebrews. He too belonged to their strictest religious sect, for he was a Pharisee ; but in the light of God's presence he said he counted all

those things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. (Phil. iii. 5-7.) It was not because he was better than others that he lost the fear of death; for when the truth of God broke in upon his soul, he said, by the Holy Spirit, that he was the *chief of sinners*; and for this cause he obtained mercy.

He was "ready to die" because he had trusted in the finished work of the Lord Jesus. He saw himself to be a sinner in the sight of God, bad enough to do anything; one who even persecuted the Lord Jesus by slaying His servants in his zeal for his religiousness; and, as a sinner, he saw himself condemned, worthy of death, so that he could write such words as, "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.) But that was not all, he might well have been afraid to die, if that was all he could find out; but he also wrote, "As in Adam *all die*, so in Christ shall all be made *alive*." (1 Cor. xv. 22.)

The Lord Jesus came forth in wondrous love and pity, and suffered the just for we the unjust, to bring us to God. We were in a helpless condition, under the sentence of death; but He came to take our place, and die in our stead. God accepted the divine Substitute. He suffered the penalty of death; and God's approbation was seen in His receiving back into heaven His beloved Son.

"Christ's grave is vacant now,
Left for the throne above;
His cross asserts God's right to bless
In His own boundless love.

"'Twas there the blood was shed;
'Twas there the life was poured;
There mercy gained her diadem,
While justice sheathed her sword.

"And thence the child of God
Sees judgment all gone by;
Perceives the sentence fully met,
'The soul that sins shall die.'"

"Death is swallowed up in victory," so that we can exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 55-57.) The sting of death is sin.

What an awful thing it is to be bitten by a serpent! I dare say you have heard of Gurling, one of the keepers of the reptiles in the Zoological Gardens. This unhappy man was about to part with a friend who was going to Australia, and according to the wont of many he must needs

drink with him. He drank considerable quantities of gin, and though he would probably have been in a great passion if any one had called him drunk, yet reason and common-sense had evidently become overpowered. He went back to his post at the gardens in an excited state. He had some months before seen an exhibition of snake-charming, and this was on his poor muddled brain. He must emulate the Egyptians, and play with serpents. First he took out of its cage a Morocco venom-snake. The assistant-keeper cried out, "For God's sake, put back the snake!" but the foolish man replied, "I am inspired."

Putting back the venom-snake, he exclaimed, "Now for the cobra." He took it up by the body, about a foot from the head, and then seized it lower down by the other hand, intending to hold it by the tail, and swing it round his head. He held it for an instant opposite to his face, and, like a flash of lightning, the serpent struck him between the eyes. He called for help, but his companion fled in horror; and, as he told the jury, he did not know how long he was gone, for he was "in a maze."

When assistance arrived, Gurling was sitting on a chair, having restored the cobra to its place. He said, "I am a dead man."

They put him in a cab, and took him to the hospital. First his speech went, he could only point to his poor throat and moan; then his vision failed him, and lastly his hearing. His pulse gradually sank, and in one hour from the time at which he had been struck he was a corpse. There was only a little mark upon the bridge of his nose, but the poison spread over the body, and he was a dead man.

Who would dread a serpent, or flee from a snake whose sting had been removed? If the deadly, venomous sting is extracted, it is as harmless as possible; and, my reader, this is the work that the Lord Jesus accomplished on the cross. He robbed death of its sting, and death by dying slew. Have you ever considered it thoughtfully and earnestly? The sting was spent upon Him, the *bitterness* of death He tasted, the wrath of a sin-hating God He endured in the place of the God-hating sinner. Now what is the result? Why the one who trusts in the finished work of Calvary can say with the apostle, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart to be with Christ," to see Him who took away the sting of death, which is sin; to be

with Him who loved me and gave Himself for me; and to be *like* Him whose glory fills the heavens, and whose beauty is indescribable and unsurpassable; but whether I go now, or wait a little longer, it matters not; for to "live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Dear reader, can you say like that? Are you ready to die? Ready to be bound for Christ, ready to die for Him, and ready to meet Him? If you are not *ready*, I tell you that delays are dangerous. The messenger of death will not tarry for you to make a preparation. It may be that he is even now commissioned to call upon you; it is possible that he is at the door. Are you ready? Time is short. It will soon be lost in eternity; it will not be hindered by any, and with express speed it hurries you on to—where?

Every beating of your heart brings you nearer that time, when the day of grace will be past, and you eternally lost. There is no repentance in the tomb, or salvation in the grave. Then your doom will be for ever sealed, and the dread sentence of banishment from God's presence carried into effect. But it need not be so. The day of salvation is now, the accepted time is now, and God is saying, "*Come now.*" It does not matter what your condition is, He is willing to save, however sinful, however guilty, as long as you are a *sinner*, He is able to save even you.

Do not think that going through a series of good works will make you ready to die. They will give you no comfort or consolation on your death-bed, but will only add torment to your sorrowful reflections. Therefore look not within yourself, nor rest on your good deeds; but look from yourself to Jesus, who on Calvary's cross destroyed him who had the power of death—that is, the devil—and will crush him under His feet shortly. If you thus, through the Holy Spirit's power, trust Him as your own personal Saviour, you will be able to say with the apostle Paul, "*I am ready*, not to be bound only, but also to die." "*I am now ready* to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." (2 Tim. iv. 6-8.)

Reader, before you put down this paper, ask yourself the question, "Are you ready?" F. H. D.

"DOING THE BEST YOU CAN."



DON'T believe in your doctrine," said a sailor to a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. "I believe that if a man does the best he can it will be all right with him in the end."

"And is that *the only* way in which a man can get to heaven?"

"I believe so. And don't you think it is a good way?"

"Do *you* expect to get to heaven?"

"Of course I do."

"How many times have you used profane language since you spoke to me?"

"Oh, well, I know that I have got into that habit; but I mean to give it up!"

"And are you sure that you are able?"

"Certainly."

"And is that the only sin you are guilty of?"

"I am not one of those people that pretend to be perfect!"

"Then, according to your own admission, you have not done the best you could; and if your way of being saved is God's way, you have not the slightest chance of getting to heaven."

The sailor's mouth, for the time being at least, was stopped.

Reader, have you been trying to get to heaven by "doing your best"? If so, you are on the wrong track altogether.

"Must we not do our best?"

What is the "best" you can do?

"To live better in the future than I have done in the past."

Surely future good conduct can never blot out the past? Besides, *one* sin is sufficient to condemn you. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezekiel xviii. 4.) "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is guilty of all." (James ii. 10.)

What is the use of talking of doing the best you can, when God's word declares that *no one has ever done so*? "They are *all* gone aside, they are *all together* become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Psalm xiv. 3.)

The "best" that an unconverted man can do is to admit that he is *already* a lost, condemned, hell-deserving sinner; that all his lifetime he has been sinning against God, and is unable to avert the stroke of judgment.

Owning that you have done your "worst" instead of your "best," that if ever you are to get to heaven the Lord Jesus must take your case in hand. Take the "lost" sinner's place, claim the "lost" sinner's Saviour.



"TAKING VENGEANCE."

BY A. MARSHALL.

CARELESS young man entered a hall in the city of G—, where the gospel was being preached, in time to hear the speaker quote the following Scripture: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thess. i. 7, 8.) Searching, pointed words were spoken to unconverted men and women. They were urged, exhorted, and entreated to flee from coming wrath and judgment, and take shelter in the Lord Jesus.

The words, "Taking vengeance on them that know not God," were carried home to the conscience of the youth. The Holy Ghost revealed to him his lost condition, and he saw that if the Lord were to come he would be eternally lost. The ploughshare of God's word had been driven deep into his soul. Little of the address was taken notice of. The words already mentioned, which were God's message to him, were fastened as an arrow in a sure place. He left the building an awakened, convicted sinner, deeply conscious that he richly merited punishment, and that if Christ were to come he would be lost to all eternity. On leaving the hall he seemed to see, written on the sidewalk, in letters of fire, the words, "Taking vengeance on them that know not God." He hastened home and went to bed, but no rest or sleep could he obtain. "Taking vengeance on them that know not God" rang in his ears, and reached his inmost being. Do what he might he could obtain no peace. His past life, all stained with guilt, all criminal with rebellion, came before him; but the contemplation of it aggravated his misery. He knew that he had not obeyed the gospel, and the Lord Jesus was coming to take vengeance on him. What if He were to come

to-night? The pains of hell got hold of him, and for several days he was in a state of deep distress and anxiety. Whatever he was engaged with, wherever he went, the words followed him. His anguish became so unsupportable that he was unable to attend to his business. At last, conscious of his utter inability to do any thing to avert the stroke of justice, with his mouth stopped in the presence of God, he was led to look away from himself to Christ dying on Calvary's cross for all his crimson sins. Light, peace, and joy filled his soul, and he rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus.

Reader, have you been rejecting, despising, or neglecting the gospel of God's grace? Are you under the shelter of the blood? Are you born again? Are you prepared for the coming of the Lord Jesus? Be honest with your soul. A mistake on this point would be fatal. Remember it is heaven or hell for eternity!

Are you *certain* that your soul is saved? Are you sure that you are converted to God? "Hoping" is not sufficient; you ought to be *sure*. If you have misgivings, don't allow anyone to heal the hurt slightly. Get alone with God, and in the light of His presence find out if you are His child.

The Lord Jesus is coming! He may be here in a moment. "THEY THAT WERE READY went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut."

"All who are ready shall enter in,
The marriage feast will then begin."

All who are not ready will be left behind for judgment. What will become of you then? He *has come* to save sinners—to save you. He is *coming* to "take vengeance" on all who have not obeyed His gospel. Oh, believe on Him! He loves you deeply and tenderly; He loved you *so much* that He died on Calvary to save you from the horrors and gloom of an eternity in the lake of fire. No longer procrastinate. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Renounce all efforts of your own to obtain salvation. Come as a poor, lost, guilty sinner, and rest your soul on His finished work; and when He comes you will be caught up to meet Him, and shall spend eternity in praising and adoring Him for all His amazing, matchless love.



The Watchman's Message.



THE SMITTEN ROCK.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

WE are in the presence of a vast crowd, and we hear cries of murmuring and anger. It is a story of the desert wanderings of Israel, and the people have come to Rephidim, where there is no water for them to drink. They have forgotten past deliverances—the plagues of Egypt, the mighty overthrow

of their enemies in the Red Sea, the healing of the waters of Marah—and now they believe not in God's help, and are full of rage against His faithful servant. They chide with him, and are almost ready to stone him. They lay it to his charge that he hath brought them up out of Egypt, and that he will kill them and their cattle with thirst.

In his distress Moses turns to the Lord, and puts the whole matter into His hand. Soon comes the

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

promise of help; for no man ever seeks His face in vain. The Lord Himself will stand by His servant on the rock in Horeb. He is bidden to take the rod wherewith he had smitten the river, and smiting the rock water shall flow forth.

Thus again mercy conquered. When the sin of the people might justly have exposed them to God's wrath, He opens wide His hand and supplies all their need. The rock is smitten, and streams of water burst forth. The thirsty multitude drink and are refreshed, and from that rock flows a river that henceforth tracks their footsteps through many a dreary stage of their wilderness journey. Another proof is given them of God's patience and long-suffering. Truly is He "merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." In the coming centuries of Israel's history, ever was this day remembered as one calling for gratitude and praise. "He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers." (Pa. lxxviii. 15, 16.)

Fifteen hundred years have passed, and we see another crowd. It was the joyous Feast of Tabernacles, and the last and greatest day of all. Great was the joy, loud the cheerful shoutings of the multitudes at the solemn moment when the priest brought forth in golden vessels the water from the pool of Siloam, and poured it upon the altar. Then trumpets were sounded, and the words of the prophet were sung, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." So great was the joy that it used to be said, "Whoever had not witnessed it had never seen joy at all."

Then a voice was heard which was to reach the very ends of the earth. He who came to redeem and save proclaims Himself to be the well spring of all true joy. He speaks to every weary, longing heart. He gives a promise of other water than that which had flowed in Horeb, or that which had just been poured forth on the altar. "Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." (John vii. 37, 38.)

Blessed words! Words of life and hope for every child of man! They reach to every land. They call to every soul that needs peace and consolation. Who in that crowd heard and received the message we know not. Was it some amongst the officers who marvelled at His words? Was it some stricken,

guilty one, whose conscience was awakened, and who was craving some balm of healing, some hope of pardon? Was it even one of the priests or Pharisees, who in later days joined the company of Christ's disciples? We know not; but this we know, the voice still speaks to us out of the book of God, and everlasting salvation and unchanging satisfaction is the portion of all who humbly believe and obey.


"Yea, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Wouldst thou drink and be satisfied? Come to thy Saviour! Rest nowhere else. Be not content with Bible-reading and church-going; but in all, and beyond all, come in thy heart straight to the Saviour, and receive from Him the grace that is needful.

Come to the great Rock. Take shelter within its clefts. Abide beneath its shadow. Drink freely from the blessed stream that ever issues from its recesses. Here is all that you can want: pardon for the past, life and grace for days to come—all is yours if you stoop down and drink and live!

And doubt not for a moment that the blessing is for you. "If any man thirst," said Christ, "let him come unto me, and drink." You long for true peace and rest, you desire some spring of comfort and hope that will not fail you; therefore come. It is for all such, and there is no exception. The wanderer is welcome. The sinner is bidden to come nigh. The backslider may find healing and new life. Only come, and you shall receive abundantly to the everlasting joy and salvation of your soul.

"OUT OF HIS MIND."

TWO young men were together in an office; one looking over the other's shoulder saw him write, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." "Why," he exclaimed, "you must be out of your mind, writing such things!" "Yes," replied the other, "I am gone out of my mind; my mind is changed; I have not the same mind I had three weeks ago. I then had an evil mind; now I have the mind of Christ. I am indeed thankful to say I have gone out of my mind, and I never wish to get back into it again, for it was not a sound mind."

AT NIAGARA FALLS.



It has frequently been my privilege to pass some weeks at Niagara Falls, rambling by the great cataract at times when all nature has been clad in freshest green, finding shelter from the burning rays of the summer's sun beneath the cooling shades of Goat Island's thick foliage; while the thundering "sound of many waters," and the sweet notes of rich-plumed warblers of the wood, seemed to blend in one harmonious chorus of praise to the great Creator of all.

At other times my visits have been when the scene was wondrously changed—nature wrapt in her mantle of white, the little songsters driven by the cold of winter to more congenial southern climes; but amid surrounding changes Niagara rolls on unchanged, as in ages past.

It was a bright, cold day in January. I stood at the foot of a flight of steps leading from Goat Island to Luna Island, looking on the American Fall, when a young man came down and stood a few steps above me, unobserved until he spoke. Said

he, "This is Niagara!" "Yes," I replied, "this is Niagara! I judge, from the way you speak, you've not been to Niagara before." "No; I have travelled over thousands of miles of this my native land, but I have never before been to Niagara." "Well, I have come all the way from England, and if the journey had been performed only to see Niagara, I should not consider it too much."

He told me he had been travelling since November away down through the Southern States as far as Florida, came round by Chicago, and had arranged to take the Falls *en route* to his Eastern home in Vermont.

I then drew from my pocket a little gospel messenger, entitled "The Forgiveness of Sins," and handed it to him. At once a strange, sad look came over his countenance, as in subdued tones he

read the title, adding, "We must suffer for our sins, mustn't we?"

"In one way we must; in another we needn't. For example, if I were to take the life of a fellow-man, to be tried, found guilty, and sentenced to bear the extreme penalty of the law; but a friend volunteers to take my place as a substitute, and suffer the punishment for me; as such is accepted, and dies. While the remembrance of my crime could never be obliterated, I have not to suffer judicially, at the hands of the law, since another has met its claims in my stead. I was condemned to death because of my sins; but 'Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust;' and thus, while I cannot forget the sins of the past, there is no further suffering at the hands of justice, the Lord Jesus having satisfied its demands on my behalf."

The young man burst into tears, and said, "I am suffering for my sins to-day. I have been travelling to try and drown my sensibilities. Oh, it

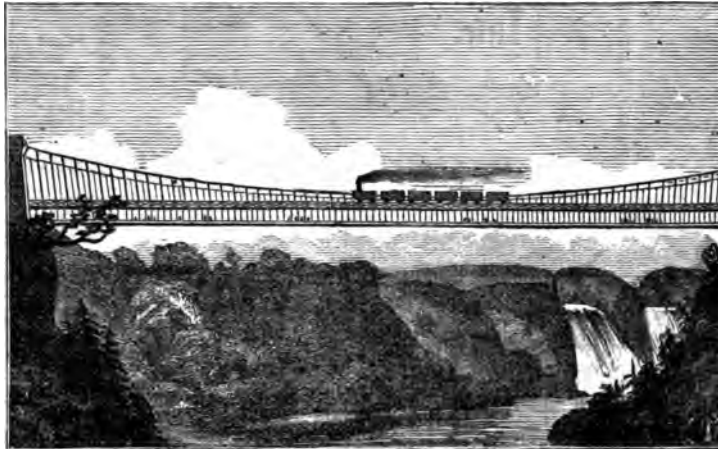
is so hard for one so young to have his happiness blasted for ever!"

"I don't understand you. There is no reason why your happiness should be blasted for ever, since 'Christ died for the ungodly;' and He has saved me and thousands more of whom I could tell you."

The tears kept streaming down his cheeks, and bitterly he sobbed,

as, tired of life, he said, "A hundred times I have been tempted to commit suicide. I should not regret to die; but I do regret to live. Oh, it is very hard to have one's happiness blasted for time and eternity!"

A chord in his heart was touched when I asked whether he had a mother. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I have often wished I was like my mother! My mother's a Christian." Remarking that probably we had been brought together at the last stage of his homeward journey, in answer to his mother's prayers, and having earnestly commended him to God, I again told the story of His love to a lost world, of the atoning value of the Saviour's blood, of His willingness and ability to save when simply trusted, pleading with him to trust that Saviour at once. So we parted, he expressing gratitude for the kindness shown to a stranger, and we may not meet again on earth. God grant we may, where sin can never come, and sorrow and sighing have fled away!



The Gospel DECLARED.

THERE is life for a look at the
Crucified One, [thee;
There is life at this moment for
Then look, sinner, look unto Him
and be saved, [tree.
Unto Him who was nailed to the

Oh, why was He there as the
Bearer of sin, [laid?
If on Jesus thy guilt was not
Oh, why from His side flowed the
sin-cleansing blood, [paid?
If His dying thy debt has not

It is not thy tears of repentance
nor prayers, [the soul;
But the Blood that atones for
On Him then who shed it thou
mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

Then doubt not thy welcome, since
God has declared [done;
There remaineth no more to be
That once in the end of the world
He appeared, [begun.
And completed the work He

Then take with rejoicing from
Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou
never canst die, [lives.
Since Jesus thy Righteousness

THE GOSPEL

IN JOHN III. 16.

GOD so loved the world, that
He gave His
Only begotten Son, that who-
soever believeth in Him
Should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life.

The Gospel ACCEPTED.

THE gospel of Thy grace my
stubborn heart has won;
For God so loved the world, He
gave His only Son,
That "Whosoever will believe,
shall everlasting life receive!"

The serpent "lifted up" could
life and healing give,
So Jesus on the cross bids me to
look and live:
For "Whosoever will believe,
shall everlasting life receive!"

"The soul that sinneth dies;"
my awful doom I heard;
I was for ever lost, but for Thy
gracious word,
That "Whosoever will believe,
shall everlasting life receive!"

"Not to condemn the world" the
"Man of sorrows" came:
But that the world might have
salvation through His name:
For "Whosoever will believe,
shall everlasting life receive!"

"Lord, help my unbelief!" give
me the peace of faith,
To rest with child-like trust on
what Thy gospel saith,
That "Whosoever will believe,
shall everlasting life receive!"

THE GOSPEL: WHO IT IS FOR.

"CHRIST JESUS came into
the world to save sinners."
(1 TIM. i. 15.)

"I CAME not to call the
righteous, but sinners to
repentance." (MARK ii. 17.)

"THE Spirit of the Lord is
upon me, because He hath
anointed me to preach the gospel
to the poor; He hath sent me
to heal the broken-hearted, to
preach deliverance to the cap-
tives, and recovering of sight to
the blind, to set at liberty them
that are bruised." (LUKE iv. 18.)

THE GOSPEL.

RECEIVED.

"BUT as many as received
Him, to them gave He
power to become the sons of
God, even to them that believe
on His name." JOHN i. 12.

REJECTED.

"THE Lord Jesus shall be re-
vealed from heaven with
His mighty angels, in flaming fire
taking vengeance on them that
know not God, and that obey not
the Gospel of our Lord Jesus
Christ: who shall be punished
with everlasting destruction from
the presence of the Lord, and
from the glory of His power."
2 THESS. i. 7-9.



COALS FOR NOTHING.

"WITHOUT money and without price!" Such are the terms on which God offers to all the gift of eternal life. Wonderful message of love! yet more wonderful, how few will take it on these terms.

An incident which happened a short time ago will illustrate my meaning.

A friend of the poor, who desires that his name shall be withheld, was often known to order a quarter of a ton of coals to be taken to each of a number of people whom he knew to be in distress. The weather was very severe one winter, the snow lying thick on the ground, and the kind donor rejoiced to think what warmth and comfort his gift would bring to many hearts and homes.

The coal-cart drew up opposite a poor desolate-looking cottage, and the coalman knocked at the door, and told the old man within that he had brought him some coals.

"Who from?"

"Don't know," says the man; "but I was told to bring 'em here, and here they are."

"It's a mistake; they're not for me," answered the old man. "No such luck for me; I've no friend to send me coals for nothing."

"Nay, but they're for the man as lives at the dyke. Ain't that you?"

"That's me, sure enough; but there's a mistake; it's some other dyke, maybe."

"Nonsense, man; take 'em, and be thankful. I can't stay here all day talking."

"Take 'em away then; they're not for me, and I won't have anything to do with 'em." And he shut the door with a bang, and returned to his desolate hearth. The cart rolled away, taking in it the gift that was intended for the old man.

* * * *

The next day the same cart was seen drawn up opposite a low court in the town, and the same man, with a quarter of a ton of coals, knocking at one of the doors. "I've brought

you some coals," he says cheerfully; "where shall I put 'em?"

"They're not for me," answered the man who opened the door; "you've made a mistake."

"It's no mistake," says the coalman. "See, here's the order: 'No. 24, quarter of a ton of coals.' Now that's clear, ain't it?"

"That's my number certainly," replied the other; "but these coals ain't mine, and I can't take 'em in. They must be for some one else!"

"Well," says the man with the coals, scratching his head with a puzzled look, "these coals beat me; they're more trouble than enough. One would think I was bringing yer poison. Here comes a nice present of coals, and yer clean refuse to take 'em. But leave 'em I shall; for yesterday I took 'em away from a house, and got into trouble for it. So if yer don't open yer cellar-door I shall chuck 'em down here by yer doorstep." And having delivered this long sentence he waited to see its effect.

Thus pressed, the man at last opened his cellar-door, saying, "You'll soon be back to fetch 'em, I guess, so I won't set too much store by 'em. But if they're for me, I'm sure I'm much obliged."

* * * *

One more house in that court the coalman visits with his load, and knocking at the door, tells the woman he has brought her some coals.

"For me?" she says. "Oh, it can't be true! they must be for some one else."

"No, mum; here's your number plain enough: 'No. 8, quarter of a ton of coals.'"

"So it is!" Well, then, I suppose God has sent 'em to me, for no one else knows that the last bit of coal is on the fire now, and that I didn't know where to get any more. Bring them in. It must be God who has sent 'em, and I must thank Him."

"Perhaps you'd better," is the man's short answer; but to himself he adds, "She's the only sensible one of the lot; the rest are fools for their pains."

"Fools for their pains!" How many such fools there are in the world! "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not

perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "*The gift of God.*" (Rom. iv. 23.) Yet, though God offers to each one the *free gift* of eternal life—life in Christ, pardon, peace, and communion—we too often act like these poor cottagers with the coals. Some, like the old man, refuse it altogether. "It's not for me; take it elsewhere," and they send away the messenger who brings the good news. Others, like the man at No. 24, are *afraid* to take the gift, and they need much persuasion and many invitations to induce them to believe that the glad tidings are for them. "Come, for all things are now ready" (Luke xiv. 17); "Take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) These loving words have to be repeated again and again.

But again, some, like the woman who had come to the end of her coals, having found out their need, just accept the gift of life eternal, with a "thank you" to the giver of it. At first it seemed too good to be true; but when she saw the *order* with her *own number* she believed and rejoiced. So when first the good news of a free pardon through Christ reaches the heart of such an one, it seems too good to be true; but when he reads the words, "*Whosoever will,*" and again, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save *sinners,*" he hesitates no longer. That word *sinner* includes him, and so, feeling his poverty and need, he takes God at His word, accepts Christ Jesus as the free gift of God, and thanks Him for His great love in giving him such a Saviour.

The coals were paid for by the kind donor, so our salvation has been bought with a price, even with the precious blood of the Son of God, "who gave Himself a ransom for all." (1 Tim. ii. 6.)

How very simple is the gospel of the grace of God! How levelling too to all man's proud pretensions! It lays in the dust; it tears in shreds the works, feelings, experiences, and expedients of poor man. Nothing is so withering to the flesh as the cross. The gospel of the grace of God reveals *Jesus*; it tells of peace made by the blood of the cross, and preached fully and freely to every creature under heaven. It tells of sin put away "by the sacrifice of

Himself." The work *once* accomplished needs no repetition. "Now *once* in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of *HIMSELF.*" His tears, His groans, His weariness, His nights of cold, hunger, and toil were fruitless to put sin away. Most blessed and solemnising that wondrous pathway, shining in all divine perfection. *But* "without shedding of blood there is NO REMISSION." By "*Himself*" He has purged the sins of all who believe, and for them has "*sat down*" at God's right hand. What precious yet divine certainties! "There remaineth *no more* sacrifice for sins." Sinner, is this not enough for thee?

Are you labouring to make your peace with God? Foolish attempt! Peace has been made. (Eph. ii.) Cast your doings aside, for "there remaineth *no more* sacrifice for sins." Do you turn then in despair from self-doings? Is it so? *Stand still* now; you are free to hear the voice of God. *I have found a ransom.* Blessed news! Christ on the cross is God's ransom for the poor sinner.

The man Christ Jesus, raised from the dead, has by His own blood settled eternally every question between God and man. God has positive joy in receiving sinners. It is His delight to save and deliver from the pit "WHO-SOEVER WILL."

Reader, are *you* satisfied with Jesus? have *you* accepted this free gift? and if so, are you showing your gratitude by a life spent for the One who died in your stead? Perhaps you are still refusing the priceless gift, and shutting the door of your heart against His great love? Do not trifle with the Holy Spirit, who is now pleading with you to accept Christ as your Saviour and Friend. Mercy's door is still open—

"Oh, enter while you may!"

There will come a time when, if you still refuse the gift of God's dear Son, heaven's door will be closed against you.

"Too late! ye cannot enter now."

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.)

"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.)

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." (John i. 12.)

"According to your faith be it unto you." (Matt. ix. 29.)

"THE BEST MAN LOST!"

EARLY in 1881 there had been heavy storms for several days. On the morning of Sunday, the 6th of March, just as we were preparing for breakfast, a cry was raised in Inverhallochty that a ship had ran ashore. It was a barque from America to Germany. She had been battling with the storm for a long time, but was at last driven close to the coast of Scotland, and finding they could no longer keep her off shore they ran her head on. It was a rocky beach, but fortunately she turned into a cutting, made for the convenience of getting out the fishing-boats, and was thus driven within about twenty-five fathoms of the shore.

In a few minutes every fisherman around had turned out, and finding it impossible to get the life-boats out, the rocket apparatus was the only thing that could be used. Although in some places it had to be dragged through four or five feet of snow, yet with united efforts they soon got it upon the spot. It was a time of the greatest excitement and anxiety, as every sea that came over the vessel threatened complete destruction. The oldest men there had never seen such a sea on the coast before.

The tide was rising fast, and every moment was precious. Several attempts were made to get a line on board by means of the rockets, but the wind being so strong, they were beaten down into the water before reaching the ship. They succeeded at last, however, by using an empty barrel, which was thrown overboard, with a small cord attached, by which, after some hard work on the part of those in the ship, a large rope was hauled in, and made fast to the foremast.

There were eleven men on board, but only four or five were able to do anything, the remainder being down below, entirely helpless from long exposure to the cold. As soon as the apparatus was in working order for the travelling cage which was to be drawn along the rope, one young sailor was put into it, and in a few minutes found himself on shore in the hands of kind friends.

This first man was scarcely saved, when, through the fast-rising tide and the strong wind beating upon the ship, her stern was suddenly raised up over a reef of rock which previously had kept her head on, and swinging round broadside on to the beach, she settled down across another rock, her back broke,

and her mainmast splintered almost to pieces. The travelling apparatus becoming entangled across her bow, it was rendered unmanageable, and it could no longer be used.

At this juncture we saw, through the drifting snow, a man descend from the vessel, and try to save himself by coming along the rope hand over hand; but, alas! such an attempt was evidently useless, and the poor fellow had gone but a little distance from the ship when one heavy sea swept so completely over him that he was soon done; and when it was passed, we saw that strong man hanging helplessly by the bend of one of his arms; in a few more seconds he dropped into the surging waves.

When his body was picked up, two days afterwards, it was found that the sea which came over him while on the rope had dislocated both his shoulders.

A few moments after this man was lost the bow of the ship lifted again over the rocks which were keeping it, and in almost a moment she was once more head on to the beach, the apparatus disengaged, and again workable. No time was lost now, as the doomed vessel was fast breaking up, and in half an hour the men were all safely landed, the helpless ones being first of all put into the apparatus by those who had a little strength left. One brave fellow, who had helped to put all his shipmates (captain included) out of the ill-fated ship into the hands of the friends on shore, remained on board till the last, with a quiet fearlessness which astonished all who saw him. Almost the first question put to him when he came ashore was respecting the secret of his calmness. He said, "I was converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings in America, and I knew that I was safe, the source of my confidence being, 'The Lord is my salvation, whom shall I fear?'" (Psalm xxvii. 1.) We then asked him about the poor lost man. "Ah," he said, "we tried to persuade him not to attempt such a useless task, as it would be impossible for him to reach the shore *in that way*; but he would, he would, and would not listen to us." "A fine fellow he was," added the captain, with tears running down his face, "the best man in the crew; but he was lost because he tried to save himself in his own way." Yes, all the rest were saved, but by other hands than their own.

When the tide went out, it left nothing but a scene of desolation—a splintered skeleton of timbers, scattered planks, and broken barrels; but

nothing left such a solemn sight as we looked upon all around and remembered the poor lost man.

Lost! and yet *the best man* of the whole crew! how was it possible?

Simply because he wanted to save himself, and trusted in his own strength to face the waves, instead of relying on the means that had been provided.

Even the helpless ones who could do nothing for their own deliverance were landed safely, without so much as an effort on their own part; what *could* they do more than to take advantage of the way that was open for them. And how is it with you who read this? Perhaps you are in greater danger than those in that ship! Are you ready to meet God and eternity? If not, how dreadful the storm that will one day soon burst upon you—escape will be impossible.

As with those sailors, so there is a way by which *you* may find a present salvation. It is just by ceasing from your own efforts, and accepting God's way of escape, by believing that He laid your sins upon Jesus, and punished Him in your stead. Just as those poor, helpless men simply submitted to be put into the apparatus, and were saved, so *you* have but to submit to God's way—that is, trust in Jesus—and you will be saved; and just as those men could not be saved in any other way, *neither can you*. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

No struggling needed, no tears, all was done for you by that sinless One, who with His dying breath was able to say, "It is finished," your debt paid.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

If you try to save yourself as that sailor did, God then says to you, "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 4, 5.)

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven,
Nor on earth, like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners,
Therefore, Lord, for me.

"Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out.
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood,
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God."

J. L.

I'M SORRY FOR IT.



AM glad to hear it, especially if yours is the right sort of *sorrow*; for there are *two kinds*: godly *sorrow*, which worketh *repentance unto salvation* not to be repented of; and the *sorrow* of the world, which worketh death. (2 Cor. vii. 10.)

It makes me really glad to think your sorrow is *towards God*, not because of the *consequences* of wrongdoing; for everyone is sorry when something they have done brings results painful to bear. Even children are sorry when *found out* and punished. Such sorrow is merely selfish, and leaves God out of mind.

There are also *two times* to be sorry. In time to find *pardon*, or in time to be *punished*.

Let me tell you of a man who sorrowed after the world's fashion, *too late*; and of a woman who sorrowed towards God, and *in time*.

A well-connected young man, possessed of the highest testimonials from former employers, was taken into a position of trust as cashier in a merchant's office, but though liberally paid, soon began to steal, first small, then larger sums. Even as the vessel on the building-slip, when the supports which hold it are knocked away, first slowly, then rapidly, glides down into the waters waiting to receive it, so this young man, on the road to judgment, heeded in his downward course neither God, conscience, nor the bitter reckoning-day.

The master's suspicions being aroused, the frauds were discovered, the thief was arrested, committed for trial, and soon stood, pale and awe-stricken, at the bar of justice face to face with the *judge*, before whom he pleaded *guilty*. What a tale of *sorrow* his looks tell! Shall long years separate him from wife and children? What says the judge to the recommendation to mercy? "I cannot listen to it." There is no excuse; the public must be protected; and the horror-stricken culprit is led away to hear the full sentence of the country's offended laws. Sorry, oh, *how sorry*, for it; but *too late*! Justice must take its course. He said, "I often went to office in the morning determined to make a clean breast of it." He never did, but missed his opportunity, and was only *in time to be punished*.

Unsaved reader, God says to you, "Thou art the man." (2 Sam. xii. 7.) Have you pleaded guilty *before Him* at the bar of divine justice and confessed

your sins? "What!" you indignantly rejoin, "I a thief!" Stay; I did not say so. Your moral character may be unblameable by man, but you need not be a thief to be a *sinner*. Pride, covetousness, loss of temper, even a foolish thought, makes you a sinner. In His sight there is *no difference*; "for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." God says you are guilty. (Rom. iii. 19, 23.) God's justice will have its way. He will not listen to excuses; and whether you think so or not, like it or not, "Be sure your sin will find you out." (Num. xxxii. 23.) Then you must bear His just sentence on you, a *sinner*, in the *lake of fire* for ever; be separated, not for a time, but for *eternity*, from those you love who love the Lord Jesus Christ, whether wife, husband, children, or parents, and be *sorry for your sins*, oh, how sorry! for ever and ever.

Be sorry towards God, and *in time* to find *pardon*.

"THE SORROW OF THE WORLD WORKETH DEATH."

A poor woman lay dangerously ill, not knowing in how many hours even her disease might have a fatal termination. Some verses in 1 John i., and especially verse 9, had been read to her: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

She believed she was a sinner in the sight of God. One night soon after she said, "I had prayed, but could not sleep, and lay '*worrying about my sins*.' It came over me that nothing but 'the blood of Christ' would put my sins away, and that I must trust Christ. I have confessed my sins to God, and I trust Christ."

"Then what about your sins?" was asked.

"They must be forgiven," she replied.

"Why?"

"Because God's word says so."

She rested not in works, but where God rests for her and all who *truly repent of their sins* and believe in "the precious blood of Christ," which cleanses the conscience from all sin, because Christ bore in their stead on the cross God's *sentence of death* for their sins; so that His justice satisfied is their ground of "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.)

She believed Christ, who says, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.) She therefore had it, knew it (1 John v. 13), and rejoiced in Him who *gives* it (John x. 28); and who *is* the life (Col. iii. 4), on the *authority* of the WORD

or God; not because she felt it, but because God says so. She believed He means what He says.

Anxious reader, do you? Why not? You would not like *your word* doubted, but many make God a *liar* by not believing Him. Don't you. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." (1 John v. 13.) This poor woman still lives, and seeks to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. (Titus ii. 10.) Her sorrow *was* of the *right sort*, and in time.

GODLY SORROW WORKETH REPENTANCE UNTO SALVATION, NOT TO BE REPENTED OF. H. A.

SEEK OUT THE WEARY ONE.

SEEK out the weary one—laden, oppressed;
Comfort the dreary one—sighing for rest.

Speak of the home above;
Tell them of Jesus' love;
Bid them God's mercy prove,
Trusting His word.

Go where the erring stray—downward in sin;
Show them the "better way"—gather them in.
Pity and love combine;
Pray that, with power divine,
God may their hearts incline
Christ to receive.

Seek out the blind and halt—tell them God's news;
Warning how sad their fault if they refuse.
Oh, may the glory bright
Break through their soul's dark night,
And Jesus fill their sight
Now with His love!

Go, find the poor and lame, helpless, or sad;
Tell them of One whose name makes sinners glad.
Bid to His table spread,
Laden with heavenly bread,
Where, richly clothed and fed,
All may rejoice.

Shout in the great highway, "Yet there is room!"
Haste, ere the Master say, "Fixed be their doom."
Quick; for no seraph knows
How soon the door will close;
And left to endless woes,
All hope is lost!

Soon shall the toiling cease; soon we shall rest,
Leaning in perfect peace on Jesus' breast.
Soon shall life's race be run,
Soon our glad work be done,
Soon glory's crown be won;
Then we shall rest.

W. C. M.

A WORD TO THE UNDECIDED.

Prov. i. 24-28.



It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of at once accepting Christ as your Saviour, and deciding for Him. Infidelity and scepticism have slain their thousands, but procrastination in not accepting God's offer of salvation has slain its tens of thousands. Oh, the folly of men thinking they can come to God whenever they please, when the Holy Spirit never says anything about the morrow! "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." God says, "*Now*;" man says, "*To-morrow*;" which an old Puritan has said is "the devil's cradle to rock souls into hell." I am induced to write these few lines, having lately received a letter from a gentleman, who thus writes: "I have so often and so persistently rejected God's offer of salvation, that now I am anxious, and fear death. God says, 'Let him alone,' and so I go on praying, but in despair." Should this meet the eye of an undecided one, I entreat him to ponder well on the solemn statement I have quoted; for to be let alone of God is the most awful thing that can happen to a man on this side of hell. God has declared His Spirit shall not always strive with man.

"There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath."

Felix was one of these procrastinators; he put it off till a more convenient season, and it never came. Agrippa was another; he was never decided, though almost persuaded to be a Christian; and Pharaoh, who kept up his procrastination in not letting God's people go, that at last his body sunk beneath the waters of the Red Sea, and his soul into the billows and wrath of God in hell.

Speaking one Sunday evening in the West of England, I entreated a farmer to decide for Christ; adding, I hoped to come there again that day fortnight, and added, "You may then be in your coffin." A sudden illness carried him off in three days, and when again I preached there he was buried. Paper would fail me were I to give you the many instances where men died unsaved from putting off and not responding to the Holy Spirit's call. I knew a case of a gentleman well advanced in years, and who, on being written to about his soul, answered, "Don't trouble me about my soul;

in youth I was much exercised about it, but I would not decide, and now I have no anxiety. 'The same sun that melts the wax hardens the clay.' I have no wish to be saved."

Undecided one, you have an immortal soul that must exist as long as God lives; an endless hell is before you, and can you in the face of these solemn facts remain undecided, when you may be in eternity ere you put this paper down? Ask you how you are to be saved? Believe on Christ is my sole reply.

"Believe on Him, and thou shalt never die." God's son, dying for sin on Calvary's cross, was the most wondrous and mysterious act the world ever witnessed, most blessedly true. Have you ever given a serious yet thought as to that fact—God becoming manifest in the flesh, and sending His dearly-beloved Son to die on Calvary's cross, that you might be saved from going down into the pit; in finding a ransom for you, satisfying the holiness and justice of God, and by so doing glorifying God; and this when you were without strength, a sinner, ungodly, and an enemy, thereby proving His marvellous love to you? How are you treating it—by remaining undecided? A love far beyond all human comprehension, forsaken by His Father as the bearer of sin; and in this wondrous act God displayed that love, first declaring it, and then proving it. But can this love ever be turned into the wrath of the Lamb? (See Rev. vi. 16, 17.) This will be the fate of those undecided till too late. What mad infatuation on your part. If a thousand pounds were offered you, would you hesitate? Would you say, Wait till to-morrow, and I will give you my decision! How much more then when eternal life is offered, and that without price. Can a better time ever arrive than the present? "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Read those solemn lines from Prov. i. 24-28; accept the loving invitation at once, "Come, for all things are now ready." Mercy's door is wide open now, but may be shut to you ere this day's sun sets. God says, "When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as the whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shalt thou call on me, but I will not answer." He may say to you ere you have finished this, "Let him alone," and then, as you are carried to a Christless grave, and have entered into a Christless eternity, it will be said of you—

"Hark! borne on the breeze is the bell's solemn toll,
It is mournfully pealing the knell of a soul,
Of a soul that despised the kind teachings of truth,
And gave to the world its best hours of youth.
The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings are o'er,
And the Lord of the Vineyard stands waiting no more."

A. E. O.

THE

CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

J. E. HAWKINS, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.;
10, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

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JONES, THE ENGINE-DRIVER AND EVANGELIST.



OM JONES, the subject of this memoir, was born in Wandsworth Workhouse, in November, 1823, of humble parents. His father he had no recollection of, but his mother he often spoke of in the most affectionate terms, as a woman of very strong and sterling character.

Tom seems to have grown up a very wild and reckless youth, and as a man gave full swing to all the cravings of an unweaned heart. His whole soul seemed to be seduced by music and dancing, especially the "contrabass." Though never a prize-fighter, he was much addicted to fighting, and showed desperate earnestness and undaunted courage in his boxing career. As a boy he was engaged in railway work, and was eventually promoted to the post of engine-driver, a work in which he greatly delighted. Bold and reckless, he seemed to scorn the thought of God, and was called by his ungodly comrades, on account of his reckless character, "Tom, the devil."

Whilst on the Manchester line on one day, while driving an excursion train, an accident took place, which was considered to be due to his recklessness, and for which he had to undergo three months' imprisonment. Sad to say, he came out rather hardened than softened by his

punishment, which he always maintained was inflicted unjustly.

Having left the railway work, he went to sea, on board a steam-vessel, as stoker, bound for the West Indies and other ports. Altogether he was engaged in this kind of work for two or three years. Once he was shipwrecked, and on another occasion in danger of perishing by fire at sea.

On one of the cruises he had a God-fearing shipmate, whom they nicknamed "Holy Joe," whose godly life and gracious influence seemed to make some impression on poor Tom. Once in a heavy gale, that lasted three days and nights, when all on board became greatly alarmed, and saw nothing before them but shipwreck or a watery grave, this man alone was calm, and engaged in constant prayer to God.

One day, when at St. Thomas, "Holy Joe" was sent to unfish the anchor, and by some mishap was carried down with it when cast loose, and never seen again. His death seemed for a time to make a great impression on all on board, and to strike conviction very specially into Tom's heart.

When he again got ashore he resumed his old employment, and the good impression made in time of great trouble, and the resolutions formed, seemed all to leave him for the time. For two or three years after this he was more reckless than ever in the service of the devil, and strove, by plunging deeper into sin, to silence the voice of conscience. Often in the midst of his most uproarious revelry he would go aside to try to pray and weep.

On one occasion he went outside a dancing-saloon, and, looking up to the beautiful clear sky, studded

with stars, he cried to God to make him like them, pure and bright.

What would he give to be pure and innocent! Not long after this, when about thirty years of age, he commenced attending the services of the Church of England, and some few months after married the young woman he was engaged to, named Annie Sims, after an acquaintance of a year and a half.

After marriage he broke out again into sin, and was fully led by the devil at his will for eight or nine months, causing fearful trouble to his wife and her relatives. Now prayer, offered by his wife's sister and an uncle, who died a soldier's death in China, was about to be answered. His wife's sister was taken seriously ill at this time, and all thought that her end was approaching. She asked to see him. He was quite broken down during the interview, for she told him of a dream she had during the delirium of her illness, in which she saw hell opened with unutterable horrors ready to receive her, and poor Tom dragging her sister down with him. The tears were coursing down his face as a Wesleyan minister entered the room to visit the apparently dying woman; but seeing Tom's deep distress, the minister turned his attention to Tom rather than to the one (a member of his flock) whom he had come to see. They both knelt down, and the minister prayed most earnestly for Tom, who, on rising from his knees, felt most deeply convicted, and promised to attend the revival services, then being held at Arundel Street Chapel, Landport, all that day. After leaving the sick-room, the old enemy returned with such dreadful power that, listening to his promptings, he went to several public-houses, and drank a quantity of rum.

But having promised to go to the mission services, he could not refuse the invitations of an elderly Christian woman, who called for him each night. She was a Welshwoman, and always took a deep interest in Tom.

During these meetings he got great blessing, but did not enter into full liberty until three months after. He was then employed at Haslar, with a gang of men, sinking an artesian well, on the last night of the year. His mates were drinking heavily at the midnight hour, and because he would not join them, taunted him, and tried various practical jokes upon him; and, to quote his own words, "I felt I must either fight or run." So he left them, went behind some buildings, and there, on a plank covered with hoar-frost, he fell on his knees, and

earnestly implored the Lord to have mercy upon him, and cried in his ignorance, "Either cut me down or save me now; I cannot bear it any longer." An answer came to his soul, as though a voice uttered, "It is finished." Just then, at midnight, chimed out the bells of Haslar and Marine Barracks, ringing in the new year, and the joy bells of his heart rang out in echo, "Glory be to God; praise the Lord." He could then calmly return to his work until the morning, when the mouths of the men were stopped. But nothing would induce him to return to this gang, lest he should be tempted to forget his Lord. So he gave up that lucrative employment, and entered the dockyard as a labourer, at 18s. per week. The dockyard authorities soon promoted him to the charge of some high-pressure boilers. From that time he devoted all his spare time and energies in service for the Lord, first as tract distributor and sick visitor.

Some months afterwards he was offered a post at Havant, to take charge of an engine in an army and navy washing factory. There he got a step further in the Lord's work, and would speak at out-of-doors meetings; and there, through the help of the Rev. W. Tidd Matson, a Congregational minister, he took little evangelistic meetings at various village chapels, and the Lord blessed his testimony wonderfully.

Rev. T. Matson, in a letter in reply to one giving him information of Tom's death, writes thus of Tom:

"His early childhood was passed amidst the most immoral surroundings, and in his youth he was accustomed to meet with a party of infidels for the purpose of ridiculing the Bible, which they read together and made merry over; but all the while he felt in his heart that it was wrong, and was inwardly in great fear. I became acquainted with him at Havant, where I had my first charge. The thing that struck me most was his absolute and child-like faith in God, and next to that his readiness to speak and work for Christ. He would accost a stranger if he heard him swearing, and so work upon his mind and feelings as to persuade him to come with him to the house of God. I have known him do this over and over again. Once he persuaded two navvies to do this, and actually waited for them outside the door of a public-house while they went in first to regale themselves with a pint of beer. He then brought them to chapel, and one of them was moved to tears under the Word."

Next he was engaged for six months in London, working in connection with the late William Carter, Richard Weaver, and others; but more in the capacity of a hewer of wood and drawer of water. He was out of work all that time, and knew what it was at times to be in great straits; and once was in such distress that the temptation came to his mind to throw himself off one of the bridges. But the Lord left him not. After being in London for about six months, he was called to Brighton in a somewhat remarkable way. Some old Christian friends, who were engaged on the railway at Brighton, knowing of his difficulties, sent for him to come and fill a situation which was then vacant through a very sad event. A poor ungodly man held the post of engine-driver at some works at Brighton. One morning, while taking his breakfast, with an oath in his mouth, he dropped down a corpse. All Tom's spare time there on week-days and on Sundays was spent in open-air preaching, on the beach and on the Level in summer, and in the winter in a building called Canterbury Hall, which had been secured for gospel services; afterwards also in a theatre on Sundays, where the Lord very greatly owned and blessed his labours. While there a very earnest band of workers rallied round him; and it was there that he met J. H. Puget, Esq., in a somewhat singular way, little thinking what important issues hung upon that meeting. Tom went to ask him for the loan of his schoolroom for gospel meetings on week-nights. After a long conversation, Mr. Puget said, "I can see the Lord has not sent you here for my schoolroom, I cannot grant you that; but I have some mission work at Maze Lane, Barnet, that I feel sure the Lord has for you to do. I have been praying for some time that He would send me a suitable man for the work; I am sure I have the answer." Mr. Puget gave him three days to consider the matter. At the end of that time Tom could not see his way clear to undertake it, and went to tell him so. But while they were on their knees together before the Lord, the word seemed to come to him, "Go." Mr. Puget offered to give him his expenses to go at once and see the place first. Tom said, "No, I have got the word from the Lord, and I will go." The railway authorities said they would keep his situation open for three months for him if he cared to return. He came to Maze Lane and stayed there till his death—a period of twenty-two years. Two missionaries had preceded him there, but were soon

discouraged. The work was a work of faith, and seemed productive of little at first. Mr. Puget lived to see many striking conversions before his death, which took place in 1867.

One earnest brother, who is still living there, was early made the subject of divine grace through our brother's instrumentality; and had the joy of seeing six of his family brought to the Lord, four of whom are still in fellowship there, and two have fallen asleep in Jesus.

Another brother writes: "A most remarkable case in connection with his early work was that of a navvy, who was working with a gang of men in the neighbourhood. Our brother visited them in their dinner-hour, and had many a word with them for the Master. This one in particular seemed arrested from the first, and sometimes his emotion was so great he could scarcely eat his dinner. He was invited to the mission room, and there on the first Sunday he found the Saviour. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the big, burly man as white as a corpse, and trembling from head to foot. But when the light came into his soul, he was flooded with joy and peace, and his after life manifested the deep reality of the work; and for aught we know he is still living, and in his humble way seeking to follow and serve his Lord."

The work of grace in another navvy, named J. B——, was very striking. He had worked on the Great Northern Railway for many years, and was a most notorious profligate, and bitter opponent to the Lord's work, though he often seemed moved by our brother's faithful words. When laid low upon what proved to be his death-bed, his conscience was greatly troubled. He dreaded to meet God. A brother named W——, a ganger on the line, induced him to let Tom Jones come to see him, who preached to him Jesus. The poor trembling sinner accepted offered mercy, and lived six weeks to testify to the grace of God to all who came to see him, and the Lord worked mightily through that dying man to many, amongst whom was one of his sons, who is still in fellowship at the mission-hall. Our brother committed the body to the grave, and the Word there was blessed to some, who are still living to praise the Lord.

Through Mr. Puget's influence he (Mr. Jones) had the privilege of access to the workhouse, and there his testimony was greatly owned of the Lord. The mission-room soon got too strait for the people, and a new hall was added to it, which has proved

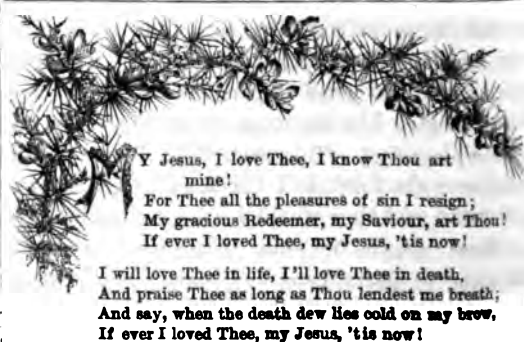
to be the birthplace of many precious souls ; many cases were very striking (one of an escaped convict in particular), Jerusalem sinners were saved, and the moral aspect of the neighbourhood underwent a great change.

His labours at Maze Lane, however, were but a small portion of his life-work. We need hardly speak of the thousands he addressed in the theatres, music halls, and other places in London, and in other towns throughout the United Kingdom. His impassioned eloquence and natural dramatic power, born of whole-hearted zeal and loving tenderness, must ever live in the memory of the thousands to whom the Lord made him a means of blessing.

Col. Puget was led to become interested in his father's works, and continued to see and hear Tom, and to thank God with him for many tokens of the power of prayer and faith accompanying the gospel of the grace of God. Tom had ample opportunities of preaching elsewhere. He was in Ireland, and held some meetings ; also in Aldershot on several occasions. His preaching was singularly calculated to move the emotions of his listeners—there was so much tenderness mixed with unflinching boldness. His own experiences of sin and its power were intensely vivid, and enhanced the value of the peace and joy he enjoyed in believing. An ardent, affectionate nature was rendered doubly so by a deep estimate of the love of Christ to him in his lost state, and having been forgiven much, he loved much. His affection for Mr. Puget was intense, and he cherished his memory to the very last day of his life, and could hardly ever speak of him without deep emotion. The last three years of his life were marked by suffering, and failing health and strength ; but it was only the last year that bad symptoms began to show themselves, and, like all chastening from the Lord, was accepted by him with a patient loyal trust. He worked on bravely to the last, struggling against constantly-increasing weakness, though it had become apparent to all who had known him long that he was ripening for removal hence. A month before his death he had a violent attack of hemorrhage from the stomach, and all thought his end was come. A dear brother in Christ was with him, and described his appearance as marble white, and a cold sweat on his face ; and on asking him, "Are you trusting Jesus now ?" received the reply, with a smile,

"Though the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

But he rallied and seemed to mend. Brother B—— saw him often, and found him bright and happy. The next Lord's-day he managed to sit and hear part of the meeting, and the next Lord's-day took the meeting himself, as well as the next, which was his last Lord's-day on earth. On the Monday evening he was at the prayer meeting, and earnestly pleaded for the souls around who had heard the gospel so often, and yet were strangers to it. Next day he was taken worse, and kept his bed till Thursday morning, when, after some hours of much hard struggle for breath, he fell asleep at 4 a.m. He was conscious till the very last. Brother C——, and his half-brother T—— H——, were with him, and asked if the enemy troubled him ; he said, "No, the Lord has hedged me in, Satan has no power over me ;" then, after a little silence and increased difficulty of breathing, they heard him gently whisper, "The precious blood of Jesus cleanseth ——," he did not finish the sentence, so he passed away to be for ever with the Lord. No one expected that dissolution was so near, so some of his dear friends and brothers in Christ were absent. But he had almost in spirit taken a short farewell of his work ere this. At the last Barnet fair, in a tent pitched for gospel services, he said, "Twenty years I longed to see this, and now I can say with old Simeon, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' " At the annual tea meeting, at new year, he said, "I feel fully confident that this will be my last annual meeting." He was interred in Islington Cemetery on February 16th. His wife had the needed strength to be present, to show that she did not sorrow as those that have no hope. A very wet day prevented many from being present, but those that were there were brought by deep and sincere attachment to his worth as an evangelist, brother, and fellow-worker.



THE PEER AND THE PAUPER BOY.



IN the accident ward of a Dublin hospital a little lad lies apparently dying. Wandering in the street the previous night, cold, hungry, and friendless, he was met with by a kind Christian man, and by him directed to a home and a bed for the night. In sending him to this welcome shelter his kind friend impressed upon the little fellow that a password was essential to obtaining admission, and told him that the password for that night was "John iii. 16," adding, "That is something that will do you good." What the mystic sentence referred to the boy had no idea of; but upon presenting himself at the home he found that "John iii. 16" sufficed to open the doors, and to provide him with a supper, a bed, and hot breakfast, such as he had not enjoyed for many a day. Congratulating himself upon his good fortune, he determined to adopt the password as his name, and in future to call himself "John iii. 16."

Pondering these things as he walked along the crowded street, the boy forgot where he was, and was knocked down and run over by a passing vehicle, and so we find him in the hospital bed. Fever has set in, and delirium, and the little mind being filled with the events of the previous thirty-six hours, he cries out again and again, "John iii. 16, John iii. 16. It was to do me good, and it has!"

There were those in that hospital ward who knew that the words issuing so strangely from the fevered lips were a reference to the Scriptures of truth, and as they turned to the chapter and verse given, and read the wondrous words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," old recollections of a mother's prayers and a Sunday-school teacher's loving words came rushing through their minds, and at least two of that company turned to God with purpose of heart, and believing "John iii. 16" they found in Christ the Saviour and Friend they needed. The unconscious little preacher too was spared, and as the meaning of the "password" was unfolded to him, and he remembered how effectually it had met his temporal need, he reposed upon it for his spiritual rest, for his eternal salvation, and now he lives to tell how "John iii. 16" supplied his need for time and for eternity.

* * * * *

In a luxuriously-appointed bedroom at Bourne-mouth, surrounded by loving friends and relatives and skilful physicians, and with every comfort at hand, a nobleman lies dying. He has been a unique career. Educated for the bar, he has gained the highest rank in his profession. He has been twice Lord Chancellor of England, and the great and mighty of his country have delighted to do him honour. Yet amidst all this his heart has been right with his God, and he has adorned his profession of Christianity by life as well as urging its claims by lip, and it is in God that he rests now that the fiat has gone forth that he must die. He has told the members of the Y.M.C.A. that "Christianity involves and requires in each individual a separate, real, personal transaction between the individual and his Saviour, and without that there can be no real peace, no real happiness." He has told the loved ones around him that all his attainments and position seem as nothing compared with the love of Christ, and has urged them, "Let nothing, I pray you, come between you and this;" and then, raising himself upon his elbow with his last remaining strength, he exclaims, in a clear, distinct voice, "God so loved the world that he gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal—*eternal*—ETERNAL life;" and leaning his head upon the shoulder of his beloved wife, Earl Cairns passed in to see "the King in His beauty."

* * * * *

These are two very different scenes, two widely differing personages, we have looked upon, my reader, and yet in both we have found the same joy and peace, and upon the same ground. Earl Cairns was saved, not because he was Lord Chancellor, not because he was a great and good man, but because he came as a *sinner* to God, and believed the record that He had given of His great love to sinners, and had trusted the proof of that love, even the death of Christ. The little Irish lad too was saved because he trusted in the God of John iii. 16. Truly "God is no respecter of persons."

But now, friend, how do matters stand between *your* soul and God? I doubt not that you have read and heard John iii. 16 again and again; but can you say, as did the little boy in his delirium, "It was to do me good, and it has"? Or, if called to die, could you, like Earl Cairns, go triumphantly into the presence of God resting upon it? If not, why not? If the statement in John iii. 16 was trust-

worthy enough for the Lord Chancellor to repose upon, and simple enough for the little Irish boy to take to himself and rejoice in, and if it has proved (as it has) the joy for time and the passport for eternity for so many precious souls, why has it not brought pardon and satisfaction to your soul? Simply because you have never believed it *for* yourself, never applied it *to* yourself. Our little friend in Dublin was told that John iii. 16 would gain him admission to the comfortable home, and a place at the well-spread table. He knew he was hungry, he felt the cold, he believed the statement, he presented the passport, and he got all he wanted. You, my unsaved friend, are worse off spiritually than that little boy was in temporal things. You are out in the cold night of this world, knowing nothing of the warm love of God; oftentimes you are hungry for something you do not possess; and, worst of all, there lies ahead a dark eternity, unilluminated by a single ray of hope. You sometimes feel that this life is bad enough, and your prospects for the next are worse; and yet God has provided all that you need for both lives. He offers all to you without money and without price. He has sent John iii. 16 to tell you about it; and the one reason that you are not saved and happy is, that you have not appropriated it to yourself. What folly! Surely you will come now to God, and tell Him you are a sinner, and you want to be saved. Present John iii. 16 to Him, just as the little boy presented it to the porter at the door of the home, and as surely as his bodily need was met upon the spot, so surely shall you find the peace and pardon your soul needs. But because of the shortness of time, and the uncertainty of life, and the immense importance of the issues at stake, I pray you let there be an end of procrastination and indecision, and just make positive choice in the matter, either to reject Christ and die eternally, or to accept Him and live for ever; either to join the peer and the pauper-boy in the presence of God for ever, because you apply to yourself the "whosoever" of John iii. 16, or to share the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the outer darkness—not because God has not loved you, but because you have not believed His love. Friend, friend, don't run the risk of such an awful doom; but just now, as you feel your own great need as a sinner, and think of Christ's wondrous death on the cross, come to Him, saying (and let the utterance be the true expression of your heart's trust)—

"I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died *for me*;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set *me* free."

J. B.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.



MAN I well knew, who had lived in different manufacturing towns, and who had attended "Halls of Science," where he had imbibed infidel teaching, came to our town, and settled there. He soon became a leader and a man of mark among a God-hating crew, and was well known as an avowed atheist. He was a man of extraordinary strength, and often would he stand up among his comrades, and, smiting his breast, call on God to strike him, if God was there!

At last, after years of patience with this infidel's outspoken blasphemy, God took him at his word, and struck him with a horrible and fatal disease. Brought down to poverty and misery, the wise man after the flesh, the mighty man among his fellows, lay in a garret—left to die. His companions had forsaken him; he was left alone—with God!

A terrible struggle ensued in the infidel's soul—into it we cannot enter; of it we know little—but God broke down the pride and enmity of that dying man; God brought to nought in his soul the wisdom of this world, the reasonings of Halls of Science, and made him feel not only what his sins were, but that "God is." Having thus prepared His way in the man's soul, God sent a messenger to tell this poor sinner—who had blasphemed, hated Him, and denied Him—that He is love. How wonderful in mercy, how great in love, is God! The former atheist bowed down before the love of God; he was amazed at such love, which reached to him in his sins.

Summoning his former "Hall-of-Science" friends, the dying man testified to them of God. He told them of Jesus, and His love to hell-deserving sinners, and of the blood He had shed to cleanse away our sins. "My friends, I used to say there is neither heaven nor hell, God nor devil—but I lied. I said it in my health, with the shadow beneath my feet; but now the shadow has risen, slowly risen, till it reaches my throat—that shadow's name is death."

He told them that he was face to face with eternity. "God," said he, "has conquered me; Jesus has become my Saviour, even mine. When all my infidel friends deserted me, the Lord took me up in His love and goodness." Then he told his old friends how that the God he had denied held out full salvation to the vilest on account of the Saviour's finished work, and begged them to give up their infidelity, and to call on God for mercy.

The Watchman's Message.



THE SAILOR'S STORY.

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

YES, sir, I have seen something of life in my time; but I shall never forget one incident, which I will tell you.

"Some years ago I was on a voyage to the West Indies. When about mid-ocean I well remember sitting one Sunday evening on a spare spar on the quarter-deck in the company of a youth named Parry. It would be about seven o'clock. The sky had suddenly assumed a storm-threatening aspect, and the ship rolled uneasily, while now and then a wave would dash its spray over the deck, as it were; an earnest of what was coming. My companion was planning for the future. Said he, 'When this voyage is ended I will ask the captain for an A.B.'s

discharge, and after that sail as an able seaman.' Just like the rich man, who had so much for his soul's ease for years to come; he laid his earthly plans well, but never thought of eternity, nor yet how soon he might have to enter upon that unceasing labyrinth of incomprehensible vastness. At eight o'clock, when we 'turned in,' the weather had become worse, with a heavy overcast sky. However we both separated to our respective berths and went to sleep. But before our 'watch below' was expired we were suddenly roused up by the cry, 'All hands on deck; shorten sail.' When I got on deck it was blowing what sailors call a 'living gale.' 'Lay aloft; furl the foresail,' rang out from the commander, and some thirty men sprang into the rigging to obey, among the first

being my late companion, Parry. He 'laid out' to the lee yard-arm, and with the rest soon had the immense sail rolled on the yard. While fastening it in that position, however, he inadvertently let go his hold on the yard, and put all his strength to tightening the small rope used for fastening the sail in its place. It broke! Poor Parry was precipitated in the boiling ocean beneath. 'Man overboard!' several men screamed out. Being on deck I shouted aft to the captain, 'Man overboard!' as loud as my lungs permitted me. To throw him a lifebuoy was the first thought that crossed my mind. With this object in view I ran in the direction of where they were kept—on the taffrail—when I was tripped up by a rope, and, with a heavy lurch of the ship, was sent rolling into the lee scuppers, which were full of water. When I extricated myself I knew it was *too late*; the poor fellow would then be fully half a mile astern, and most probably drowned, and his soul before his Maker. A few minutes later, when the ship was trimmed to ride out the gale, the crew came aft to the captain. Some of them asked why something was not done to save their shipmate. He said that any such attempt would have endangered the lives of all on board. The men knew that this was true, and the subject dropped. In a day or two it seemed as if nothing had happened; Parry's things were given in the captain's charge, and then his name was scarcely mentioned. But I used often to ponder the matter. I could not forget that fearful shriek of despair as he fell, and I think I never shall. I imagined a fierce battle against fearful odds with the elements. Alone in the darkness in the midst of the vast Atlantic, the last ray of hope dying as the ship disappeared in the gloom! A roaring hurricane madly sweeping overhead, and an inevitable death beneath. That last gasp; then, oh then, eternity! But where? I was unsaved at the time, and I fear Parry was the same. He was, like the rest of the crew, careless and godless. I knew I was a wicked youth, and that all was not right for eternity—I feared hell. I thought, 'How would it be with my soul if I were in my shipmate's place?' I thought that God was knocking at the door of my heart by this terrible incident, and I resolved to *live better* for the future, and *do good*; and by my good living and well doing I kept the Holy One of God outside the door for three or four years more, until by His grace and light I found that His salvation was not to be earned by *good living*, but was a *gift* (Rom. vi. 23), to be received with thankfulness; that it was not '*doing*,' but believing in something already '*done*' by the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved me (a hell-deserving sinner) and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

E. C. Q.

THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.

AND Aaron shall bring the bullock of the sin-offering, which is for himself, and shall make an atonement for himself, and for his house, and shall kill the bullock of the sin-offering which is for himself: and he shall take of the blood of the bullock, and sprinkle it with his finger upon the mercy-seat eastward; and before the mercy-seat shall he sprinkle of the blood with his finger seven times." (Lev. xvi. 11, 14.)

"For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." (Heb. x. 4.)

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" (Heb. ix. 13, 14.)

"The sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne;
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.

"The sprinkled blood is pleading
Its virtues as my own;
And there my soul is reading
Her title to the throne."

Dear reader, have your sins been washed away in the precious all-atoning blood of Christ? His blood cleanseth from ALL sin, and if you are ever to enter yon pearly gates it must be on the ground of the blood shedding of the Lord Jesus; for "without shedding of blood is no remission," and since Jesus has died God can be just and the Justifier of every believer in Jesus. Are you a believer? Then you are justified, not because of what you are, but because of what Jesus has done.



GOD'S LOVE MEASURED BY HIS GIFT.



WAS anything spared to show out the love of the holy God to lost sinners? No. When the fearful hour, for which Jesus came into this world, arrived, when He said, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt;" and again, when on the cross, He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" did God spare His own dear Son? No; and unspeakably fearful as was that hour of darkness, when the HOLY ONE OF GOD was made an offering for sin, yet He did not save Himself; He did not come down from the cross. He who made all things endured the utmost penalty of sin And did not God accept that amazing sacrifice? He did, and proved His eternal satisfaction with that one sacrifice by raising Jesus from the dead; and all this reveals the LOVE OF GOD. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "In this was MANIFESTED the love of God towards us," &c.

Can you join in saying, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us—God is love"?

WHERE is salvation with the Lord,
And pardon, free and full:
A pardon bought with precious blood,
Of price unspeakable.

Salvation vast, divine, complete,
That nothing can destroy;
Eternal love its fountain is,
Its issue, endless joy.
Fresh from the heart of God it flows,
A life-creating stream
Through Jesus to the contrite heart
That trusts alone in Him.

This great salvation now is mine,
Redemption through His blood;
Forgiveness, peace, eternal life,
The precious gift of God.



BOOK-KEEPING.



BOOK-KEEPING is a very necessary part of all business; some people may think it a waste of time, paper, and ink to make proper entries, post up and regularly balance their accounts; but it is not. No concern can succeed that has not proper, regular accounts, duly audited by the eye of the master, who should know all that is going on; the want of systematic vigilance over the books has often landed the trader into difficulties when he least expected it, and official investigation has revealed much carelessness and shortcoming that has not appeared creditable to all concerned.

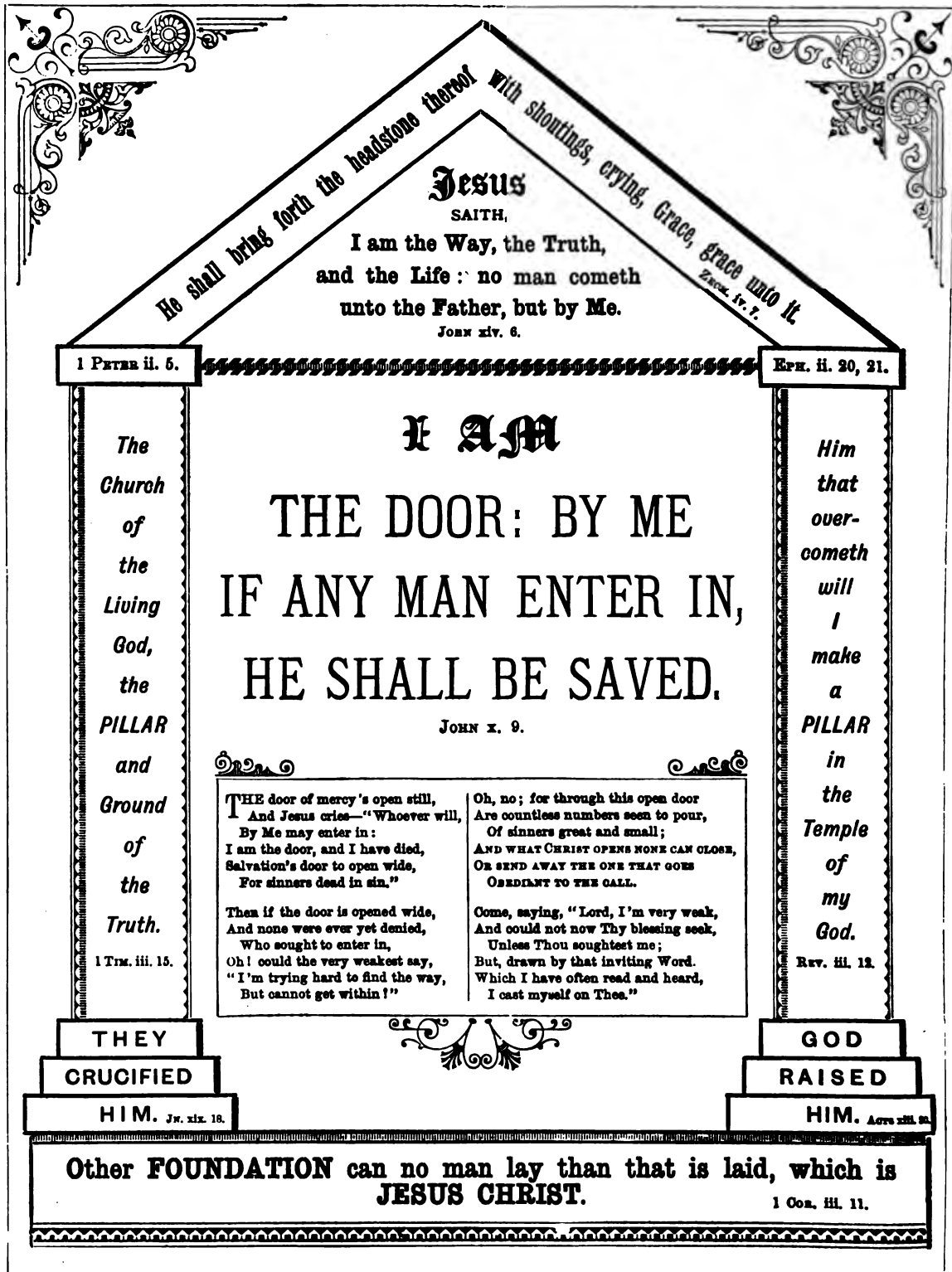
The Bible tells us that God keeps books; in one every person's name is entered as soon as born, all that God has against each is there, a great debt that none can pay, a score that none can wipe away, a liability that none can meet, an amount that must be faced at the great day. But, thanks be to God, there is a Friend that not only goes surety, but pays the debt itself, not in part, but entirely; balances the account, has it closed

against us, and transfers our names into another book, called

The Lamb's Book of Life.

The advantage of being entered in that book is so great that we are told to rejoice at the fact far more than if we had done great deeds or gotten great victories, because only those whose names are in that book will have part or lot in the future glory. The first book may be called the book of judgment or death, the transfer from it to the Book of Life is done by the Saviour Himself, by virtue and right of His having paid the debts of all who own themselves debtors or sinners, and apply to Him for cancelling and forgiveness.

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FROM CRUCIFIX TO CHRIST.

ON entering a ward of a New Zealand hospital which it is my privilege to visit, I saw in a bed in the far corner a new patient. His black skin and woolly hair told his birthplace was under a sunnier sky; and remembering God had made of one blood all the nations of men, I walked straight to his bedside. Propped up with pillows into a sitting position, he was labouring hard for every breath he drew. His complaint was asthma, and truly painful it was to watch his bodily sufferings.

But these seemed disregarded by him in his eager search for something which he was unable to find. The rolling, wandering eye, the hand feeling here and there and everywhere within reach, said distinctly that something was urgently desired. But what was it? It was vain for him to try to *peak*, he could hardly breathe. I stood, guessing one thing after another, till I had exhausted my resources; but the response was ever the same, namely, a mournful, almost impatient, negative movement of the poor head. At length, on the end of a window-sill, close to his bed, I espied a small crucifix, and, stretching my arm across his bed, I took it and held it before him. With a sudden, unexpected movement he had snatched his lost treasure from me, while the joy that beamed in his face, and the convulsive grasp of his hand, told, more plainly than words could do, the place that little ivory image occupied in his heart.

Silently I watched him, till the fervour of his emotion had somewhat cooled, then I said words to this effect, "You prize that crucifix very highly I see. It reminds you of Him, the holy One of God, who had ever dwelt in the bosom of the Father—Jesus, our most precious and blessed Saviour [here his head reverently bowed], coming down into this world to be nailed to a cross of wood, that such poor, wretched sinners as you and I might have a Saviour in Him; and having our many, many sins washed away in His blood, might be so perfectly cleansed as to be considered by Him fit to be with Him, and that for ever, in His own happy, holy home."

He had fixed his eyes steadily upon me as I slowly spoke, and before I ceased the smile that spread upon his countenance was a great and happy contrast to

the expression depicted thereon before. Waiting till a fit of distressing coughing was over, I again addressed him: "You seem pleased to hear about the Lord Jesus Christ; if you like, I will come again shortly; but while I am gone, remember God has said, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin.'"

After receiving a warm grasp from his hand, I left him, to return again in a day or two. On this second, and on many a subsequent visit, he ever manifested the same delight at hearing of our blessed Lord. Sometimes he was rather better, and able to speak a little, sometimes he could listen only. But, oh, what a different expression from the first that I had seen rested now upon his face!

What was it caused the change? Was it that he never more let go or lost his precious crucifix? Nay, I rather believe for many days before the Lord took him home, he never *thought* of his crucifix. He had made a great and good exchange—he had taken *Christ* instead; and *He* so filled his heart, even to overflowing, that he wanted *nothing* more.

Weeks of painful suffering were his, but though far from his home, and all among strangers in a foreign land, he was henceforth a picture of heaven-born happiness and content. One morning, being rather better, he was wheeled out into the grounds of the hospital to enjoy the sweet spring sunshine. As I approached, I saw I was unobserved, for his eyes were upward turned, his lips moving, while his usual smile played about them. I waited, loth to disturb him. Presently he looked across, and I advanced, saying, "You look very pleased about something. Is it that you feel better? or perhaps your thoughts were higher than that bright sun—occupied with the Lord?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, that's it," he quickly said; "it's of Him I'm thinking all the time."

Dear black brother! Captured by His love! Happy, enviable man! Oh that hundreds and thousands of white men, professing to be Christians, were men like him.

My dear reader, how is it with you? Do you know Christ? I do not say, Do you know *about* Him, but do you know Him? Is He a real, living God-man to you? Cheering you in sorrow, sustaining you in suffering, *drawing your heart* nearer and nearer to Himself, and filling it with joy? It should be so, if you have done as this poor fellow did—accepted Him as his Saviour. This is, and must be, the *first* step, "Now is the accepted time," now He is receiv-

ing sinners. He sits at the right hand of God, and invites you, saying, "Come unto Me."

One evening I paid my last visit to this brother "in Christ." He was very sick, but patient and happy as ever. Before leaving, I repeated a hymn he had expressed a wish to hear at every visit of late—

"One there is above all others—
Oh, how He loves," &c.

Every here and there he joined in, and when the last lines were reached—

"Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,"

he said, "Yes, that's the best of all." And when I went to see him again, he had entered into that Saviour's presence, and had learned something more of the fulness of that love.

Will it be so with you when you leave this poor world? "Absent from the body, and present with the Lord?" Or (awful to think of) will your portion be "with the unbelievers," shut out forever from God and His Christ? K. H. T.

"TELL JESUS."

WHEN thou wakest in the morning,
Ere thou tread the untried way
Of the lot that lies before thee
Through the coming busy day;
Whether sunbeams promise brightness,
Whether dim forebodings fall,
Be thy dawning glad or gloomy,
Go to Jesus—tell Him all!

In the calm of sweet communion
Let thy daily work be done;
In the peace of soul outpouring
Care be banished, patience won;
And if earth, with its enchantments,
Seek thy spirit to enthrall,
Ere thou listen—ere thou answer—
Turn to Jesus—tell Him all!

Then as hour by hour glides by thee,
Thou wilt blessed guidance know;
Thine own burdens being lightened,
Thou canst bear another's woe;
Thou canst help the weak ones onward,
Thou canst raise up those that fall;
But remember, while thou serveest,
Still tell Jesus—tell Him all!

And if weariness creeps o'er thee
As the day wears to its close,
Or if sudden fierce temptation
Bring thee face to face with foes;
In thy weakness, in thy peril,
Raise to heaven a trustful call;
Strength and calm for every crisis
Come—in telling Jesus all!

CONVERSION—WHAT IS IT?

WE must not confound salvation with its attendant experiences; we must not mistake the phenomena accompanying a real conversion for the conversion itself; else we shall be tempted to base our faith upon fancies as the evidence of personal salvation, and miss the more stable foundation. Nor shall we be free from disappointment and doubt when failing to summon back past feelings as the ground of present joy. Who can control or direct feeling, or summon it at will? Feeling will necessarily arise with conversion, but it is not the essential, not always an accompaniment. It is indeed a delightful luxury, but where it is absent there may still be all the essential features of a true conversion to God. For conversion is turning to God from sin—sudden and joyous to some; gradual, peaceable, and matter-of-fact to others.

When speaking to a number of men who were invited to meet me in a New Hampshire town, I called upon a minister present to narrate the story of his conversion. He commenced by describing his boyhood days, and his struggles with himself to become a true child of God; but not until he entered college did he come to a real decision in the matter. Then he went on to picture how one night he sought an old attic in the college, and having provided himself with a penny candle, was determined to close the battle then and there. He held his audience spell-bound as he described the spiritual warfare while on his knees, and how he poured out his heart in prayer unto God for deliverance. And when peace came, and he had assurance of his acceptance, his description of the garret was most interesting. He said the rafters over his head were shining like burnished gold, the cobwebs were draperies of silver, and the penny candle was transformed into a chandelier full of brightest lights.

After this very wonderful picture of the attic the brother sat down, leaving the impression upon the audience that, in order to be converted, every man must go into a college attic with a penny candle, and have the same experiences and accompanying visions. Of course the brother did not mean this, but such was the impression left after detailing his experience. I felt it therefore incumbent upon me to say to the friends present, that the pastor who sat down would not for a moment

wish the impression to remain with any of us that golden beams and silver cobwebs and a visible halo were essentials to his conversion; but that he had become so absorbed with the matter of personal salvation, these illusions were simply the result of a sensitive nature, highly excited at the time. Moreover, the brother would testify that his salvation was procured through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ for him, which he had accepted by faith at that time; and then turning to him, I appealed if it were not so. His response was prompt: "Certainly; my conversion resulted from the fact that by faith I received Christ, who then became my personal Saviour."

I then went on to explain that all conversions are not alike in the mental or physical excitement connected with them; that at the time of my conversion I was not in an attic, I had no penny candle, I saw no golden rafters, or silver cobwebs, or beautiful chandeliers; but, on the contrary, I was in a schoolmaster's kitchen, where I heard the gospel explained, where the truth commended itself to my judgment and heart, where Christ was presented in His power and willingness and love to save, and where I received Him as my Lord and Saviour. In an instant I was happy, joyous, ecstatic, having similar feelings to those of our brother, without any of the accompanying visions.

Several thoughtful men who had lived lives of sin and shame were that night aroused to think upon their own special case as sinners, and, it having been made so plain to them, that instead of waiting for physical feeling, or mental emotions, or any incidentals to conversion, they looked to Jesus Christ, and were lightened; they trusted in Jesus Christ, and were saved; they believed the promise of the divine Word, and confessed their faith in the Son of God.

Unconverted reader, let the eye of your soul turn out from self, and look unto Him who died for sin, and lives to save; with the hand of faith accept eternal life, and seek not to suppress the emotions which may arise within, but let them run out in joyful praise and grateful service.

But while some are kept from peace through the expectation of some striking phenomenon which would seal their evidence of conversion, others are robbed of eternal life by the delusive theory that they merit pardon by good works. Surely such do not remember that only a good tree can bring forth good fruit. "There is none good," is the record of

the Holy Spirit, until made "new creatures in Christ Jesus," in being "born again." How can badness produce goodness? Can a clean thing come out of an unclean?

A friend and myself were summoned to save a helpless animal by his son crying aloud, "O pa, hurry out! There is an ass in the pit, and he is kicking hard to get loose."

Not far from the house was a deep gravel-pit, to which we ran with the boy, and found a poor ass upon his back, with cart and harness all in great disorder. The ass belonged to a pedlar, who, while visiting at a neighbour's house, allowed the animal to browse upon the piece of meadow-land to which the pit belonged, which very soon the creature reached, when one of the wheels went over the embankment, dragging the ass over the edge with it, and ass and cart tumbled together to the bottom.

On arrival, we jumped into the pit to rescue the animal, who kicked so vigorously that we could not reach the straps which must be loosened before we could benefit him or save him from suffocation.

Touching the farmer on the shoulder, I said:

"Just let the beast alone for a little while."

"Why," said he, "he will be strangled."

"No," I replied; "there is no present fear of that; and we shall learn a lesson by just standing still and doing nothing for him, as long as he is making such frantic efforts to save himself."

Very soon, however, the poor ass, quite exhausted, leaned over on his side; his legs seemed limp and lifeless, and he appeared as if dying.

"Now," said I to my friend, "is our time for work; let us save the animal."

In a few moments we freed him from his captivity, and lifted the creature on his legs. Nothing serious had happened, and very soon the ass was all right again.

The farmer was quite amused that evening, being one of my auditors at the gospel service which I held in the adjoining village, as he heard the gospel illustrated by the incident which occurred that afternoon.

Taking my text from Heb. iv. 10, I read, "For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His."

Having described the scene, I sought to enforce the gospel lesson thus:

"This donkey tried to save himself by his own works, but signally failed. The harder he struggled

to save himself, the greater became his difficulty. But as soon as he ceased from his own works, and gave up in helpless despair, then we were at his side, to effect deliverance for him. I claim that this is the very essence of the gospel; that the sinner in the pit, bruised and maimed by the fall, and working to liberate himself, will only plunge into deeper distresses. But when the sinner, convinced of his own inability and lack of power, renouncing all claim to salvation through his own works, gives himself up as utterly helpless, he will find the Deliverer at his side, who will indeed release the captive, and lift up the fallen. 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us,' wrote Paul to Titus. If righteousness were to come by our obedience to the law, or by our endeavours to satisfy God, then Christ is dead in vain; that is, *Christ died for nothing*. But we all agree that Christ died for something; viz, to release from the condemnation of violated law the helpless, guilty criminal who will allow the Son of God to save him. Oh, my friends, 'through this man [the Lord Jesus Christ] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.' Hear His royal invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' We come not by doing a good work, but in believing the good Word. We come to Him when we suffer Him to save us *gratis*. 'By grace ye are saved.' The rest which the gospel brings to the weary soul is the gift of love; it is the gift of God offered freely to all. Who then will accept it?

"There is a verse in the fourth chapter of Romans which is worthy of careful attention: 'Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also described the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.' When God made the heavens and the earth, every day of those six days was one of work; but when the works were finished, when there was cessation from work, then commenced the Sabbath rest. God, we are told, entered into His rest. So he who ceases from his own works or personal effort to save himself, on the same principle enters into his rest. This may seem unreasonable, obnoxious to common-sense, contrary to human judgment; but let us

remember that God hath said, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' Cease your doing then, unsaved one, and let Jesus save you freely as we saved the ass, and then *you will be glad to work for Him* on the principle of love all your days."

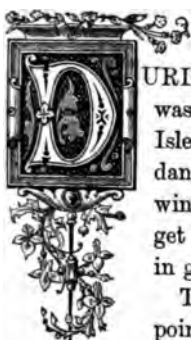
I need only add, my reader, Do not be blinded by illusions, nor deceived by fancied merit, nor seek visionary evidences, but give yourself to Christ now, a bankrupt, a beggar, an undeserving sinner, for He will receive you freely, and save you fully.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come."

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

THESE words were not spoken as a mere arbitrary decree. We are sometimes apt to look at them in that light. We read them as if they were a barrier, preventing men from easily reaching heaven—thwarting their most earnest endeavours, and baulking their most honest desires. But that is not their purpose. There is a deep, moral necessity for a change, such as regeneration. Man by nature is incapable of enjoying God. His mind alienated, his heart at enmity, his whole being out of harmony with the will of God, proclaims that he "must be born again." A mere reforming of his life is not sufficient. A mere veiling of the enmity of his heart, under the polish of education and so on, is not enough. The man's nature, with all that, remains unchanged. A bramble may be stripped of its thorns, but its nature is not thereby changed. A lion may be tamed, but its savage instincts only lie dormant; they are not changed. And so a man educated, refined, courteous is not necessarily a man regenerated. How is it, my reader, with you? Have you been born again? You can never enjoy heaven if you are not. Indeed, you shall never enter its pearly gates. Culture may fit you for the society of the highest in the land, but it won't fit you for the presence of God. A profession of religion may admit you to certain circles, but it won't take you to heaven. Education may fit you to associate with scholars, but it won't fit you for the company of the redeemed in glory. Nothing but being born again will do that. Marvel not then that we find it written—

"Ye must be born again."



LOST.

DURING a gale, in the winter, a vessel was driven into West Bay, near the Isle of Portland, a bay which is very dangerous when a south or south-west wind is blowing, for if a ship once get in, it is very rarely she succeeds in getting out again.

This vessel had got past the fatal point, and had been sailing about in a heavy sea all the day, hoping to get out; but each tack only brought her more deeply in, and her doom seemed well-nigh sealed.

The coastguards had been watching her all the day; and when nothing could save her, they made signals for her to be run ashore in a cove that afforded a better chance of saving life than any other part of that treacherous beach.

The terror that reigned on board was intense. There was but one way of escape now, and that the authorized and practically safe contrivance of the "cradle."

Can the crew wait to be saved by an outside power, or will they risk their lives on efforts of their own? All but one could wait for help from shore, and he seized a life-buoy, put it round him, and sprang into the surging sea. Unfortunately the buoy was detached from everything; and there the poor fellow floated, earnestly struggling for dear life, whilst the waves carried him out to sea, and dashed him about till every bit of life was beaten out of him, and he floated a stiffened corpse, through resting on his self-chosen means of escape. "In earnest, but lost!"

How aptly this poor fellow's case depicts that of thousands to-day! How many an earnest, moral-living religionist is building his hopes of eternal salvation on some effort of his own, some ordinance or law-keeping, utterly disregarding the only *divinely-appointed means of salvation*. (Acts iv. 12.)

They may argue, and rightly so, too, that "the commandment is holy, just, and good" (Rom. vii. 12); but they will find with the *law* what this poor fellow found with his *life-buoy*, that "that which was *ordained to life* he found to be death." (Rom. vii. 10.)

How solemn to think that many a well-meaning, earnest soul will be wrung with bitter disappoint-

ment when the fearful storm of God's judgment shall sweep away all they have trusted in! All their boasted self-righteousness on which they rest, or under which they shelter, will turn out to be but a "*refuge of lies*," a "*bed too short*," (Isa. xxviii. 17, 20.)

Let us now turn to the rest of the crew. The ship has struck, a rocket is fired, a rope is delivered, and shortly the "cradle" is drawn alongside, and one by one they step in and are drawn safely to the shore. *Not one lost! All saved!* How? By simply trusting to and availing themselves of the authorized means of escape.

Now, dear reader, which describes thy position before God? Art thou resting on some device of thy own, building thy house upon some quicksand that will sooner or later launch thee into blank disappointment and despair? for it is said of thee, "*He shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand: he shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure*." (Job viii. 15.) Job said, "*My righteousness I will hold fast and will not let it go*;" until he had to say, "Now mine eye seeth *Thee*; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." (Job xlii. 5, 6.) Oh, dear reader, trifle not with the "*grace of God that bringeth salvation*!" Risk not thy precious, immortal soul on that which will not stand the light of His presence. All thy *best* works are but productions of a nature that "*cannot please God*" (Rom. viii. 8), but *dead works* from which thy conscience *must be purged* by the *blood of Christ* (Heb. ix. 14), if thou wouldst stand before Him who is a *consuming fire*. (Heb. xii. 29.) Rest in simple faith on Christ, and His work for thee—the only *divinely-appointed* means of salvation—and neither death nor judgment can reach thee.

The safety of the people in the ship depended upon the *trustworthiness of the means*. If it broke down, they would perish; whilst it stood, they were safe. Look, dear reader, at the *eternal security* of the simple believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Will He break down? Impossible!

"The Rock of ages must endure."

Hear what He says, hang upon the precious words of His lips—"I give unto them *eternal life*; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 28.) Cease your *doing* and striving, and rest upon His *perfect finished work*; believe His word, and salvation, full, free, and eternal, shall be yours.

"Cast your deadly doing down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

A. C.

“HE’S LOST! HE’S LOST!”

OR, THE CRY OF THE WEEPING WIFE.



JAMES H——, a Scotchman, was a celebrated draught-player, and passionately liked the game; in fact, whenever he had opportunity he might be found with some opponent or other, engaged in his favourite pastime.

One afternoon he had attended a funeral, the deceased person being a near neighbour and acquaintance. Scarcely had the ceremony finished, when he hurried from the graveyard, went home, changed his clothes, and hastened to keep an appointment with a professional draught-player. His wife felt aggrieved at his conduct, feeling that he might have accompanied the mourners to the house, and stayed a little time with the rest of the friends. Besides, being a Christian, and having some conception of the terrible realities of eternity, it pained her to see her husband so intent upon such trivial things, to the entire neglect of the “one thing needful.” Time after time had she urged him to regard the interests of his precious soul by fleeing to Christ, the great Shelterer from the approaching storm of the wrath of God. But all this was to no purpose; the question of salvation was one which, in his judgment, might be delayed indefinitely. To her eager and constant entreaties, that he would believe the gospel and be saved, he turned a deaf ear, and still went his way, pursuing the paths of folly and sin. Did she change her tone, warn him, if he repented not, of the solemn judgments of God, he would bid her “hold her tongue, and leave him alone.”

On the evening in question it was late before he came home, and his wife stood at the door, anxiously expecting him. There were stone steps leading to the entrance of the house, and when he was about half-way up he caught sight of her face. Instantly he stopped, and, assuming a very jocular air, took off his hat, and was about to bow to her, when he lost his balance, and fell backwards. Naturally a heavy and robust man, it was worse for him than it might have been for some. His head struck one of the steps, and the next moment he was lying senseless upon the ground. The piteous shrieks of his poor wife, who had seen the whole affair, soon attracted the help of some neighbours and passers-by, and the unconscious man was carried into the house.

Medical men, the very best obtainable, were immediately summoned; but they availed nothing, and before a few hours had gone James H—— had died, amidst the groanings of his horror-stricken wife. The body of the deceased man was hardly cold in death when some friends, who had been sent for, entered the house; and the first thing they beheld was the bereaved woman, wringing her hands in anguish, while she exclaimed, “He’s lost! he’s lost! he’s lost!”

This case is only one of many emphatic fulfillments of the scripture, “He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.” (Prov. xxix. 1.) If the reader be unsaved, we beg of him to lay it to heart. The separation of the husband and wife spoken of in this paper is eternal. For him, according to the testimony of the one who knew him best, sudden death was immediate damnation! This is the awful signification of the woeful words, “He’s lost! he’s lost! he’s lost!”

Beware of wasting precious time over trivial things. If these attract and allure, while eternity is forgotten, Satan is well content. Ah, dear friend, what if you should be suddenly summoned to meet God? Are you ready? Does not the possibility of such a thing fill your soul with dread *inexpressible*? If not, the reason is not far to seek; it is because you are lying in the arms of Satan, deceived by the wicked one.

But, again, if unsaved, you need not be taken away in death to be lost for ever. If Jesus should descend from heaven with archangel voice, and take His own to glory, you would be as assuredly damned as though you were snatched away by sudden death. Why will you not be warned? What can you be thinking of, to trifle thus with the solemnities of eternity? Take heed; oh, take heed! Shall it be said of you, “He’s lost; he’s lost; he’s lost”? Present pardon from God, perfect peace in Jesus, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are divinely attached, and are the blessed results of being “born again.” Oh, make up your mind to let the matter of your soul’s everlasting salvation be your paramount consideration. All else is “vanity and vexation of spirit.” “The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.” (Ecc. i. 8.) The pleasures of earth can never satisfy; Christ alone can fill the aching void in the heart, and give perfect contentment. Only trust in Him, and you shall then be able to sing—

“O Christ! in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee *alone*,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

“Now none but Christ can satisfy,
No other Name for me!
There’s love, and peace, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.”

F. A. B.



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* SWEPT AWAY; *

OR, FALSE CONFIDENCE.

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.



MUCH attention had been bestowed, and much money expended, to make the balloon a success. Everything deemed needful had been supplied; a store of requisites was carefully secured, and every preparation was considered complete for the ascent. It was its trial trip; and an experienced aeronaut was to accompany its owner on this its first attempt to soar above the clouds. A long journey was not anticipated, and a bright afternoon had been chosen for the adventure; but the preparations occupying more time than had been expected, it was getting dark ere everything was ready. The car had been carefully secured to the ground by ropes, which at a given signal could be simultaneously slipped from the moorings. The silk was inflated with gas, and the two gentlemen entered the car. Adieus were exchanged, and hopes for a prosperous journey expressed. The motion was made by the hand of the aeronaut and the ropes slipped, but one was obstinate and would not yield. The balloon, freed on all sides but this, swayed and leaped like a frightened horse. The sudden jerk capsized the car with the occupants. The aeronaut fell to the ground, but happily was not killed; his companion, apparently more fortunate, caught the tethered rope in his fall and hung suspended in the air. A momentary

shout of joy and delight was uttered by the terror-stricken friends beneath as they saw the fall broken and the rope grasped. But it was only momentary; for, to their horror, they found the rope had slipped the knot or dragged its moorings away, and the balloon, set free, bounded up—far, far up, higher, yet higher—into the heavens. Frantic with agony, they behold the devoted man still clinging to the delusive hope, swept away in the darkness to be seen or heard of no more.

"What an awful end!" you doubtless say. But though such a terrible catastrophe is happily seldom witnessed, it is but a faint picture of what is, alas! of daily occurrence in the matter of the soul and its eternal interests. Men tenaciously cling to their own notions and superstitions, imagining it will be all right by-and-by, though it be not right now; nor will they give up their vain hope, though it be but "as the spider's web." It matters not, say they, what you are or what you believe, provided you are sincere. As though the sincerity was the pledge of safety. Was not that fated man sincere in his death-grip of the balloon rope? But his earnestness and sincerity in a false hope were the cause of his terrible end. Had he dropped the rope and fallen, there might have been some hope; but holding on, he sealed his doom. Perhaps the reader is resting his hopes on his morality, and thinks because he is not so outwardly wicked as some others, and tries his best to live uprightly, therefore he is safe; but it is only a delusion of the wicked one, and must end in death; for "there is none righteous, no, not one." (Ps. xiv. 3; Rom. iii. 10.) Many delusions Satan holds out, as ropes from the balloon, that sinners

may grasp them; but they all lead one way, and carry the blinded sinner into the darkness of death—swept away. There is the *Religious* rope on which thousands are depending. They are diligent at their pious devotions, at their prayers and good deeds; but they, not submitting to the righteousness of God—going about to establish their *own* righteousness, and not receiving Christ—are hopelessly holding on to a delusion which will sweep them away.

Then there is the *Reformation* rope which sustains its multitudes. Trying to be better—turning over a new leaf—leaving off outside sins, they vainly believe they are safe. But these forget the fact that “God requireth that which is *past*.” (Eccles. iii. 10.) And no future well-doing can efface one sin of yesterday.

The most fatal rope men grasp is the rope of *Procrastination*. Men are persuaded they are in danger, and need salvation; but they are great believers in the mercy of God, though they totally ignore His justice; and they say, “God is very merciful, and He can save at the eleventh hour. We intend to be saved sometime, but there is *plenty of time*.” And these, clinging to this rope, are swept away in the flight of time, and lost to all eternity. How is it with the reader? What rope are you clinging to? Is it to *Jesus*, and to Him alone? If not, give up every other hope, and trust Him, and Him wholly, and eternal security is yours, for His word says it. But, on the other hand, if any other ground of hope is yours be sure it will be swept away, for “there is *no other name under heaven* given among men whereby we must be saved.” (Acts. iv. 12.) Other refuges are numerous, but they are “refuges of lies.” Multitudes are clinging to other supports, but they are worthless. A Canadian villager, in May, 1843, was engaged in dragging sand from the Niagara, three miles above the Falls; and, seated in his cart, backed the horses into the water, being ignorant of the depth. The cart sank, but the box on which he sat floated. To this he clung with the energy of despair, as he was unable to swim. A high wind drove it into the strong but smooth current. A boat was let loose, but he feared to let go his hold of the box and grasp the means of safety. “I’m lost! I’m lost!” he shrieked, and his dreadful cries penetrated the dull roar of the torrent. Presently a small island is seen, and the devoted man, still clinging to his fatal support, is washed close to it. Will he leave the box and grasp the shore? The onlookers from the

other side, unable to help, anxiously await the result. The box strikes the rock, and the man is within an inch of safety, but to secure his life he must let go the box. He doubtless intends to, but ere he springs for life a whirling eddy sweeps the box swiftly into the stream again, and all hope is lost. Onward he goes, smoothly, swiftly, surely, to his doom. He presently is seen to enter the blue unbroken flood of smooth water, twenty feet in depth, in the centre of the Canadian fall. His doom is sealed. One moment more and he has loosed his hold. His hands are clasped as if in prayer, and with frantic gestures and a terrific scream he is carried over the cataract, and is seen no more, nor any trace of him for ever after. Had he but given up his false hope and leaped on the rock, or grasped the boat, he might have been saved; but delaying too long, his chance was lost. Oh, dear reader, have you given up trusting to self, or religion, or good resolutions? Are you resting *now* on Jesus’ finished work? If not, delay no longer. “Escape for thy life.”

“Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.”

INFINITE POWER.

“O the uttermost” able to save thee!
Oh, words so ineffably sweet!
God’s wonderful tenderness reacheth
His infinite mercy to meet.
“He is able to save” thee, poor sinner,*
Oh, doubt not thy pardon is “free!”
For e’en “though your sins be as scarlet,”
God’s “uttermost” reacheth to thee!
Dost thou fear, if the offer accepted,
Thy power to stand is so weak,
’T would be but to fall? Nay, He asks not
Thy strength: “He is able to keep.”†
Art thou fearful of bringing dishonour,
Temptation thou couldst not repel?
Oh, the One who can keep thee is “able
To succour the tempted” as well!‡
Yes, the One who has power to save thee—
The power and also the will—
Is “able to keep” tills He calls thee
“The place He prepared thee” to fill.
Oh, do not reject the salvation
That reaches the “uttermost” brink!
“He is able to do more exceeding
Beyond what we ask for or think.”§

A. F. P.

* Heb. vii. 25 † 2 Tim. i. 12. ‡ Heb. ii. 18. § Eph. iii. 20.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.



BY G. C. NEEDHAM.

MAKING my seat one evening in the train, on my way to a neighbouring city to preach the gospel of Christ, a young man took his seat opposite me. He had the appearance of what is termed "fast." As the train moved slowly from the depôt, he laughed, and talked, and joked, and swore that all the brandy in the town wouldn't warm him. The passengers turned their heads to look at him, and apparently in disgust turned away again. Looking at me full in the face he again commenced his jokes, and wondering why I did not even smile, he asked me a question. There was a moment's pause, and then laying my hand on his knee I said :

"Sir, an ordinary observer would take you for a very light-hearted, happy young man, apparently in good humour with yourself this evening ; but having asked me a question, permit me to ask you, 'Is not all this merriment forced? Is there not a sting in this pleasure? Are you not even *now* unhappy? Is not your conscience at this time reproving you for your much swearing? And is there not at this moment a great chasm in your heart unfilled?'"

He replied, "You seem to know a good many things of me, but are you not mistaken?"

"No, sir ; for the book I hold in my hand, God's word, declares that the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing, and that a man's portion beneath the sun is only vanity and vexation of spirit. God knows this is true of you, and you know it also."

"You seem to be a religious man, I perceive, and so was I once ; I was a church member, taught in the Sabbath-school, and took an active part in good things, but I have been so disappointed with the conduct of professors, and so disgusted with their hypocrisy, that I have abandoned all religion, and make no profession now."

"Do you think, sir, that all you say will be sufficient excuse at the great white throne, when the Son of God appears as Judge? Is not this apology made to quiet your guilty conscience? Are you sure this is the reason why you became a backslider? or is it because you loved sin and the

world, and desired to walk in their ways? I would not wonder if at this moment your heart craves something more than the vanities of life, though you are ever seeking to fill its emptiness with the husks of earth. But, friend, the God of all grace yearns to save you, and Jesus still cries, 'Come unto me and . . . I will give you rest.'"

"All you say, dear sir, is only true, and I am indeed a wretched young man. I fear to think of God, and death, and the judgment to come ; and I tremble lest my doom should even now be fixed."

"When the devil draws a poor soul into sin, and discovers that his victim is miserable, lest he should finally lose him he seeks to drive him to despair by presenting to his mind God as a revengeful and vindictive being. Whilst it is true that God is just and holy, it is also true that 'God is Love,' and He so loved this ruined world, that He sent His only-begotten Son into it to take our nature and bear our curse. The condemnation due to our sins was borne by Him, for 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.' The sword of justice fell upon Him as the sinner's surety, and when God Himself raised Him from the dead, vengeance was not in His heart. His attributes of holiness and justice not having been sacrificed, the death of Christ having gone for the death of the sinner, mercy comes now with pleading voice, saying, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' Thank God you may be saved *now*, in this train, before you reach the next station ; for it is 'not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saves us.' 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' You should not perish, but have everlasting life." You remember Paul's message to the heathen jailor, when he cried out for the knowledge of being saved—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

"And is there not something for me *to do* now, before pardon is granted me?"

"Having only a few moments, as I get out at the next station, I would say, dear sir, *you have nothing* to do. God is looking on the blood of His Son as the ransom-price already paid ; your work is a work of *accepting* Christ, *believing* on Him, taking His death as your plea. Faith precedes all good works which are acceptable before God,

not that the works themselves give you any foot-ground, they being the fruit springing from the root of faith in a risen Jesus. You need CHRIST, my friend; He alone will satisfy you. We read in Roman history, that during the time of an eruption a great chasm was left unfilled, which the augurers affirmed would never be closed up till the most precious things of Rome were cast into it. Curtius, a noble Roman, loved his country so well, that with horse and armour he leaped into the chasm, which, says the historian, soon closed up as before. I use this to illustrate the fact that nothing will fill the aching void of your heart till the most precious things of heaven are taken into it. God so loved the world, that He gave Jesus, and Jesus is yours by faith. Believe only. Doubt no more! Good-bye. May the Lord help you to realize Christ as your Saviour *now*, then you will work for Him all your days."

"Good-bye, sir; thank you for what you have said to me, and I don't think I will soon forget it. Good-bye."

WILD JACK'S CONVERSION.



IN 18— I shipped at Liverpool on board of a small barque bound for Singapore. At that time I had only known Christ as my Saviour a few weeks, and although I possessed a new and heavenly joy in my soul, yet I did not feel capable of standing up and boldly preaching Christ as some do; but I knew that Jesus could not be hid if He was in the heart, and as I could not preach the gospel I could try and live it.

The crew were, like most other crews, perfectly indifferent concerning things eternal—oaths and blasphemies being the unvaried accompaniment of every sentence which fell from their lips. In times of quietness, however, I used to get out my concertina and play and sing the gospel songs I had recently learnt ashore. Sailors are fond of music and singing, and I think that by this simple means an occasional flash of heaven's light shone in upon their benighted hearts, as I was careful that the words of the hymns were distinctly heard. Then I would read the Word before "turning in," and if any cared to listen I read to them too, or, as opportunity offered, told them what the Lord had done for my soul.

Amongst the crew there was one who, if possible, was more godless and reckless than the rest, and aptly called "Wild Jack." Often as he listened to

my singing his countenance indicated plainly enough that anxious thoughts were passing through his mind. His conscience was evidently awakened to his soul's peril, and although he tried hard to stifle its voice, blessed be God, he did not quite succeed.

One day, as I sat on my box in the fore-castle engaged in my delightful employment of singing the "glad tidings," this man was sent by the officer of the watch to fetch something out of the fore peak, underneath the fore-castle, and which was reached by a short ladder. I noticed that he stood at the top of the ladder in earnest conversation with another man. As they both seemed so serious, I stopped singing, in order to hear what they were talking about so intently. I then heard the other man say to Jack, "Why look here, Jack, you might be dead before you get to the bottom of that ladder." This seemed to have a stunning effect upon Jack; for he turned deathly pale as the possibility of having to meet God in a moment dawned upon his mind. He stood reflecting a minute or so with a terribly vacant stare, and then slowly replied, "Well, I might." He then descended the ladder, trembling from head to foot, and as if each step was his last. This was all that happened then. Jack went about his work as usual, but it was abundantly evident that a shaft of conviction had stuck fast in his heart. When a convenient time came round he sought me, and together we opened the Word, where he saw there were many invitations from the great Physician for sin-sick souls such as he was. He was delighted to find that my Master largely advertised for men and women of bad character, so unlike the masters of this world. He did not need telling that he had *sins enough* to recommend him to Jesus, whose blood cleanseth from *all* sin. He saw too that God, in love to him and his sort, had sent His only Son to purchase redemption by bearing all the penalty of their sins in His own body on the tree of Calvary; and, believing all this, God said he had everlasting life, that he should not come into condemnation, but had passed from death unto life. (John v. 24.) Like the Philippian jailor, his dread of death was turned into rejoicing, and the reality of his conversion was soon shown out by his standing up boldly and preaching Christ in the fore-castle to His ungodly associates, and such preaching as God could own and bless; for before we reached Singapore there were precious souls plucked as brands from the eternal burning. Yes, that voyage proved a very blessed one—one to be remembered throughout all eternity.

E. C. Q.



FROM THE DEVIL'S GRASP;

OR,

"I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS."



HURRYING, restless crowd, flaring gas jets, strange commingling sounds of the rumble of wheels and brass bands.

What a scene of confusion and disquiet. The lights from a public-house streamed across the pavement, and standing in their full glare was a group of young men, laughing. Yes; but it was the laughter of fools—that strange, hollow sound which tells of hearts ill at ease—hardened and seared.

"I've had enough of this; good night;" said one of the group; and turning on his heel, he hurried away through the dazzling streets of the city—the great, restless city, one of the largest and most prosperous in America.

Let us follow him as he rushes along, heedless of the many who turn to gaze after him. He is quite a young man, perhaps hardly five-and-twenty, and upon his whole bearing is stamped the impress of that which constitutes a gentleman, worn out and shabby as his clothes are, yet one glance at the clearly-cut features and well-shaped head is enough. "I shall never look anything but what I am," he was wont to boast.

On he rushed, until a turn in the street brought him to the less-crowded thoroughfare. Pausing for a moment under the shadow of a railway bridge, he lifted his hat off his head to allow the cool night breezes to blow upon his fevered brow.

"What a complete and utter fool I have been!" he murmured. "Oh, is there no escape for me? Is there no God in heaven to take pity upon such a wretch—bah!" with an impatient stamp of his foot, "there is no God." With these words on his lips, and bitter thoughts in his heart of the One who was that moment gazing down upon him with infinite pity and yearning, he strode on until the glaring lights were left behind, and terraces and private dwelling-houses came in view. He stopped for a moment to listen to the strains of music that

issued from the open window, and a sweet girlish voice rang out the old familiar air of "Home, Sweet Home." A rush of memories swept over the young man, and with them came a blinding flood of tears to the eyes, that had long since lost their power to weep. Sitting down on the cold stone doorstep, he buried his face in his hands, while great sobs shook his manly frame. "Lord, have pity upon me, and get me away from this hell upon earth," he groaned.

Two weeks later a vessel was ploughing her way through the waves of the Atlantic.

It was a glorious night; myriads of stars shone out from the clear expanse above, and across the decks of the steamer the soft clear light of the moonbeams fell.

Leaning over the vessel's side, and gazing at the white seething foam, was the young man we last saw in the streets of the great American city.

Dark thoughts crowded into his mind, and bitter remorse for the sins and failures of the past. He was returning to his home a ruined man, penniless, and with a constitution sadly shattered by a life of recklessness and dissipation. Returning, What for? To meet his mother's sad, reproachful eyes; to meet the sneer and the scorn of those who had prophesied for him a life of failure—a blot upon the name of the fine old English family he had dishonoured and disgraced. With an audible oath upon his lips, he turned upon his heel to pace the deck, in the sullen, preoccupied manner that had already become the subject of remark from his fellow-passengers.

A strong, firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a manly voice said, "What good will that oath do you, young man?"

Harry S—— turned and faced the one who had thus addressed him, and met the kind, searching look of a pair of earnest grey eyes.

"Come and take a turn with me; I have been wishing to have a talk with you."

Something in the friendly touch of this man's hand, and the tone of his voice, was wonderfully soothing to the other, and soon they were pacing the deck together.

"You are unhappy"—after a few moments' silence—spoken in a quick, firm tone, but full of a hidden depth of compassion.

"You're about right; I have not known a moment's happiness, well—for years past," Harry answered.

Again another silence—then, stopping in the full light of the moonbeams, the elder man looked

searchingly into the face of the younger, and said, "There is *no* happiness apart from God, and you have found that out, haven't you?"

Harry did not answer, and the two walked on again—the former deep in thought. Something about the very influence of this other man touched a hidden chord in the young man's soul that had been lying in the innermost recesses of his being, dead and lifeless till now. "I have long given up the thought that there *is* a God," he said slowly. "Tell me," he continued, "do you believe He would have mercy on such an ungodly wretch as myself?"

"Christ died for the ungodly," was the quick reply. "Look here, my brother, ever since I saw you first, it has been on my heart to speak to you about your immortal soul. God wants you. His Son bore the punishment of sins on the cross. He has followed you through all these years of sinning against Himself, and now He waits with infinite love and yearning to receive you to Himself. Come to Him to-night; lay your load of sin and remorse and shame before Him, and as I am a living man He will receive you and be gracious unto you."

It was growing late; one by one the passengers had gone below to retire for the night.

Earnestly he pleaded with the young man, till new light dawned into Harry's soul. He saw himself as one whom Jesus came to seek and to save, and from the depths of his misery he cried to God to save him. Ere another hour had passed away a soul had passed from death unto life. On the waters of the broad Atlantic, and beneath the light of God's stars, Harry S— gave himself away to God, and there was joy in heaven that night.

He landed on the shores of England, and from that time God's leadings became very manifest. It was evident that he was a "chosen vessel," and under the transforming hand of God the transition from a life of degradation and misery to one of earnestness and conformity to the will of God has enabled him to be what he now is—a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus, urging hundreds to accept the great and glorious Saviour, who is the light and life of his being.

Dear unsaved reader, do you know what it is to have so sunken into the vortex of sin that there seems *no* escape for you? Does every step you take seem to sink you deeper? Has Satan fastened around your very soul the cruel chains of unbelief, of despair? Are the heavens as brass above you,

not a ray of its light piercing the darkness of your heart? Cry you, "Can there be a God? if so, why, oh! why, has he left me?" Ah! He has never left you; but your *sins* have separated you from Him. God cannot look upon sin, but He is looking upon *you*, with deep, pitying eyes, saying, in tones of tenderest yearning, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." You will not come to me, the *fountain* of life; but you press your burning lips to the springs of earth, that never will, that never can, slack your thirst. As your eyes fall on these pages, the voice of Jesus whispers to your soul, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Perhaps, as He listens, He catches a faint and far-away response from your heart. How eagerly He waits now. "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die?" He says, coming nearer still, and listening with all the intensity of divine love and longing.

Break loose, I beseech you, break loose even now. It is possible to do it. One look of faith at Jesus, the Redeemer of every trusting soul, will free you from the chains that have held you fast all these long, weary years of your life. Can you do it now, dear reader? *Will* you?

The Prince of Darkness trembles, and redoubles his efforts to keep you in his power, because he sees you *so* near the point, at which the whole current of your life shall be changed. Disappoint him; look away to Jesus; now—just now; get down on your knees, and before God say, "Lord, here am I in all my darkness and misery; I come to thee, thou Prince of Love and Peace. I believe that thou dost receive me, and hast laid all my sins on Jesus. I do not *feel* it; but because thou hast *said*, I believe it."

Think you that He will cast you out? Never. Heaven and earth may pass away, but His word shall stand for ever, that is His word. Listen! "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Matt. ix. 13); and "He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah lv. 7.) "Come *now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) Oh, cannot you believe that word, and trust Him to fulfil it in your case? May He give you the courage to do it for His name's sake.



The Watchman's Message.



THE GOSPEL A B C.



WHEN, as a little child, you learned the alphabet at your mother's knee, she taught you that A B and C all come before D.

D is in the alphabet, but its place is *fourth*, not

first. In Matt. xviii. Jesus says, "Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." And as a little child you must begin with God's A B C before attempting the *doing*.

God's A B C presents three great facts for you

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

to believe; not merely because they are stated here, but because they are the words of a God that cannot lie, in whom you live, and move, and have your being. God's A B C presents your condition in His sight, and the person and work of Christ as meeting that condition.

And I would again ask you, as you read the following sentences, to remember they are God's word, and if not believed will indeed judge you at the last day. (John xii. 48.)

A. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) Read no further until you have set to your seal that God *is* true, and that you are indeed in His eyes a lost sinner.

B. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) Also, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.) This is God's remedy for our ruined state. Believe—not that you are saved, but—on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved*. If you rest for salvation on Christ, and on Him alone, you will obtain it; and the letter C tells you of the glorious work He did to win it for you.

C. "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) Now if you are a sinner according to A, and if you have believed on Christ according to B, C tells you that Christ has once suffered for *your* sins. He, the just, died for you, the unjust, that He might bring you to God; and there is therefore now no condemnation for you, for He was condemned in your stead. *You* committed the sins, but He took the wages; and now God will give you, not the wages, which *have been paid to Christ*, but His free gift, which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Also that grand invitation—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Will you now throw this paper down and go on as before, without God and without hope in the world? or will you become as a little child, and learn God's A B C for the first time? All now in heaven have learnt this A B C, and if you would get there, you must get there *in God's way*. Not a word of *doing* yet; Christ has done it all. All what? All necessary for your salvation, and you have now to rest your soul on His finished work. The moment you do so you are saved. You see you have not got to doing, still less to experience or feelings. These are all further on. Beware of allowing Satan to

occupy you with them before you have learnt God's A B C. Satan would destroy your soul, as he has destroyed thousands, by putting right things before you, but in a fatally wrong order. God's A B C he will never present to you, but occupy you with your deeds, your experience, or your feelings. Beware of feelings! Rest by a simple faith on Christ's finished work, and you will rest on an eternal rock. Begin where God begins, with yourself, and then turn to Christ and see in Him the One who has perfectly answered to God for all that you *are* and all that you have *done*.

To those who by faith have received God's salvation I would say, Now comes D. Do all to the glory of God. "Created in Christ Jesus unto *good works*, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." (Eph. ii. 10.)

Now to *live* for Him who *died* for you! Doing is in its right place now, as the result of having received eternal life. You will never *get it* by good deeds; but they will show me that you do not merely *say* you have life, but that you really possess it. May God in His grace be pleased to use this simple presentation of the *only way in which you can be saved* to the salvation of your soul, as He has already done to others before you; that although I may not meet you on earth, I may see you in that eternal glory to which He calls those who trust in His grace!

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.



NOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death He found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, dropsy, fever,
And madness—all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come then to this Physician,
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition:
'Tis only—*look and live*.

"THE TRUTH MUST BE TOLD."

SOME years ago I was summoned to serve as a jurymen at the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh. There was one case in which I was particularly interested, and which has left a lasting impression on my mind. A young man, well known to the police, was placed at the bar charged with committing a robbery. A number of witnesses, whose evidence was purely circumstantial, gave their testimony, but the missing link in the chain of evidence was supplied at last by none other than the mother of the prisoner. She appeared to be a respectable widow in humble circumstances, and the expression of her face is engraven upon my memory as clearly to-day as when I saw her in the witness-box with uplifted hand swear "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I could almost read the anguish of her soul, as, in trembling tones, she gave evidence against her wicked son. I can recall with pleasure the consideration and sympathy shown to this woman, both by the judge and the Crown advocate who had charge of the case against the prisoner. But then the truth must be told, and we all felt peculiarly sad as the evidence, bit by bit, was extracted from the poor mother, who knew she was only securing the conviction of her son. What could we do but convict? The evidence was too clear to admit of any other course, and the poor fellow was condemned principally upon the strength of his mother's testimony.

This painful case made a deep impression on my mind, and led me to think of the time when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and when eternal separation will be effected between all who trusted Christ and those who have rejected the gospel. Parents will say "Amen" to the condemnation of their children; children will take an eternal farewell of their parents; brothers and sisters, who on earth were inseparable, will find fixed between them that fearful impassable gulf that divides heaven from hell. My reader, where will your portion be? Will a father's warnings pass unheeded by you? Will a mother's tears fail to move you? Will a sister's pleadings fall on closed ears? Then we warn you that by-and-by, at the great judgment throne, those whose love you have most valued on earth will be swift witnesses against you in that day, and prove, if proof were needed, how deep and immovable was the hatred of your heart towards the Lord Jesus. A neglected Bible, a despised tract, an unheeded gospel appeal will all join in securing that fearful condemnation—"Depart from me, ye cursed." Shall it be in the case of any of our readers, that a mother's lips shall pronounce a solemn "Amen" to their unalterable sentence?

ALMOST PERSUADED.

THERE are very many persons in the condition of the man who uttered these words. Listening to the solemn and earnest words of Paul, king Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian; but only *almost*, and thus he was *altogether* lost; for an "almost Christian" is altogether an enemy of God.

Thus it is with many. They hear the gospel, they feel its power, and then conscience is aroused; but still they remain only almost persuaded: they are unwilling to yield themselves entirely to Christ. Resisting the strivings of His Holy Spirit, they gradually become more unconcerned than before.

Undecided reader, halt no longer between two opinions. Time is earnest, it is passing swiftly away; opportunities are becoming more few, and eternity is near at hand. No longer remain in the dangerous "almost persuaded" state, for truly it is a dangerous state, and none more so, since the devil deludes many with the idea that it is quite sufficient to have good intentions and desires: he is quite content with anything, so long as he can keep the soul away from Christ. But remember conviction is not conversion, and many are lost who intend at some time to be Christians, but put it off until it is too late.

"Almost persuaded," now to believe;

"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive.

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day on Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;

"Almost persuaded," turn not away.

Jesus invites you here, angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wanderer, come!

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!

"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!

"Almost" cannot avail; "almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—"Almost" but lost!

Paul's Persuasion.

"FOR I AM PERSUADED,

that neither death nor life,

nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers,

nor things present, nor things to come,

nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,

**SHALL BE ABLE TO SEPARATE US
FROM THE LOVE OF GOD,**

Which is in CHRIST JESUS our Lord."

ROMANS VIII. 38, 39.

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING,

And worthy of all acceptance,

THAT

Christ + Jesus

CAME INTO

THE WORLD

TO

SAVE ✠

Sinners.

1 TIM. i. 15.

BEHOLD,
NOW IS
THE
ACCEPTED
TIME;

BEHOLD, NOW IS
THE
DAY OF
Salvation.

✠ I ✠
AM NOT
ASHAMED
OF
THE GOSPEL
OF CHRIST:

FOR
It is the power of God
UNTO SALVATION
TO
EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH.

ROM. i. 16.

✠ **GOD** ✠

COMMENDETH

His Love toward us,

IN THAT,

WHILE WE WERE YET SINNERS.

CHRIST + DIED + FOR + US.

ROM. v. 8.

FOR GOD SENT NOT HIS SON

INTO THE WORLD

To + condemn + the + world;

BUT THAT

THE + WORLD

Through Him

MIGHT BE

✠ **SAVED.**

JOHN iii. 17.

✠ + + +

HOW
SHALL
WE
ESCAPE,

IF

✠ **WE** ✠

NEGLECT
SO GREAT
Salvation?

THE
Lord Jesus
Shall be revealed
from Heaven

WITH

His Mighty Angels,
IN FLAMING FIRE

Taking vengeance on them that
know not God,

AND THAT OBEY NOT THE GOSPEL
OF

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

2 THESS. i. 7, 8.

**WHAT MUST
I DO TO BE
SAVED?**

"Believe on the Lord
Jesus Christ, and thou
shalt be saved."

ACTS xvi. 30, 31.

WHOSOEVER SHALL CALL

ON THE NAME

Of + the + Lord

SHALL BE

SAVED.

ACTS ii. 21.

SIXTY YEARS GOING TO A PLACE OF WORSHIP, AND NOT YET SAVED!



WHEN once conducting a mission in the South, a friend came to me, and asked if I would go and see an old lady, who was evidently dying, and wished to see me. We were soon at the house.

When I got into her room, I found she was weak in body, but more distressed in mind. She told me she had been a regular attendant at a place of worship all her life, and was now between sixty and seventy years of age; but in coming to the mission meetings she was led to see that attendance at a place of worship, however regular, and a knowledge of the truths of the Bible, however clear, was not sufficient to give her peace on a dying bed. "Sixty years going to a place of worship, and not saved!" The words struck me much.

I could see that, although she was not saved, she was indeed deeply anxious. Finding I could not tell her anything about her state as a sinner, or about Christ as a Saviour, but what she already knew, I said, "Now, my friend, you have to do with God as an individual sinner, and therefore try and answer one or two questions I wish to put to you as though you were answering God. Lose sight of me altogether."

"Can you now take Christ as your *own* Saviour, and believe that His death atoned for *your* sins, as St. Paul said, 'He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*'?" (Gal. ii. 20.)

After a moment or two she said, "No, I have never been able to get to that; I feel that that is my one difficulty."

"Well, now," I continued, "if I can show you in God's word that He *did* die for you, and you may claim Him for yourself, will you then believe it?"

"Yes, sir, I will," was her ready and almost eager reply.

I opened my Bible at 1 Tim. i. 15, read the

first part of three different verses of Scripture, leaving her to finish each of them. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save ——" I stopped, and asked, "Whom?"

"Sinners," said my friend, without a moment's hesitation.

"Yes," I said, "quite right; but are you a sinner?"

"Oh yes," she said; "I knew that, I am prepared to acknowledge that."

"Well, then, if you are a sinner, and acknowledge it, don't you see that Christ Jesus came to save *you*?"

"Yes," she said; but still I could see there were clouds and difficulties in her mind, and she could not rest assured and be satisfied that He had done *all* that was needed.

I then turned to Rom. v. 6, reading the first portion of it: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for ——" I said, "For whom?"

"The ungodly."

"Quite right," I said. "Are *you* ungodly?"

"Truly." She felt and acknowledged that.

"Well," I said, "surely you see Christ died for *you*." I could see the clouds were dispersing, for her face was lighting up, and her manner, if possible, was even more anxious and eager.

"Now," I said, "we will take yet another verse, for '*a threefold cord is not quickly broken*,'" so, lifting my heart again to God, I read 1 Peter iii. 18: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for ——" Again I stopped.

"*The unjust*," was the ready response; and again I asked,

"Are *you* unjust? I don't mean dishonest, but unjust in the sight of God."

"Yes; indeed I am."

"Now, my dear friend," I continued, "if Christ came to save *sinners*, and He died for the *ungodly*, and suffered for the *unjust*, and *you* readily take your place before God, and claim each of these titles as yours, is it not your privilege to take Christ as *your* Saviour, and claim His atoning work as being done for *you*?"

After a short pause she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I see now! I see now!"

But still there was a sort of small cloud remaining, for she added, "But have not I got *anything* to do?"

"What did Jesus say," I said, "just as He was dying?"

"*'It is finished.'*" (John xix. 30.)

The cloud was gone, and she raised her hands, whilst tears of joy stood in her eyes: "I do believe it! I do believe it! Hallelujah to Jesus' name."

What a change! Her difficulties were gone, and she could say, "He gave Himself for *me*." Now it was all *He* and *me*. What made the change? She took her place as a "sinner," as "ungodly," as "unjust," and claimed the sinner's Saviour and Substitute. So simple! yet this—just this—is eternal life.

Reader, where do you take your place? I do not ask, Are you a sinner? You are that, whatever you may be outwardly, for God says "all have sinned;" but are you prepared to take your place where God puts you—"guilty" (Rom. iii. 19); "condemned"? (John iii. 18.) If so, by simply taking Christ as *your* Saviour, you may know this moment that your condemnation is taken away; for "he that believeth is not condemned." (John iii. 18.) Jesus took your guilt, and died in your stead. (Rom. v. 6.) He, the Just One, suffered for *you*, the unjust. (1 Peter iii. 18.) "A faithful saying, Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*" (1 Tim. i. 15); and He has left you nothing to do in order to be saved. He has done it all. He said, "It is finished," and He adds, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his *faith* is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 35.) Then after that you may commence to do something; but until thus made free from sin you cannot become a servant of God. (Rom. vi. 22.) All you try to do before you thus trust Christ for your own salvation will go for nothing.

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

Mr. Moody says that one of the finest specimens of a sincere worshipper was once startled by Christ. He was confounded to think he must

be born again. A great many people have this subject of regeneration a good deal mixed up. I have asked people if they were Christians.

"Yes, I think so," they say.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I go regularly to church."

But that is no reason, for Satan goes to church. You may go to church, and yet be as wicked, and corrupt, and vile as any man living.

Another class says, "I have been baptized." But God does not say you have been saved by baptism; that is not regeneration.

And then a great many say, "My father and mother were Christians; I was born a Christian." But God says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

It has been said that "he which is born twice dies but once; but he that is born but once, dies twice." There is a death of the body, and a death of the soul. The great question of all questions to be asked is, "Have I been born of the Spirit?" Christ told Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This question is so vast in importance that we should not be deceived. Take the word of God, and look carefully—not into your own experience, or your own heart, but into the word of God, and see if you are born of God.

Nicodemus was not only a good man, but a teacher—what we call a preacher, a doctor of divinity—one of the best men in Jerusalem. Yet he came to Christ, and was startled when he was told that he must be born again—that all his righteousness and morality was, in the sight of God, like filthy rags. Nicodemus, like all others, had to commence at the bottom of the ladder. God's thoughts are different from ours. God says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Ye must be born again." (John iii. 7.)

"Born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John i. 13.)

"Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Peter i. 23.)

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My words, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)



"THE STING OF DEATH."

WAS recently returning with a young lady to her home, where death had made a breach in the loved family circle, and we were conversing together on the subject. I made the remark that we were all hastening on rapidly toward eternity; but it was a blessed thing to be prepared for it, to know for a certainty that death would but give us an entry into glory.

"Ah," she replied, "death is no longer to be feared when its *sting* is gone! I *used* to think it would never be gone for me." I rejoiced that she could speak of her fear in the past tense.

The emphasis with which she uttered that word "*sting*" showed how deeply she had felt about it; and it left such an impression on my mind I do not expect easily to forget it.

Dear reader, the *sting* of death is SIN. Has death lost its envenomed *sting* for you? For the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ it has. His sin, and all his sins, have been perfectly, fully, and eternally atoned for, and put away by the death of Christ. They are gone too for ever from the memory of Him against whom they were committed. What peace this blessed assurance from God's own word gives to the soul of the believer. From a serpent one instinctively shrinks, lest its fatal fangs be felt; but if that sting be annulled or extracted the same cause for fear would not exist, though it would still but be natural to view with loathing that which once had a sting.

Death, under the most favourable circumstances, that of a Christian ripe for glory, is invested with a solemnity unlike anything else in the world. To gaze upon the motionless clay, from whence the immortal spirit has taken its flight into the eternal world, must awe the thoughtful beholder, and lead him or her to think about themselves, and of their fitness for the inevitable (if the Lord tarry). Has the reader ever stood in the presence of death and asked himself or herself the question, "If I were in this one's place, where would my soul now be?"

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," rises up in the heart of a believer, when brought face to face with the power of the enemy. The *sting* is gone. We may fear the sufferings of death, and concern for

those who are dependent upon our labour, love, and care may make us wish to remain for their sakes; but those who have, like the apostle Paul, gazed upon the Man in the glory of God, heard His voice, and believed His love, will, like him, have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is "very far better." (R.V.)

In conclusion, I would remind those who have read thus far, that the last year, the last month, the last week, day, and hour, yea, the *last* moment, *will* come for both writer and reader! How will it find us? Longing to depart and be with Christ—"perfect love having cast out all fear"? or dreading that which follows "after death"—"a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation"?
G. W. G.

"AFTERWARD CAME THE OTHER VIRGINS."



IT is difficult to conceive what the feelings of these "*other virgins*" will be when, the door having been shut, and "the ready" having been safely housed, they come *afterward*, and piteously cry, "*Lord, Lord, open to us!*"

"Ah," says my reader, "that is just a parable." Quite so; but what is a parable? Is it a fable? Nay, it is a word-picture, a painting, with an outline, more or less distinct, of a certain event in the mind of the speaker, who, by making use of this mode of speech, seeks to gain the attention, and to exercise the mind of his hearers, more fully than he could have done by a mere literal recital of the event itself.

Now have you ever thought what the Lord meant to teach by this parable of the ten virgins? Briefly, He depicts the state of Christendom at the time of His return.

First, the virgins went to meet the Bridegroom.

Second, the Bridegroom tarried.

Third, all the virgins slumbered and slept.

Fourth, at midnight a cry announced the approach of the Bridegroom.

Fifth, the virgins arose and trimmed their lamps, in order to go out and meet Him.

Sixth, the part of them called "*foolish*" found that their lamps had gone out.

Seventh, at this crisis they went to buy oil.

Eighth, the Bridegroom came, and "*the ready*" went in to the marriage.

Ninth, "*the door was shut.*"

Tenth, then came the other virgins to find—what? A closed door, and to cry—oh, how earnestly, but in vain—"Lord, Lord, open to us!"

Now surely the meaning of this parable is not difficult to find. Let your eye rest on the history of the Church from the date of the departure of the heavenly Bridegroom to the present day. He left a promise that He would "come again." The early Christians expected that return, and "waited for the Son of God from heaven;" but He tarried, and the effect was a state of spiritual sleep which deepened during these dreary "*dark ages*" of worldliness, till once again the hope of His return has been re-established in the heart of the Church. The cry, "*Behold the Bridegroom cometh!*" has been sounded out, and a general stir has taken place. The "wise" have trimmed their lamps, and multitudes of the "foolish" have discovered that they lack, not a lamp of profession, but *the oil*. They have a Christianity without Christ, a religion without divine reality; they do not possess the Holy Ghost.

The Bridegroom comes. The ready go in with Him. The door is shut. All hope is over. Whatever "*the foolish*" may have been, they were not "*ready*," and none but the *ready* can enter.

Now can you imagine, dear reader, such a scene as this? There is prayer indeed—earnest, importunate, agonising prayer; but it is *too late*. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended," the throne of grace becomes one of judgment, and supplication is in vain. "I KNOW YOU NOT," is the withering answer. Oh, soul immortal, how are things with you in view of this event? Are you *ready*? This is the question of questions with you. Take a piece of paper and a pencil, or a pen, and draw a straight line. Write on one side *READY* and on the other *UNREADY*, and then write *your name under the word* that truthfully describes your condition. That done, look for three minutes at the picture. If you are "*READY*," washed from sins in the blood of Christ, a child of God, and an heir of glory, carrying, too, a lamp bright and burning, then sing a song of thanksgiving to God.

But if "*UNREADY*," think, soul, I beseech you, of your danger—unpardoned, unjustified, lost, and about to find yourself on the outside of the shut door, unknown, unheeded, during the long, long watches of that night that knows no morning. "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Awake, call upon thy God." Yes, sleeper, awake! awake!

"NOTHING TO PAY."

THE God of all grace has His way in gathering in His own, and He does it by whomsoever He will. Living among Roman Catholics, one seems to forget this, and amidst all the gloom and darkness of its system, they are left too much alone, as though their souls were not precious in His sight—forgetting "the gospel is the power of God to every one that believeth," be they Protestant or Roman Catholic. Sometimes this is accomplished after years of sowing; yet now and then one is permitted immediately to see fruit, as in the following case.

Only last month two priests of the Church of Rome entered the same *café*, kept by a Christian person, to partake of refreshment; after which they entered into conversation respecting the dulness of trade, and the number of houses closed through bankruptcy, when the owner informed them that having passed through a state of bankruptcy herself, in contracting a debt she could never pay, a tender, loving, sympathising Friend was found by her, who discharged all her debt, leaving her "nothing to pay." The power with which these words were spoken excited their admiration so much, that they besought her to give them the name of so rich and kind a friend. In great simplicity she unfolded to them both the gospel plan of salvation, and with emphasis told them her debt was one she owed to God, and for the discharging of which she had no power to get rid of, but that Jesus, the Son of God, had paid her debt by dying for her on the cross; and having a few slips by her of a gospel address to be given in the same town that evening, she gave them one each, saying, "You will hear more of this Friend if you will only come." The one who appeared the oldest immediately left, tearing the invitation in pieces; the other followed, but was seen to place his in his pocket. They were both followed by prayer, leaving results in His hand who has said, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I shall send it."

That same evening the one who had kept the invitation was noticed at the meeting in disguise. Here he heard the simple gospel, was himself brought under conviction, and by faith was led to trust in the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The whole object for which he had planned and studied for years thus became altered

in a moment. To go back he could not. The Romish system had too long enlaved his conscience; now he felt free, through believing, and determined not to confer with flesh and blood, but abandon all its connection, and go to other lands to proclaim the truth he had himself found so precious. The next day he called on the keeper of this *café*, told her with joy of his conversion; got for himself a Bible; thanked her repeatedly for her faithfulness, and wished her good-bye, saying he was leaving for a distant land that evening, and probably their next meeting-place would be in the glory.

Dear reader, is your lot cast among Roman Catholics? If so, how are you dealing with them in conversation? Is it their system, or Christ, you place before them? Do not fear to sow the good seed, and in due season you shall reap, if you faint not. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv. 58.)

J. L. D.

WHITHER BOUND?

"**W**HITHER bound?" I asked a stranger,
Who had chanced to cross my way,
As I walked the lonely high road,
On a bright autumnal day.

"Home above!" rang forth the answer,
Sweetly borne upon the air—

"Thither I am hastening onward,
And ere long I shall be there.

"Even now I see the portals
Of my Father's heavenly home;
And methinks I hear Him greet me
With His glad, triumphant 'come.'

"Long has been my earthly journey,
Toilsome, oftentimes, was the road;
But I know a rest awaits me
In the city of my God."

Blessed words, so truly spoken,
How they woke an echoing chord;
And my heart with joy responded,
"Hallelujah! Praise the Lord."

"Whither bound?" I ask *thee*, reader:
Pause and think awhile, my friend;
Thou art ever travelling *onward*,
Tell me what will be the end.

Wilt *thou* find a place made ready
In the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest?

There to dwell through countless ages,
Nevermore on earth to roam;
But to know the full enjoyment
Of that everlasting home.

W. A. G.

STOP SEEKING, AND RECEIVE.

NOT long ago a woman went to see her dying friend, and while she was with her a man who knew Christ (whom to know is life eternal) called also to see the sick one. In the course of conversation he said to the lady visitor, "Have you got Christ?" Such a question had never been put to her. She said, "If he had asked me if I was a Christian I would have said yes, or if he had asked me if I was on the Lord's side then I would have said yes; but to be asked if I had got Christ was entirely new to me." She told the man she had been seeking Christ for years; and to this he replied, "STOP SEEKING, AND RECEIVE." She said, "I left him, and thought I had never heard anything so extraordinary; but I gave up seeking and striving, and just rested." Thus through this brief conversation the Lord saved her soul.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There are many who want rest for their weary souls; but they have not yet found it, and all because they do not by faith go straight to Jesus and trust His FINISHED WORK, which alone can calm the troubled breast, or speak peace to the troubled soul. Many have been religious all their lives, and yet they cannot say, "Christ is mine." Many are blinded with religious pride; and many who are "heady and high-minded" would look with scorn and disdain upon anyone who tried to show them how they might be saved from their sins and from hell. Many prefer to go to hell with religion, others prefer to be lost for ever without it. On the other hand, there are a good many who are anxious to be saved; but who are ignorantly looking for salvation to come to them after saying their prayers, going to church or chapel, and doing no one any harm. The writer had conversation with a person sixty-four years of age, who had been anxious to be saved for over forty years, all the time attending to her prayers, religion, and good works. These things gave her no peace; but at last she had rest and peace through the following verses, which had been commented upon by a fellow-labourer in the gospel—

"Nothing either great or small;
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it *all*,
Long, long ago.

"IT IS FINISHED! Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot.
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?"

"Till to JESUS' WORK you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing—
Doing ends in death."

Shortly after this an aunt of hers trusted Christ, and was saved at the advanced age of eighty-four. One morning as she was coming downstairs, she exclaimed, "I never believed before that people could be saved all at once, and for nothing; but I do believe it now, and I can thank God if I die on these stairs I shall go straight to heaven!" How few there are who receive Christ at this great age! Let us thank God there are some.

A friend of mine once asked a person ninety-six years of age if she ever doubted God. "No," she said, "I ken Him too well for that." She had believed on the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life at the early age of seven, and so she had known what it was to be saved for nearly ninety years. Christ gave her joy unspeakable and full of glory. This same friend asked her if she never found the flesh rising. "Yes," she said, "but when it rises I just put my heel on it." When a person becomes a child of God through faith in Christ, then, and only then, do they begin to see what an awfully sinful nature they have; and as children of God it is their privilege to confess their sins to their FATHER (not to their Judge), and then immediately THEY KNOW their sins are forgiven FROM HIS WORD (not from their feelings); but because He says, "If we confess our sins" (not pray, but name the sins), "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) Then again, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, WE HAVE AN ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins." (1 John ii. 1, 2.)

"As many as received Him" (Christ), "to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on His name." (John i. 12.) Have you received Christ? Is Jesus Christ yours? Are you His? HAS HE SAVED YOUR SOUL? "He that BELIEVETH on the SON HATH" (not shall feel) "everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but THE WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM." (John iii. 36.)

R. G.



A SONG ON THE WAY HOME.

RESTING in Jesus—yes, resting,
Set free from the burden of sin,
For His blood has purchased my pardon,
And given me peace within.
Resting—so sweetly resting,
In the sunshine of His love,
For I know He will never leave me
Till I reach my home above.

Working for Jesus—yes, working,
In service glad and free,
For I think I can hear Him saying,
"I laid down My life for thee;
Go forth in the early morning,
Toil on in the noonday sun:
It is only a little longer,
And then the glad 'Well done!'"

Singing for Jesus—yes, singing
To the weary ones and sad,
Of the blood that purchased my pardon,
Of the love that has made me glad.
Perchance the angels listen,
And would like to join the strain,
But it's ours to tell the story,
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Waiting for Jesus—yes, waiting
The days of labour o'er,
And I'm waiting now, and longing
To reach the heavenly shore,
Or, better still, to meet Him
As He comes to claim His bride,
Descending from the glory
To place her at His side.

Resting with Jesus—yes, resting,
Beyond the toil and heat;
I have reached the many mansions,
And am resting at His feet.
The path was sometimes rugged,
And the way seemed sometimes long,
But I shortened the way with labour,
And cheered the path with song.

J. G. W





EDDOR: J. E. HAWKINS, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.;
and 36, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

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"STOP! I SEE IT ALL."



AT the close of a prayer-meeting at —, Dublin (9th February 1885), I was told there was a person in the hall desiring to see me; and on going out I met a young girl who inquired if I was Miss B—,

I if I had formerly been in —. Upon ng answered in the affirmative, she said, "My er is dying, and is most anxious to see you will you promise to come *to-night*?" Having en her name and address, I said I would go at e (she had to get medicine, &c., and could not ompany me); so, going to the railway, I took my t in the 9.30 train for Lansdowne Road station. I cannot describe my feelings as the train moved ; the circumstances were all so new to me—the eness of the hour, going alone to a strange house, ere I was certain to be an unwelcome visitor, save the girl herself, along with the awful responsi- ility of having to speak to a soul who was just eing into eternity—all these things had a most amnizing effect upon me.

The girl I was going to see was one whom I had only met on three or four occasions, and then, in a passing way, for a few moments at a time. She was a Roman Catholic, and one who appeared to be wholly given to pleasure. On one occasion she came into my then place of business to have a feather cleaned, which she wished to have on a particular day, and on my saying it would be ready for her then, she replied, "I mean to have it on that day without fail, as I know business people have a license to tell lies—promising what they do not perform." This led me to speak solemnly about what it was to sin against God, and of the uncertainty of life—that either of us might be in eternity before that day.

On another occasion, when speaking of a Sunday excursion she was about to take, I made some remark, and quoted, "All seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ, on Sundays as well as on other days." She replied, "I am a Roman Catholic, and do not listen to these things; I know you are a Protestant."

I answered, "Well, if you call yourself a Roman Catholic, and me a Protestant, be it so, still we will both come to the one conclusion, we would like to go to heaven when we die, for I suppose you will admit death will some day come to you—God only knows when—and yet there is only one way to heaven; it is through the precious blood of Jesus only."

"No," said she, "that is what you think, and are taught to hold, but it is all wrong; it is not that easy; you must work hard for it, and then you may get there. You are very wrong."

"Not so, my friend," I replied, "God says the *precious blood of Jesus only*, and I believe Him."

"No," she said, "you are all wrong; but I do not trouble about these things, I am a *true Catholic*, and attend all my duties; but I am determined to see life and have pleasure whenever I can, and I am off to Bray to-morrow."

Some six months elapsed ere I again saw or heard of her, and then it was on her death-bed, the circumstances of which I will now relate.

Two days before she sent for me she had been with some friends at Malahide, when she slipped upon a rock; and in making a great effort to recover, strained herself internally. She was taken home, and the doctors said she had only forty-eight hours to live. Her parents told her she was very ill, and they were going to send for a priest. "No," said she, "I will not see a priest. Send for a lady that I know; for she will tell me about Jesus." The whole of Sunday they put the matter off, but on Monday she insisted, saying, "If you do not send, I will get up and go myself, no matter how bad I am;" and calling her only sister to her, she said, "Alice, why will you not go for that lady?" (she did not even know my name), "I am dying, and you are refusing my last request." Alice went to —, but failing to find me there, brought back word that I had left. Again the dying girl besought her to seek, and not to come back till she had found me. She went to several places, and at last discovered my present address, but found I was absent at the prayer-meeting, to which spot she followed me.

On reaching the house her father opened the door, and I asked if I might see his daughter. He inquired what I knew of her. I replied, "Very little; but I heard this evening she was ill, and I felt I should like to see her."

"Madam, do you belong to the Catholic Church?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I belong to the Church of God; I am simply a sinner saved by grace." He made use of very strong language, and then said, "As she wants to see you, I suppose you must, but it is shocking to have the like of this in one's house."

I entered her room, the door of which was open, and there before me lay a face I well remembered, but *so changed*, for she looked wild with pain of body and mind. She exclaimed, "Oh, you have come at last! You are welcome! I want you to tell me about Jesus;" her mother adding, "and His blessed mother."

"No; *Jesus only*. I am dying! I know where I am, but I do not know where I am going to; it is all dark; it is awful; do tell me about Jesus; sit down and tell me."

"There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6), was my reply to her earnest appeal. "It is God's word, not mine; man's words are of little use in these solemn matters; let us have God's word for it," and taking my Testament from my pocket I read, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22), and "Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 6.) I then continued: "If one thing be more solemn than another, it is to read that 'it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul' (Lev. xvii. 11.) It is not the blood of any mere creature which can atone for sin. Then just think of God's blessed Son, Jesus, shedding His blood for sinners like you and me. Remember Christ's death must come in to have blood-shedding, and it is His blood alone—not tears, prayers, works, or feelings—nothing but His precious blood, can save you from everlasting hell, 'where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'" (Mark. ix. 44.)

The poor mother now looked as if she could stand this no longer, and saying a few things about saints and their goodness, added, "Well, *Mary*, I think you would like to see this lady without me."

Mary answered, "I am dying, mother, and I want only to hear about Jesus—that is *all* I ask her to tell me;" and the mother left the room. Truly God in His own matchless grace cleared the way for me.

"Now, *Mary*," I said, "you think you are dying?"

"I am dying, not because the doctor said it, but I feel and know I am dying."

"Well, since you know this, it is only waste of time to talk much. You are about to meet God—a solemn position, my dear friend, but I dare not keep it back from you, meet God you must. You must meet Him, against whom you and I have sinned, 'for all have sinned' (Rom. iii. 23); but see how Jesus, God's blessed Son, has met all His claims which you and I outraged. Jesus has 'made peace through the blood of His cross.' Jesus has done it all alone, and now all you have to do is to trust that same Jesus. He died for you; accept His offer of salvation, and you are saved for ever. 'Through this man,' Jesus, 'is preached

unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38.)

Then linking three scriptures together to bring Himself before the soul, I said, "Jesus, the Mediator; Jesus, the blood-shedding One; Jesus, the only name whereby we must be saved. He is the only One who can give remission of sins, and the moment you believe in Him you shall receive the forgiveness of your sins." This brought forth:

"I see it clear, and know well He alone can save my soul, but I can't venture enough to die; it is awful. I can't trust; I know I should, and why can't I?"

"Just because you are not looking to Him, and forgetting everything else. Now, why did you send for me?"

"Because I knew no one else to tell me about Jesus, and I am afraid to die. If I only felt Jesus would have me, I would not care what happened to me."

"But how did you know I would come?"

"I felt sure if you heard I was dying, and wanted you, you would come. From what I knew of you I felt I could trust you."

"And do you think I am better and more to be trusted than the blessed Lord, who shed His precious blood on the cross for you? Come now, did I ever die for you? Is my word more to be depended on than His, which will never pass away? Listen to it," and I read 1 Peter i. 25, and Luke xvi. 17.

"You are good, but He is far better," she said.

"Thank God," I replied, "for these four words, for they show confidence in Him—'He is far better.' Truly He is ten thousand times better than we give Him credit for."

"But I can't feel yet that I could die," she replied; "it is awful. I see and know well now all that Jesus has done for me, and yet I can't say I am willing to die. Oh, my——" and here a long struggle ensued. She then went on to say, "I know it was for bad people He died, and I am *so* bad."

"That word 'sinners' is your grand title to Him. It was for sinners Jesus died. Are you too good to be saved by Him? or are you too bad?"

"No, indeed, how could I be too good for Him? and you read His blood would wash *all* sins away, and Himself forgive *all* sins and pardon, and, oh, I do want Jesus!"

"Well," I said, "let us pray, and ask Him to fix your eye *now* on Himself, where He is in glory. He is not on the cross now. His eye has been on you since you were born, though you may not have thought of Him. May He by the power of the Holy Spirit set your eye on Himself just now. One verse more to let you see God's love and Jesus', both on your behalf," and I read, "'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John iii. 16.) God so loved *you*, that He gave *Jesus*, and it is God's pleasure to save you the moment you believe in Jesus."

I knelt in prayer, and about five or six sentences were expressed when she placed her dear dying hand on my arm, and said, "STOP! I SEE IT ALL." Her face told even more than words the joy she had found in Him. "Yes, Lord Jesus, I can and will trust you!" she exclaimed. "I know you are well able to carry me over. I do not fear to die; I will trust you, blessed Jesus; your dear blood was shed for me;" and her hitherto pent-up feelings found relief in tears of joy and gratitude, and she then added, "The Man Lord Jesus—why did I not trust you at first? why did I not believe in you long ago?"

A few scriptures were read, to show that salvation, rest, and peace were hers now to enjoy, and then I said, "Shall we thank Him for coming from the Father's glory to this sinful world to save sinners like you and me?"

"Oh, but I will soon be with Him," she replied, "and will thank Him, and thank Him."

"But let us do it now too," and I began, but soon her voice put mine to silence, for she prayed, and it was prayer, such as I never heard before, the breathings of a new-born and delighted soul, filled with joy and thankfulness: still there was deep, true sorrow for the long past waste of time, and not even wanting to know Him till she was afraid to die, and then, even then, He accepted her.

At this point her mother entered the room, and Mary exclaimed, "Oh, mother! Oh, mother! I am going to Jesus. I know where I am going to *now*—it is all so bright; I am going to Jesus. He shed His *own* blood; it is His blood I am trusting *alone*, and He—yes, He is carrying me."

The poor mother would not permit her to go on without interrupting her about saints, &c., but Mary continued, "Dear mother, it is easy to die with Jesus, but awful! awful! if you do not entirely

trust Him. You may, if it is any pleasure to you and father, send for the priest *now*, for I have got Jesus; he can't take Him from me, but he never told me of Jesus *alone*, and His blood. No works, only His own work on the cross." The mother was still trying to get a word in for the saints, and begging her to look to the "blessed mother" before it would be *too* late. "No," said Mary, "*she* never shed her blood for me, it was Jesus *only* did that; long enough I was looking, and praying to her and the saints, and so I was near enough *indeed*, dear mother, of being too late, and having nothing but darkness for ever. But for Jesus I should have been, and I will trust Him *only*; no priest can take Him from me. Sure he can't," she said, turning to me; "does not the Bible tell us so?" And once more the precious word, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life . . . nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39), was read.

The mother left, refusing to stay whilst I read the Bible, but soon returned again with Alice, when Mary said, "Trust Jesus only. Oh if I had only done it long before this, how happy I would be! Dear mother, will you look only to Jesus, my Saviour? Do promise me! And will you, my Alice? will you? I can't, no, I can't forget you, dear Alice, you did it for me; I do love you for it, more than I can tell you." The mother exclaimed, "Stop! stop! child—child, it is damnation to listen to you." She replied, "Dear mother, it is God, and Jesus, who have promised, and taken *bad* me, and I am happy, for I am going to Jesus."

The father called Alice away, and I did not see her again, and I now said, "Mary, I will leave you, as I feel your dear mother, father, and sister are those who should be near you now." The mother said, "Yes, when you have done her damnation, and sent her to hell, you go; you are bad."

Mary did not quite catch all she said, and asked what it was. I replied, "It is no matter, dear, I am going; have you any fear of death or meeting God?"

"No, indeed," she replied, "I am going to Jesus, God's Son. Nothing to fear now. Yes, mother, to Jesus."

She took leave of me most affectionately, and said—"I am going to Jesus, and you will come after me; I will meet you again, I know, but speak for Jesus when and wherever you can, no matter to whom."

I left for the twelve o'clock train. Next morning I called early, but Mary had gone to the Lord between three and four o'clock, and I gathered that she was equally bright to the end, for they spoke of her "stubborn and devilish doctrine," and firmness in it to the last, and said very hard things of her.

Her parents sent for the priest, but she was gone when he arrived. I asked, "Did she wish for the priest before she died?" "No, indeed," they replied, "it was only what she said while you were in the room that gave us any hope of getting him, and we sent at once for the first we could get."

Such, dear reader, are the simple details of the way taken by the God of matchless grace to reach and bring salvation to a precious soul, where so many difficulties stood in the way. The desire which was awakened in her soul to hear about "Jesus" He took means to meet and satisfy. She was in real earnest, and where such is the case, He will move heaven and earth to bring it to pass. My reader may be one of those who are more privileged than was Mary; who have the word of God in their hands; who hear the Gospel constantly; who may have Christian parents or friends, who have again and again spoken to them on the subject; and yet have never allowed themselves to be *really* in earnest, and consequently all the privileges only deepen the condemnation which at this moment rests on all those who have not been brought, like this dear girl, to find Jesus *only*, and His work on the cross *alone*, as the foundation on which to rest, and which gave her such perfect peace and boldness. If such be the case, may this be the moment when you will be led to see the danger in which you stand, and flee *now* to that One who is so ready and willing to bless and save.

A. M. B.

HIS MOTHER'S BIBLE.



OME time ago there was a pious widow living in the northern part of England, on whom, in consequence of the loss she had sustained, devolved the sole care of a numerous family, consisting of seven daughters and one son.

It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious habits which promote the present happiness and the immortal welfare of man. Her efforts were crowned with success so far the female branches of her family were concerned.

But, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care, and became her scourge and her cross. He loved worldly company and pleasure; till, having impoverished himself, it became necessary that he should go to sea.

When he took leave of his mother, she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book, and read it for her sake.

He was borne far away upon the bosom of the trackless deep, and year after year elapsed without any tidings of her boy.

She occasionally visited the metropolis, and, in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of him.

On one occasion she accidentally met, at a party in London, a sea captain, of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of "Charles," and added, perhaps with too little reserve and caution, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad that it were a good thing if he and all like him were at the bottom of the sea.

Pierced to her inmost soul, this unhappy mother withdrew from the house, and resolved in future upon a strict retirement, in which she might indulge and hide her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," was her language, "mourning for my son." She fixed her residence at one of the seaports on the northern coast.

After the lapse of some years a half-naked sailor knocked at her door to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and a "fine young gentleman were the only individuals, of a whole ship's crew, that were saved. We were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow, I never shall forget it."

And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment. He wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book, he talked of nothing but this

book and his mother, and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services.

"'There, Jack,' he said, 'take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God bless you—it's all I've got.' And then he clasped my hand, and died in peace."

The sailor, dragging from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, held it up, exclaiming, "And here's the very book, too!"

The lady seized the Testament, descried her *own handwriting*, and beheld *the name of her son*, coupled with her own, on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold, thy son liveth."

Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"Will you part with that book, my honest fellow?" said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic.

"No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money—not for all the world. He gave it to me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which I hope I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it until I part with the breath out of my body."

"SHE'S SAVED! SHE'S SAVED!"

BY S. BLOW.



WAS holding special gospel meetings in the centre of a country district. While going from house to house, leaving tracts and speaking a word to any who had an ear for the gospel, I came to the door of a person who seemed little inclined to take a leaflet, and appeared to be what some would call rather "high-minded." As she stood at the open door of her cottage, bluntly refusing to accept a gospel tract, saying she had plenty of good books inside, I noticed a framed engraving hanging on the wall directly facing the door. As this picture represented a terrible fire that took place on the banks of the Thames in the year 185—, I drew the woman's attention to it, told her I had witnessed that fire, and knew a thrilling incident in connection with it, and would relate it if she had no objection. This mode of procedure at once gained

her confidence, and in another moment I was inside the house relating to her the following story, which gave me a fine opportunity of preaching the gospel, and, I trust, not without eternal results. During this terrible conflagration, and while the angry flames were consuming pile after pile of huge warehouses, a woman was seen at a window pressing closely to her bosom a child, and appearing to be frantically crying for help. It was evident all hope of escape was cut off by the merciless flames, and before her the deep flowing river appeared like one sheet of fire. Hence any effort to reach her was hopeless, and this the poor woman seemed to be conscious of, but sooner than be burned to death she preferred leaping, at all hazard, into the Thames below, and when she could stand the heat no longer, she was seen to clasp her darling child, and then give a plunge with her precious freight into the river. As soon as her form had disappeared in the water, a boat was seen to dart from a shadowy part of some of the buildings close by, to the spot where the woman and child had sunk, and then in a few minutes, by the glare of the fire, it was seen that both had been successfully rescued from an untimely end and a watery grave. This marvellous rescue of the woman and her child called forth a hearty, spontaneous shout of approbation from the crowds that thronged the bridge and lined the barges and banks of the Thames, while the words "*She's saved! She's saved!*" were heard re-echoing and reverberating through that vast mighty throng.

Yes, saved from a burning house, saved from a watery grave! How thankful, how glad that woman must have been when she became conscious of her marvellous deliverance. And just so is the sinner when he or she knows they have been eternally delivered—saved from a woeful death and an eternal hell. *Saved!* but saved by another, and that Saviour Christ the Lord, the only One who can and does save.

Reader, have you been thus delivered—saved; saved for time and saved for eternity? And as that poor woman knew she had been saved from an untimely death, so they who have trusted in Jesus *know* they are saved. There is joy in the presence of God and of Christ in heaven when a sinner is saved from the wrath to come.

It is a grand thing to have the soul saved! And just as the persons who witnessed the deliverance of this woman and child rejoiced, so Christians rejoice over the salvation of sinners. Whatever else may

be lost, health, property, friends, all is but of little moment provided the soul is saved. One who was deeply anxious about his eternal welfare said, "If I am to be saved, it must be to-night." He was saved there and then through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And this is how a sinner is saved, if saved at all—only by believing on God's Christ. The answer to the question of the Philippian jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"The cross, the cross,
Redemption's standard raising;
I see the banner wave.
Sing on, sing on,
Salvation's captain praising—
'Tis Christ alone can save."

TOO LATE.

LATE! Late! Too late!
Ye cannot enter in!
The door is shut, in vain ye wait,
The Bridegroom's gone within.
The hour of mercy now is o'er;
Judgment hath closed the open door;
Judgment from Him whose grace before
Ye spurned from love of sin!

Late! Late! Too late!
Ye cannot enter now!
The music wakes within the gates,
The garlands crown the brow;
The heavenly strains that reach your ear,
Their very sweetness makes most dear—
Filling your hearts with boding fear,
Ye cannot enter now!

Late! Late! Too late!
Why came ye not before?
Did He not long with patience wait,
And open keep the door?
Did He not many a message send?
Did He not woo you as a friend?
Why did ye not His voice attend?
The day of grace is o'er!

Late! Late! Too late!
Ye cannot enter now!
Barred for ever is the gate—
Mercy averts her brow.
The voice that called you to repent
Hath sworn, and He will not relent;
Your day of mercy all is spent,
Ye cannot enter now!

The Watchman's Message.



THE SIN-OFFERING.



THE SIN-OFFERING.

THE first offering brought by Moses was a bullock for a sin-offering; and Aaron and his sons laid their hands upon the head of the bullock, and thus as it were identified themselves with the offering, and typically transferred their sin from off themselves to the bullock appointed to bear it. So a sinner, when he trusts in the finished work of the Lord Jesus, believes that His sin was borne by Christ. Like the verse—

"By faith I lay my hand
On that dear Head of Thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

Without shedding of blood there is no remission; and the Lord Jesus, as the Lamb of God, shed His blood—offered up Himself—and now we can say, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from ALL sin." His blood fully and for ever satisfied the claims of divine holiness; and on the ground of that perfect sacrifice God can meet the sinner, and manifest forth the abounding grace of His heart. Atonement has been made; the two parties who were opposed—the holy God and the rebel sinner—have now a ground of meeting; reconciliation has been made in perfect righteousness. That which the blood of bulls and of goats could never do, save only in measure as they pointed forward to Christ, has been done by Him eternally; and on the ground of the merits of His death God now beseeches sinners to be reconciled to Him.

"I MUST WAIT GOD'S TIME."



SUCH were the words said only the other day by one who had been brought up by truly Christian parents—one who had been accustomed to hear God's word preached plainly and simply, and who with an open Bible in their hands could read for themselves what God has to say on the subject of such deep, eternal importance as the soul's salvation; and how many precious souls there are thus kept quiet by Satan! He perhaps tells them, as he did in the case of the one referred to above—they must wait till they feel their sins get heavier; or perhaps he will tell you that God's time has not come yet, and that you must just wait till He pleases to save you; but, dear reader, if such be your case, be assured it is an effort of Satan to try to keep you from getting blessing, and it is a solemn thing to be thus led by him who is a liar and a deceiver from the beginning. What does God say in Isaiah i. 18? "*Come now.*" Read it again, and remember it is God's word. "*Come now.*" Is it, Come to-morrow? or, Wait a little longer? No; to-morrow may find you in eternity! and where? No; God says, "Come now . . . saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Yes, God's time is now. He now offers you a full, free, and eternal salvation, and it is only to believe and it is yours. Do not, I pray you, allow yourself to be deceived by Satan. Another day and your doom may be to be in the scorching, surging flames of the lake of fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; where the sting of conscience will be that you refused to accept God's salvation at the time He offered it you. Oh, I pray you, be warned in time! God may never give another offer. God wants to save you. Will you not trust Him? And He wants to save you now. Listen to what He says again—"Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." Oh, dear unsaved soul, do not wait any longer, but accept God's word, and salvation will be yours! Christ will be yours; life, peace, and joy will be yours; yea, all things will be yours, and only through simply taking God at His word, believing what He says about His well-beloved Son, that He finished the work more than 1800 years ago; and now it is the joy of God's heart to bless you just where you are, and just as you

are. May God by His Spirit open your eyes to see that you have not to wait for God, but that He waits to save you.

"All things are ready, come!
To-morrow may not be.
Oh, sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee!"

THE MAN WITHOUT THE WEDDING GARMENT.



IT is the wedding-day of a king's son in an eastern city. The guests are all reclining around the festal board, clad in wedding-robes, provided, according to the custom of the times, by their host. The king comes in to greet his guests, when, lo! his eyes behold amid the throng a man without the king's provided wedding-robe, and wearing a garment of his own. It may either have been his pride or his self-sufficiency that caused him to despise the royal garment and wear his own, but it could not be permitted within the palace of the king. The eyes of all were fixed upon him as the question fell from the king's lips, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding-garment? And he was speechless;" and from that royal hall, with its brilliancy and its happy throng, he was carried forth, bound hand and foot, and cast without into the darkness of the night, to lament his folly and bewail his loss.

Reader, this sad tale has a solemn voice to you. The scene has often been repeated, in the history of souls in professing Christendom, since this story was uttered by the Lord.

Men profess to be the friends of God; they come among His people; they take His name upon their lips. They come as guests invited to the feast that celebrates the victory, and anticipates the glory of His Son; but are they all His friends in very truth! Have they all the wedding-garment on? Have they loathed their own righteousness, and accepted Christ as their only covering wherein to appear before God? Alas! there are many who have not. They cling to their own, and despise God's righteousness, and their doom and destiny are pronounced in the closing words of this solemn parable.

Reader, how is it with you? and how will it be when the testing moment comes? Will you be with those within the palace of the King—accepted in Christ, or with those without, in the darkness of eternal woe, condemned and rejected?

HAPPY TOM.



THE Isle of Athelney, where King Alfred hid himself from the Danes, is a memorable spot in the East of England.

In that neighbourhood many *spiritual* conquests over the powers of darkness have been witnessed.

One trophy of divine grace was that of Thomas D——, who was well known as being far, very far, from God, by sin and wicked works. He was a strong, powerful man, and in his reckless course would, as a farm-workman, sometimes perform wonderful feats of labour. Through this he at length ruptured a blood-vessel, was laid aside from

all work, and though he lived a considerable time after, the injury eventually brought him to the grave. During his long illness I had many interviews with him. At first he was so sullen that it was painful in the extreme. He would roll over in his bed and turn away, as if determined not to listen to instruction. He was reminded of his awful danger, and

pointed to HIM whose atoning blood cleanseth us from *all* sin. But labour seemed to be in vain, and strength spent for nought. But no! although this distressing state of things continued for some time, yet the precious seed sown in tears was not lost. The Faithful Promiser, who commands the light to shine out of darkness, shined into his heart. There was a slight movement of the head, an inclining of the ear to receive the message. He



hearkened, and his soul was made to live. Quickened from the long sleep of death, and under deep conviction of his guilt, he exclaimed, "I feel I am a wicked sinner! my sins seem too heavy to be pardoned!"

"I want," said he, "to be able to say, I am saved! I hope I shall! I beg the blessed Jesus to pardon my sins." Thus coming to Him, the God of hope soon filled his thirsting soul with all joy and peace in believing, and he now longed to be *with* Christ. One morning he said, "I shall go happy now; I love Him more than my own soul. I thought I should have died in the night, and I should dearly like to have gone. He will hold out His arms to receive me, and I won't be afraid." Love had cast out fear.

One night two messengers came to say that Tom appeared to be dying. It was about midnight when I entered the sick-chamber. I enquired, "Are you happy?" He exclaimed, "Happy, happy, happy!"

Should this simple narrative be read by some heavy-laden sinner craving to see clearly the way to be saved, think of poor

Tom, the cottager. He had no trust in forms and ceremonies; no! but he went *direct* to CHRIST. Take the same course, poor soul, and without doubt you will be able to say—

"His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne:
He shall have all the praise, for He
Hath loved and lived and died for me."

A. O.

→* LOOKING ÷ TO ÷ JESUS. *←

LOOKING only to Jesus, the Crucified One,
Who invites all that mourn: will you come?
will you come? [the Cross.
All my sins have been washed by the Blood of
Sinful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.

Oh, how oft have I heard of the Saviour who died,
That my fears might be quelled, and my tears all
be dried: [yield
But, alas! my proud heart was too stubborn to
To His kind invitation to come and be healed.

But at length God in mercy has led me to see
That if I would find safety to Christ I must flee;
The avenger of blood I have seen on my track,
But with Jesus my refuge I'll never turn back.

Still to Jesus I'll look, though life's journey be
long;
When approaching the river let this be my song:
All my sins washed away in the peace-speaking
blood, [to God.
Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take me

"HAVING MADE PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF HIS CROSS,
BY HIM TO RECONCILE ALL THINGS UNTO HIMSELF."

COL. I. 20.

"ACQUAINT NOW THYSELF WITH HIM, AND
BE AT PEACE: THEREBY GOOD SHALL
COME UNTO THEE."

JOS. XXII. 31.

Being Justified by Faith,

WE HAVE

PEACE : WITH : GOD

THROUGH

Our Lord Jesus Christ.

ROM. V. 1.

"PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE I
GIVE UNTO YOU: NOT AS THE WORLD
GIVETH, GIVE I UNTO YOU."

JOS. XIV. 27.

STOP, thou heavy-laden stranger!
In thy dark benighted road;
Thou art in the path of danger,
And it leads from God.
Clouds and darkness are around thee,
Great and many are thy foes,
Satan with his chain has bound thee,
This the Saviour knows.

Jesus' loving heart yearns o'er thee,
And His arms would thee embrace,
See what wondrous love and glory,
Beam in His dear face!
He can meet thy soul so wretched,
And can heal thy deepest woes,
Lo! His hand is still outstretched,
This His own word shows.

"FOR THE TRANSGRESSION OF MY
PEOPLE WAS HE STRICKEN,"

ISAIAH LIII. 8.

BLESSED IS HE

WHOSE

TRANSGRESSION

IS FORGIVEN.

Whose sin is covered.

PSALM XXXII. 1.

"THOU HAST FORGIVEN THE INIQUITY OF
THY PEOPLE, THOU HAST COVERED
ALL THEIR SIN."

PSALM LXXII. 2.

"BY HIM ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED
FROM ALL THINGS."

ACTS XIII. 39.



SHINING FOR JESUS.

IN the year 18—, during my sojourn in India, I first became acquainted with a dear brother in Christ—K. A. C. My first interview with him was after the week-night preaching, when a friend, drawing me on one side, said, "I want to introduce to you a young friend just arrived from H. K." I saw a stranger at a distance, tall and rather slight in figure. As we drew near, I saw he had more than an ordinary share of personal attractions. His complexion was delicately fair, his head well set and covered with fair, close-curved hair; and as he returned our greeting, his classical features were rendered still more attractive by the pleasant smile that played about his mouth. Our interview was but a minute or two, but an indelible impression was left upon my mind that there was peace within that the world could neither give nor take away. He had come to reside in the town in which I was living, and owning the Lord, had sought out His people, and thus was at once in the midst of friends. Few know as well as those who have lived in heathen lands how glad a Christian is to meet with other Christians, and how much more they cling together than those in more favoured lands. Thus we soon became well acquainted with K. A. C., and entertained for him deservedly warm affection and profound esteem. He was the son of Christian parents, and, with two brothers, had been brought up by a widowed mother in the old country. And truly that mother had found her Lord all that He had promised to be—"A judge to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, in His holy habitation." Though two of the three were in the East, far, far away from her, yet she had the rest and joy of soul in knowing that they, as well as the remaining one with whom she made her home in England, had been gathered in by the Good Shepherd, and were of His flock.

And here let me say a word to parents—to mothers especially. Bring up your children for the Lord, "train them in the way they should go," and leave results to Him. But in order to know the way you must read His word—read it prayerfully, read it frequently, and always with a subject heart and mind. It contains all the directions you need—let it guide and advise you, rather than be advised by

human counsellors. The Lord's way now is to bless His people through His word; He will honour it.

Dear K. A. C. was in the employ of the Telegraph Company, and, with the other clerks, shared the home provided by the Company with every necessary and comfort suitable to a tropical climate. But to him there was something lacking. He longed for *Christian intercourse*, and he did not find that in the "Barracks," as they termed their dwelling.

Do you remember, dear friends, God has said, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another;" and do you know what it is to prefer speaking of Him to any other subject? or reading some book that tells of Him, in preference to the newspapers or any other literature? Do you know what it is to go into your room and shut your door, and *enjoy* an hour alone with Him? This was appreciated by my young friend, but he found much to clash with his tastes, and it was almost impossible to get an hour alone in a house where every sleeping apartment was shared with two or three others. It is not in the heart of man to seek God for himself. The natural heart, that is, the heart that has not yet been turned to God by the Spirit of God, does not, cannot take pleasure in the things of God; it cannot even understand them. But the things of this world, its fashions and amusements, fit in with the tastes of the worldling; and thus K. A. C. soon found he had nothing in common with his fellow-clerks, who regarded him as a recluse, and that he must alone walk with God; and so for a time he, like a light in a dark place, went in and out amongst them, by his life testifying for God, where perhaps words would not have proved acceptable.

After a few months, the manager of the company, who was known to me, gave him permission to leave the "Barracks" to stay with me, and in my quiet home he came to dwell. There the light shone on, brightly and steadily, without once wavering during the few weeks that remained of his earthly course. He spoke more by his *life* than by words, of which he was rather sparing; dwelling under the same roof brought us often together, and opened up to others the loveliness of his character. A conspicuous trait was, thought for others, to the disregard of self in every way, and unvarying cheerfulness; but what arrested my attention most, was his habit of taking, as from the Lord, whatever might befall him. If we know the Lord, we ought

to trust Him and be careful for nothing. But I am sure we very often fail here, and well might He put to us the question, "Where is your faith?" Cultivate the grace of trying to see the Lord's hand in everything. There are many things that seem to come from the hand of man; but no, if we are the Lord's, by the time they reach us, they are from the hand of the Lord to us, and recognising this, will be a power that will take us on day by day through great events and small, through pleasant and unpleasant ones, with an evenness and sweetness of spirit that will recommend before the world the Christianity we profess. The world may not read the Bible, but it does read Christians. Let us therefore hearken to the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may glorify your Father who is in heaven." Let it shine brightly in the *little* things that make up so large a portion of our lives.

I remember so well, one evening K.A.C. had to return to office, and in order that he might not be hurried I ordered dinner half an hour earlier; but it was rather later than usual, so that in the midst he begged to be excused, and rose to leave the table. While expressing my regret and vexation at the carelessness of the servants, slightly tending to reach my ear, he said in a low tone, "I have had as much as is good for me, if I needed more there would be time to take it;" and with his usual sweet smile he bade us "good night," and stepped lightly along the hall out into the night air. This is but one of the *little* things we are all subject to be tried by. Do we stand the test, or succumb under it? Do we recognise the hand of God in such? or do we say, I am tried by the servants or by someone else, and not by God; if it came from God I would bear it, or try to bear it? Look higher, and you will see not even is there a hair upon your head but it is a numbered hair. (Matt. x. 30.) And what is there less than that?

Two or three weeks passed. It was the morning of the Lord's-day. We all met at 6 a.m. and took a cup of coffee. Immediately after K.A.C. left, as he was needed at the office for a few hours. He seemed in his usual health. At 8 a.m. he returned, saying he was not well, and during the day he became worse. The doctor thought it was merely a slight indisposition, and hoped to set him right in a few hours. Towards evening, as the sun began to sink, a stream of golden light, for one minute, fell upon his face from the position in which he was

reclining; so lovely and spiritual did his countenance appear that at that moment I felt he too was like unto that glorious orb *quickly passing away*. The conviction so overcame me, I had to turn aside; and after he had retired for the night, I went once and again to see him. Before morning he was in high fever. During that day and the following the doctors (two) were in constant attendance. No care nor expense was spared, yet the fever made terrible havoc. Perfectly conscious—his heart at leisure from itself—he seemed much more thoughtful for his nurses than for himself, and reluctant to give trouble. During the Tuesday I said, "I could wish your dear mother were within reach." "I was thinking," he said cheerfully, "how happy she would be to know I was here, and so well cared for. Had I been taken ill while I was at the 'Barracks' I should have been sent to the hospital; then how different it would have been." Towards evening he enquired, "Who is going to sit up with me to-night?" I said, "Mrs. K. and I." He replied, "I should like you to have some rest; but I believe the Lord is going to take me to Himself to-night." I gazed for a moment upon that placid brow, and mentally repeated—

"So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
Because he clings to Thee."

Whether he was called upon to forego a meal, or lie down and die, it was all one to him, if it came from his Father's hand.

"Jesus! Thou art enough
The mind and heart to fill;
Thy patient life—to calm the soul;
Thy love its fear dispel."

But how would it be with you, my reader, if you had the conviction that to-night your soul would be required of you? Are you prepared to go into the presence of God? Are you converted, "born again," as the Lord puts it? Have you been bowed down before Him because of your sins, and stood there self-condemned? Read what He says to such: "He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." While it is no new thing, but as old—nearly two thousand years old—for the believer to be "ready," and "desirous to depart and be with Christ." For the unbelievers to leave this world, is but to exchange it for the place "prepared for the devil and his angels." Think of it. How is it with you?

Shortly after K.A.C. had said these words, one of the doctors entered the room. I drew him aside, and repeated the communication I had received: "Yes," he answered slowly, "to-night is the crisis; if he gets through it he may live." He went and stood over him without speaking. After a thoughtful gaze, that lasted about a minute, he broke the silence by saying, "How old are you?" "Twenty-three," was the quiet reply. Then giving directions, he left, saying he would return before night. I placed myself close to the dear sufferer's bed-side, and repeated some hymns, which he seemed to like; the last one was—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest," &c.

I spoke a little of the verses as I proceeded. When I reached the last verse—"Till travelling days are done"—he took my hand and pressed it firmly. I believe he was not conscious after this, for delirium came on, which lasted till midnight. The doctor, who had been with us some time, then left, saying he would return at daylight. His patient had fallen asleep, or rather into a state of coma, from which he awoke at the first streak of early dawn to find himself, not on his bed with loving, sorrowing friends around him, but in the presence of Him who loved him as no human heart *can* love, and for whose sake He had "borne the cross and endured the shame," and now rejoiced over him as the fruit of the travail of His soul.

Taking one last look before the coffin lid was screwed down, the words of Willis came forcibly to mind—

"Alas, my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou who wast made so beautifully fair;
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave its stillness in this clustering hair;
How could He mark thee for the silent tomb?"

But we knew he, all that constituted himself, was already with the Lord up there; and it was but the poor, cast-off body which was that same afternoon followed to the grave by a long train of friends—including all the telegraph staff that could be spared. For these latter, during the illness of K.A.C., had shown every sign of interest and sympathy, and now wished to offer the only mark that was left to them of respect and esteem for their now departed friend; and one of the number, alluding to his being taken so unexpectedly, and at so early an age, said, "If there is a shade of comfort about it, it is knowing he was better prepared for it than any of the rest of us would

have been." Mark how his life had testified for God, and that there had not been wanting eyes to behold it. Perhaps we little think how the professing Christian is watched by the world, and what honour or dishonour he is daily bringing upon his Lord. May we who are His seek more and more to *live* Christ daily, hourly—nay, every moment of our lives.

When the telegrams reached the poor mother—telling first of her son's dangerous illness, and then stating he was gone—her heart was bowed with grief, and anxious questions naturally arose in her heart as to his surroundings, &c., during the time he was laid aside. And would she ever hear particulars? Was there anyone who would think of writing, or take the trouble to do so? This, like many other of her life's burdens, she took to the Lord, and He bore it for her and sustained her. She was quite submissive to His will about it; and so gracious is He, that He soon put a song of praise into her mouth; for she got minute details of everything; learned that her place had been supplied, as far as it was possible, by attentive and loving hands and hearts; learned that he knew he was about to depart, and was happy at the prospect of being so soon with the Lord. And what could she desire more? She, like her dear boy, looked on the bright side, and her heart overflowed with grateful thanks to her God and Father; and it was still left to her to glorify Him a little longer down here, and then in the bright presence of the Lord she will meet her dear son, and parting will be unknown.

Christian parents and children, seek ye first God's will, God's honour; yield yourselves to Him, and never fear but He will make your most trivial need His care.

K. H. T.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

THE power of God is the same now to save souls as it was in the days of the apostles, when three thousand were born of God, who gladly received *the Word* in one day (Acts ii. 41), and shortly after many heard *the Word*, and believed, and the number of them was about five thousand. (Acts iv. 4.)

The Lord has given in many places this summer the "hearing ear," as His servants have gone out to preach the Word: now to a group in a colliery village—men lolling about, for they are on "night shift;" women standing at their cottage doors with babies in their arms; or in a country village, on a

summer's evening, where the pure gospel is seldom heard; or, even better still, in a large town, where the crowd soon gathers.

It was in a place like this last that the writer was having open-air meetings, where many stood round and listened eagerly to addresses that were delivered. Many hundreds heard the glad tidings, and afterwards received gospel books. The seed was sown, and no doubt it has brought, and will bring, forth fruit unto life eternal.

The writer has been privileged to see not a few pass from death unto life during the year that is gone; and if you could have seen the marvellous change that took place you would have known what a real thing it is to accept Christ.

It will soon be six months since we left this large town, and two days ago I received a letter from a youth, who professed to trust Christ along with his two brothers one day when we visited their father's house. We put the truth before the father, and since then, although saved before, he has been delivered from the commandments and traditions of men. His wife and daughter have very recently been converted to God; and this son says, in his letter, that six of the family have now been baptized (Matt. xxviii. 18-20; Acts ii. 41; viii. 12), and gathered out unto the name of the Lord (Matt. xviii. 20; 1 Cor. v. 4); and now it is their delight to remember the Lord Jesus on the first day of the week in the breaking of bread and in the drinking of the cup, according to the Lord's own commandment (Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xi. 23-26), owning the truth of Ephesians iv. 1-6: One body, one Spirit, one hope, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

Father, mother, three sons, and one daughter have joy unspeakable in Christ, who has loved them and washed them from their sins in His own precious blood.

Among other things, I told them of twin brothers of whom I once heard. These brothers lived in a remote part of America, and they were so like each other that you could not distinguish between them. Their features appeared to be the same; but there was one very great difference. One had trusted Christ, and had eternal life (John iii. 36), while the other brother was "dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. ii. 5.) The latter sped home on one occasion with blood-bespattered garments, and his brother, on seeing him, inquired what had taken place,

when the sad confession was made: "I've killed a fellow-creature, and if they find me out I shall have to die; they are after me." The Christian brother was deeply moved with pity, and said, "I am willing to die for you, if you will exchange clothes with me." I understand they had what they call lynch-law at that time, and under that law they killed any one suspected of murder without trial. The twin brothers just had time to strip and to exchange suits; the innocent brother put on the murderer's garments, while the guilty one took his brother's clothes. It was scarcely done before there was a rush at the door; inside they came searching for the murderer. They could not tell one brother from the other, so they began looking for marks of blood, and these were easily found. They at once suspected the innocent man of murder, not knowing that they had changed clothes, and quickly they hurried him into eternity by taking away his life. The innocent one thus willingly died for the guilty! Surely this was very great love. But Christ has shown infinitely greater love; for He died for the ungodly, for sinners, for His enemies. (Rom. v. 6, 8, 10.) "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." (John x. 11.) "Be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him [Christ] to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made *the righteousness of God in Him*." (2 Cor. v. 20, 21.) "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (Isa. lxiv. 6.) Paul did not want to be found in such filthy clothing as his own good works; he counted *all loss* for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus His Lord, wishing only to "be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is *through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith*." (Phil. iii. 8, 9.)

We see in Romans iii. that all have broken God's law; but in Christ we have a substitute. He met every claim of that holy law for His own people: "He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it" (Eph. v. 25), purchasing it with His own blood.

How can I know that He died for me? You can know it from John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth in Him* should *not* perish, but have everlasting life."

The murderer *believed* his innocent brother, and

so stripped off his own and put on his brother's clothes. You believe Christ who once suffered for sins; for "by Him all that believe *are* justified [more than pardoned] from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii. 39.) The law proves all to be guilty, and "the law entered," not to save, but "that the offence might abound." (Rom. v. 20.) The law condemns every one but whosoever trusts in Christ, who became the sinner's substitute by being delivered for his offences, and raised again for the justification of every one that believes in Him. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. iv. 25, and v. 1.)

The murderer could not be saved by lynch-law; but his innocent brother could and did save him by dying for him.

The sinner cannot be saved by law; but Christ through His own death reconciles every believing sinner to God.

God loves you; be reconciled to Him before the brittle thread of life is snapped. If you die in your sins, you will be cast into the lake of fire. (Rev. xx. 15.)

Heaven or Hell for Eternity! Which?

THE END OF AN INFIDEL.

IT is but a few short years back when the subject of which I write (Mr. B——, of O——) came into a house where a man, wife, and children were spending the first day of the week in reading God's word, and prayer, when, as near as can be remembered, the following conversation took place: "Do you believe that book?" "If you will kindly wait till we have finished our reading your questions shall be answered." Having finished, he was told that we believed every word written therein. Upon this he said, "If you will allow me, I will show you how absurd it is to believe a book that so contradicts itself;" and referred to several portions which the so-called Freethinkers are in the habit of quoting, each of which were answered by the word of God. About an hour was spent thus, when the writer exhorted and entreated him to turn from his wicked ways and believe what God had written, not only about the Creation, but about His beloved Son, whom He had given in love to die for such sinners as he and I, and telling him what great things God had done for the writer in pardoning his sins and filling his heart with joy and gladness. Upon this he became very angry, and said he was

not a great sinner after all; he paid his way, did nobody any harm, and meant to go on as he had been going, and he did not believe in Christ, except that, as a man, He certainly was the best specimen he ever heard of, but no more. The writer now questioned him as to how it was that he had been for many years a local preacher in one of the denominations if he did not believe in Christ? "I tell you," said he, "I simply preached humanitarianism; I could not preach Christ, as I do not believe in Him." After much conversation of this kind, he threatened if he caught the writer preaching Christ he would stone him! As it now came on to rain very heavily, he was asked to stay and have some dinner, which he did—refusing to take his hat off while thanks were given unto God for the food. While partaking of dinner, how the writer did look to God for this poor soul—a man of no ordinary intelligence, knowing the word of God from beginning to end, of great talent. He daily spent four hours' labour and four hours' study, successively, and was a man of herculean strength, but all seemed dark. As the rain now ceased, he intimated his intention of going home, and the writer accompanied him part of the way, and again entreated him to think of his never-dying soul, and believe God; telling him not to resist the Holy Ghost. At the name of the Holy Ghost, he blasphemed and passed remarks which are not fit to put on paper. It was a solemn moment, and one not to be easily forgotten; he was cautioned respecting the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost which never hath forgiveness, neither in this world nor the world to come; upon which his face betokened the greatest animosity towards God, and so the writer left him. Within a few weeks of this time, while in his usual health, his right arm commenced to go round in spite of all he could do to stop it, very like the sails of a windmill; the doctors could do nothing for him; it was strapped to his side; whenever it was unstrapped it commenced to go round in spite of all that could be done. He was removed to C—— (a letter was sent to the newspapers stating the extraordinary nature of the case) to get better advice, and he slightly got better—so that he could hold it down with the other hand; but the time was very short. While out walking one Lord's-day, passing not far from the spot where the conversation previously mentioned took place, it came on again, and he was carried home and gradually sank and died. A man who was with him asked if there was any heaven, and he said "No;" he was then asked if there was any hell, which he did not answer; and so he died.

Reader, where art thou? Have you heard the story of God's love to this world? Delay not, believe and live. This man boasted to another, who knew his sins forgiven, that he was not going to die if he could help it, but would live as long as he could; but the end came. Consider the end of those who reject Christ. God is not mocked: for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." A. B.



MY NEIGHBOUR.

IN Luke x. 30 the Lord Jesus gives us a description of a man in whom may be recognized the features, as set forth by the Holy Ghost in many scriptures, of all men and women by nature until reached by the grace of God. The words are these:

"And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."

From this pitiable condition he would soon have passed into one yet more pitiable, beyond all hope, had not "a certain Samaritan had compassion on him."

Reader, if not yet converted, you are "half dead;" and unless you by faith receive mercy from Jesus, whose pity we may see in that of the Samaritan, you will soon be beyond all reach of mercy. Indeed, in another scripture (Eph. ii. 1) men are said to be actually "dead;" yet this condition is one in which much sinful activity is exhibited, so that such "dead" persons are "children of disobedience," and "children of wrath." Would that the eyes of all who see this were opened to their real condition, as explained neither by philosophy nor by conscience, but by the written testimony of God.

What did the poor man referred to in our opening paragraph need? Surely a deliverer. He could not deliver himself. His having got into the sad position in which we find him through no fault of his own (if such were the case) did not make his condition more hopeful; throwing the blame on others would not have healed his wounds. Unless mercy from without reached him, he must die.

But every day we find persons who refuse to accept the stern logic of facts. They talk as if they ought not to be where they are; as if their being sinners were the fault of their parents, of society, of circumstances, or even of God. But if any, or all, of these suppositions were true, would that alter the fact that "there is none righteous," and that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God"?

You would be wise, reader, to dismiss your reasonings, and, considering honestly your own desperate state, to look for help from One higher than yourself. Your first thought may be, that you must do the best you can, and that you must *seek a healing for your wounds from the externals*

of religion. The passage before us shows that these will not avail. The "priest" and the "Levite" were both appointed by God, but they could not, so far as their office went, help in this case. They "passed by on the other side." Fainter will become the hope which may be in you, sadder your experience, more burdened your conscience, so long as you look to the exercise of religion, whether public or private, to save you from the wrath to come.

Is it not a common experience, that help comes from unexpected quarters? So in this case. "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans" (John iv. 9); and had one of this despised race been the "half dead" one, he would have received no pity from the Jew, whose miserable condition he now alleviates.

Thus, reader, while you have loved the world, you have scorned Jesus and His followers; or since perhaps you have been somewhat religious, you have still had no real heart for Jesus; yet He is the One to have compassion on you; He is both able and willing to save you. As the Samaritan brought the wounded traveller to the inn, so will Jesus bring you to a place of safety, taking you to His own bosom; and as the Samaritan gave his credit for all that might be wanted for the completion of the poor man's recovery, so will Jesus, if you will but in your helplessness trust Him, pledge Himself on your behalf for time and eternity.

The Samaritan's loving work cost him much. Thus is it with Jesus. Though Son of God, He descended into this world of sin and sorrow, leaving, as the chosen servant of God, the throne of heaven, to take on Himself human form, thus to become acquainted in His own experience with all our griefs, and at length to die, though Himself without sin, for the sins of others.

Reader, have you ever looked on the cross of Christ, and seriously considered what that wondrous Calvary scene means? For the first time in the world's history a perfectly innocent person is suffering death—death being, as Scripture witnesses, "the wages of sin." Why then does Jesus, the Son of God, die? Is it not clear that, God being righteous, it must be on account of those to whom the death is really due that "wrath lies hard upon Him"? In view of that cross be no longer hopeful through your goodness, or despairing through your badness; but may it be yours, believing, to say, "Himself bare my sins in His own body on the tree."

If you still turn away from "so great salvation," is not your guilt indeed great, and will not your condemnation be heavy? God offers you salvation. He has measured with divine knowledge your utmost need; and, by the death of His dear Son, He shows you how righteousness deals effectually with man's sin; and by raising Him from the dead He assures you that the work is finished, and that the One who saved by His atoning death on the cross saves now also by power on the throne.

Reader, which shall it be—**SELF** or **CHRIST**?

J. C.



LONDON: J. E. HAWKINS, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.;
and 36, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

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"NEVER SO HAPPY IN ALL MY LIFE."

PASSING along, I was accosted by a policeman, who was in very delicate health. He informed me he was in a consumption, and that he should be very thankful if I would occasionally visit him. I had known him for two years or more, and had observed him as an attentive hearer at our church.

Sundry visits were paid the sick man, during which divine realities were the all-engrossing theme.

His wife had soon after accosted me in the street, and, apprising me that he was now much weaker, and that he had taken to his bed, asked me again to visit him. I no sooner entered his sick chamber than I detected a marked difference since I had last seen him. The malady under which he had so long laboured had made deep inroads. He was reduced to a mere skeleton.

His lips were soon opened to testify of the boundless goodness and mercy of our God. It was not his weakness, not his cough, not his pains, not his sleepless nights and wearisome days; no, no. Nought of this was his theme; but God's astounding goodness and mercy. These were among his words:

"Oh, how good He has been to me—such a

sinner! I deserved the pit; but oh, He has prepared a place for me above. I lie here and think of Him. What are *my* sufferings compared with *His*?"

Thus he spoke in broken sentences, and just as his panting for breath would allow. Then the tears would gush from his eyes, and trickle down his poor attenuated cheeks, so overcome would he be with speaking of the goodness of God.

"Oh," said he, "it is a *finished work*; it's *all complete*. It is not *my* work, but *His*. Oh, that BLOOD! I have found that it does indeed 'cleanse from all sin.'"

His heart was so full, and his tongue so at liberty to tell of the Lord's astounding mercy, that there was no room for my speaking, even if I had had the desire. Once, while he was panting for breath, I ventured to say—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

It touched a chord in his heart. He raised his hand, in token of recognition of the greatness and glory of that truth, and he began again to testify of the preciousness and the virtue of the *blood*.

"Oh," thought I, "would that some of those poor sceptics were here; those despisers of Jesus' precious blood! Would that *they* were here, to see what that blood can do for a poor man in the time of sickness, and in the near approach of a dying hour! What becomes of all *their* mere theories and godless speculations before such a plain matter of fact as this?"

Anxious, if possible, to obtain some particulars

about the beginning of the Lord's work with him, I took an opportunity for asking :

"How long have you known the Lord?"

"Only since a little before Christmas last," was his reply.

"But you had known yourself a sinner before that?"

"Oh, yes; but I had never known Jesus before that time!"

"But how were you brought to feel yourself a sinner?" I continued.

"Well," he said, "it was about seven years ago. I was walking over a certain hill (the name I forget) in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, at two o'clock in the morning, and I was so dreadfully burdened that I knelt down by a stone, and I prayed to the Lord to change my heart. I knelt there for an hour. I seem to see the stone before me now."

"Did you then belong to the police force?"

"Oh, yes; and was then out upon my beat in that barren place. And I have never forgotten it. The Lord did from that time seem to speak to me Himself; and often afterwards, going my rounds in the dead of the night, I bowed my head against the railings or the wall, and prayed the Lord to show me Himself."

December 28th I called to see him, and never shall I forget the solemnity of that interview. He had been longing to see me, to tell me of a "remarkable vision" he had had. He covered his face with his handkerchief while in a solemn manner he related the following circumstances :

"A few days ago one of the boys was reading to me; but I was not listening. I was lifting up my heart to God, that I might be washed in the blood of Jesus, when suddenly I had a distinct view of the Lord Jesus bearing His cross. Oh, the expression of those eyes, as He fixed them on me, I can never, never forget; it was so beautiful, so heavenly! All my load was gone, and I longed to be with Him. This lasted about twenty minutes. I stamped with my feet, to implore them to keep silence; but they did not know what I meant, what I was seeing. In about two hours I had another distinct view of the 'Lord in glory,' no longer bearing His cross, but with such a beautiful crown of glory round His head. No words could ever describe what I saw. I am so glad I was not in bed, or dozing, or it might be supposed I was dreaming. I was as wide awake as I am now; no imagination could ever have painted such a scene. Oh, how I wish you could have seen it also!

"Oh, the expression of those eyes! I can see it all now. I was thinking I must *do* something; but Christ has *done it all*. Nothing but the blood of Christ can wash away sin. I have nothing to do but to believe Christ has finished the work for me. The world is now a dead letter to me. I am thankful for the quiet hours of the night to feast on Jesus; I don't want to sleep." He then referred to his past life, saying, "I should think the Lord had never had mercy upon such a vile sinner before." A great deal more passed, which I am sorry I have forgotten. The scene altogether was so inexpressibly solemn. He was such a very true person, so afraid of professing anything he did not feel, and a man of such few words; but all his reserve was now gone. I marvelled as I listened to him.

He told his wife and sister one night, who were sitting up with him, "he feared he should weary them; for he could not help talking of Jesus."

He spoke during this interview of some one having brought him *The News of the World*; but "what," said he, with all the emphasis he could command, "did I want with *The News of the World*? He did not ask me if I knew Christ."

In prayer his one desire was that he might have "*more love, more grace*," flowing evidently from his deep sense of the goodness and mercy he had received at the Lord's hand.

At my next interview, and after an interval of some days, I found my poor friend decidedly weaker, looking still thinner and more worn. I was amazed at his lasting out as he did. Upon asking him how he was, his reply was, that "Christ had been *so precious* to him *all* the previous night and day." He then began, in the same strain as during my former visit, to say, "Oh for *more love* to *bless Him*, for His *precious blood—that blood* that cleanseth from *all sin*!" And then his mouth was open as before to speak of His goodness and His mercy.

Weak as he was, and though his breath was so short, yet it seemed to me that he was specially strengthened to speak. I felt he was a *witness for God* in these last days of rebuke and blasphemy, of His matchless and superabounding grace.

Though his weakness was extremely great, yet his heart was so full, and his lips as if touched with a live coal from off the altar.

Speaking of his sufferings, he said, "Oh, it is *all love*! What is *my pain*? I lie here and think of

His sufferings for me. Oh, His mercies! It is not merely what they were, but what they are."

Thought I, "What a testimony from this intense sufferer—passing sleepless nights and wearisome days! He seems overcome with a sense of the Lord's goodness, and, in this his weakness and weariness, speaks so emphatically of *present mercies.*"

"Oh, His precious blood!" he continued—"blood in the heart," he added, "not the outward form."

I was so struck with that expression—"blood in the heart"—I could not but think, "The dear sufferer is right. It is blood in the heart."

Reader, do you know anything of what the poor policeman meant by "blood in the heart"?

"He will not leave me," continued the sick and dying one; "He cannot," he added with additional emphasis. "No; it is a *finished, a complete work.* It is not what *I* can do; *He* has done it all. Suffering! Oh, it is all in love, to try our faith!"

Before leaving I asked him what I should pray for. "Oh," said he, "for *more strength, and more love to bless Him!*"

When I took his hand in mine and said, "God bless you," he replied, "And God bless *you.* He *will*—He *will*," he added; "He *will never leave you.*"

Upon my last visit I saw that he had evidently become weaker; so I thought I would save him all I could the labour of speaking. Hence I endeavoured to comfort him by the mention of sundry passages of God's precious word—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him;" and, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."

"Oh, the glory!" he almost shouted, as far as his little remaining strength would allow. "Oh, the glory! and we shall be *like Him*," said he, his whole face beaming with rapture and animation. Then drawing up his long, thin arms, which up to that moment had been lying motionless by his sides, he clasped his thin, transparent hands together across his breast, and exclaiming, in his so-frequent language, "Oh, for more love! *I want to clasp Him to me.*" And then, as he went on to say how he felt he should like to press a precious Christ to His heart, his whole countenance beamed with grateful delight.

"Oh, His marvellous mercies to me; *such a sinner!* Oh, for *more love!*"

I said, "I remember one in your state to have said, a few minutes before the Lord took her, 'Come, Lord Jesus, take me to thyself; I long to see thee as thou art in thy glory.'"

"Oh," said he, "what must it be to see Him as He is!"

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

We then went on to speak of the Holy Ghost and His work. "Oh," said he, "He is the Comforter. It is *He* that opened my eyes, and gave me to feel. He is the Comforter," he repeated; "and how sweet it is to feel Him" (putting his hand upon his heart).

And then (speaking of one dear to him) he said, "Oh that the Holy Spirit would give my dear — to see things!"

"And don't you think she does?" said I.

"Oh, I fear not," he replied; "I fear it is self-righteousness, and *that* won't do. It must be a *simple believing in Christ—His finished work.*

And then he spoke of the simplicity of faith, and of the mercy of being able to receive the truth as a little child.

"Oh," said he, "how must the Father have loved, to have given *Christ!*"

"It is written," I said, "'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"What is the world to me now?" he exclaimed. "*Dross, vanity.*"

When about to pray, I asked him what I should pray for. He answered, "Oh, *more love!*"

Whilst thanking me for visiting him, he took his stick, and rapped for some one to come. I wondered at the movement, as he had not done so at my previous visits. But his object was this: His sister having come a distance by railway that afternoon, had brought him a beautiful bunch of roses. He called her up to request her to take them from the window and give them to me. It was in vain I declined, and I asked to be allowed to take *half.* No, I must have them *all.*

"Come and see me again, if I last," was his request as I left the room. "It will not be long." "No," thought I, "it will not be long."

At my next interview I found that the sister to whom I previously referred had returned. He was so extremely weak on this occasion, and the fainting fits were so trying to him, that his wife thought he would not be able to see me. However, upon her asking him his wishes on the matter, he expressed his desire that I should go up to him.

"Is the mind still at rest?" I asked.

"*Jesus is with me,*" was his reply. "*He will never leave me nor forsake me,*" he added.

One night his wife asked him if he had had a little sleep. He said, "No, I have been with Jesus, having such communion with Him." She says in the night, when he often thought she was asleep, he seemed all his time in prayer and praise; speaking of the blood of Christ, His perfect righteousness, His finished work. He said to his wife one night, shortly before his death, "Do lie down and try to get some sleep; you will be worn out." She replied, "How could I sleep, while your sufferings are so great?" He said, "I have not thought about them yet." On the Saturday (I believe) before his death, she thought Satan must be tempting him; for she was downstairs, and heard him with a loud voice say, "Get thee away; thou shalt not tempt me," and he said something about the blood.

If there was anything in the course of Happy John's illness that surprised me, it was his seeming *entire freedom* from Satan's attacks. I well knew the malice of the great adversary. For him to let a redeemed so alone I knew to be a most *unusual* thing. I accounted, however, for this upon two grounds; first, the Lord's very great pitifulness and compassion in not allowing Satan to assault him in his present extremely weak and prostrate condition; and, secondly, because his allusion to *the blood* was so *constant* and uninterrupted.

I never met a case in which this feature was so prominent and emphatic. There was the steady, fixed, immoveable grasp of *the atoning sacrifice*. Here, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he took his firm stand. Here was his foothold, against which the gates of hell could not prevail. There is nothing Satan so hates, and nothing of which he has so great a dread, as *the blood*. It is *the blood* that foils him, it is *the blood* that quenches all his fiery darts, it is the very mention of *the blood* that drives him back to his own place.

However, being apprehensive that Satan might *be watching for his opportunity*, and that ere poor

John passed away he would be a mark for his arrows, I asked him, upon the last interview but one, "Has Satan been permitted to assault you?" "No," was his answer; "I have not been permitted to doubt my interest." "If he should," said I, "remember there is the promise, 'When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.'" But though John had not, as he said, been allowed to question his interest, he spoke at this very visit of "a conflict" he had had; but at the same time testified of having been strengthened under it, and delivered from it.

This was on the Saturday evening.

On Sunday his wife said his voice seemed gone. She was sitting by his side, and was quite startled by hearing him begin to sing, "Crown Him, crown Him." He said, "Sing it;" and while she was singing, his poor, husky, dying voice joined in, "Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all."

On the Monday morning I received a message to say that John desired to see me. I found his poor wife waiting for me at the door in great distress and agitation. No sooner had I entered the room, than I beheld the marked change he had undergone since the Saturday previous. Before I spoke to him, we knelt around his bed, and again committed him to the Lord. When I spoke to him, his memorable answer was, "*I was never so happy before.*"

He had previously said to his wife, "I do feel so happy to-day." She said, "What makes you feel so happy? do you think Jesus will be with you, and receive you?" He replied, "I know He will; for He has told me so." His sufferings were very great, but when asked whether he was happy, he replied, "Never so happy in all my life."

"Oh," thought I, "what an amazing triumph over Satan, sin, and death is this! a man with heart and flesh failing, and yet declaring that he was never so happy before! 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

He continued talking, but his voice was so muffled that we could only catch a word here and there. The calmness and serenity, the smile upon his countenance, showed how happy he was. It was clearly his last struggle. The conflict would soon be over. The victory was all but complete. How enviable in this respect did his position seem!

Presently he said, "Finished! complete! blood!" I thought, "A glorious theme upon which to take one's departure from earth, and with which to enter the realms of the blessed." "The blood! the blood!" What is it that the poor sinner must fall upon whilst drawing his last breath—what but the blood? And what will be the first notes that fall upon his ear as he enters within the gates above? "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, They overcame him" (Satan) "by the blood of the Lamb."

"It will soon be over," said I to the departing one, alluding to his sufferings. He raised his hand, and waved it as though exultingly and in triumph, and exclaimed as well as his efforts for breath would allow him, "Soon all be ended. Not a moment."


He evidently had upon his mind, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18.)

"You will soon see Him as He is," said I.

"Face to face," responded the dying man.

His last audible words were, "ALL WELL."

"TELL HIM HE'S A LIAR."

T the close of a gospel meeting, some years ago, in the West of England, I said to a lad passing out, who was, I knew, anxious about his soul, "Well, Harry, has it been a message for you to-night?" "I feel it has been," he said, rather sadly, "and just what I want; but to-morrow, when I get to work amongst my shop-mates, and things go all across, and they laugh and jest, Satan will be at me, and say I am not saved, not a child of God at all." "Tell him he's a liar," said I. "When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John viii. 44.)

Without thinking much of the scripture thus quoted, I bade him good-night; but it made an impression on the lad, and was a means of blessing to him in the hour of trial often afterwards. He has lived to love and serve the One who delivered him from the grasp of Satan. But, dear reader,

let me ask, Who has your ear—the God of truth, or the father of lies? To one or other you are most certainly lending your ear—the ruler of darkness, or the God who is light. The very next verse in John's gospel to the one quoted above (chap. viii. 45) gives us these solemn words of the Lord Jesus: "And because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not." This was addressed to the religious, self-satisfied, but Christ-rejecting Jew; and the same is true to-day of both Jew and Gentile. The truth is the very thing that is rejected. Have you, dear reader, accepted the truth of God about yourself—that if unsaved, you are a sinner under condemnation, before whom death and judgment lie, as certainly as physical life is now yours. Satan will tell you this is not so; he will try and induce you to think well of yourself, that anybody and everybody else may need a Saviour, but not you; he will perhaps try the too successful bait of discrediting the word of God, will tell you that death is but the debt of nature, and not "the wages of sin," that hell is not real, judgment not eternal, God too good to judge His creatures, and many other specious things of the same sort to quiet your guilty conscience, and assure your heart that all is right; but remember, dear reader, "he is a liar." God says, "All have sinned;" God says, "It is appointed unto men once to die;" God says, "Every work shall be brought into judgment;" and He has appointed the Judge, the day, and the standard by which thy works shall be judged. Are you ready for this? But this is not all the truth. "As it is appointed unto men once to die . . . so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." "By Him all that believe are justified from all things," "that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." God has provided a Saviour; indeed He is "a Saviour-God," "not willing that any should perish," although your thoughts of Him may have been very different from this. But this is the truth about God, dear reader—He is love, He is light; man is hateful, and is darkness. Now whatever tends to make a man satisfied with himself keeps him away from God. Solemn fact for the man who thinks himself good enough; for the moral, respectable, religious man who has never faced the truth about himself as given in the only true witness—the word of God. Equally solemn fact for the well-meaning and earnest reformers of our day, who are bent upon the education and moral improvement of man; for both alike have forgotten that "there

is no difference—all have sinned," and that the moral, temperate, law-abiding citizen is equally in need of a Saviour, and equally in danger of the lake of fire if unsaved, with the poor drunkard or harlot, whose life is so hateful and loathsome to him. Such is the truth of God, beloved friend. Will you listen to it? Will you give God your ear, or listen to the soul-damning deception of him who is the father of lies? T. R.

A CONTRAST.



A NEW patient had been brought into one of the wards of a large hospital in London. Her face was, therefore, strange to me, and I went to her bedside wondering whether she were one of the Lord's sick ones or one of those—of whom, alas! there are many—who are careless about their souls even when sickness has attacked their bodies, and they know that their time here may be short. I was not left long in doubt this time; for after a few words concerning her physical sufferings she told me she was saved, ready to go as soon as the Lord should see fit to take her; that her sins were washed away in the precious blood of Christ, and that all fears for the future were gone. After a little while I said to her, "Would you like me to read you a hymn?" She said she would like it very much; so I began that well-known one—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

But I had no need to read it to her. She stopped me as soon as I had begun, saying, "I knew that forty years ago;" and then, in a very weak and feeble voice, she repeated the hymn right through, only stopping sometimes for me to begin a verse for her. How beautiful the words sounded, arising from that bed of sickness and weariness—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

"Yes," she said, when she had finished, "I knew that forty years ago."

We spoke a little longer of the one who is "our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend," and then I left her, saying:

"I shall see you next week, if the Lord will. It is not likely that you will be well enough to go out so soon as that."

The next week I went into the ward as usual,

and found the bed by the door empty. "Perhaps," I thought, "they have removed her farther up, out of the draught," and I passed on. The first person to whom I spoke said:

"There have been three deaths in this ward since you were here. One was that old lady by the door; she died quite suddenly last Sunday evening."

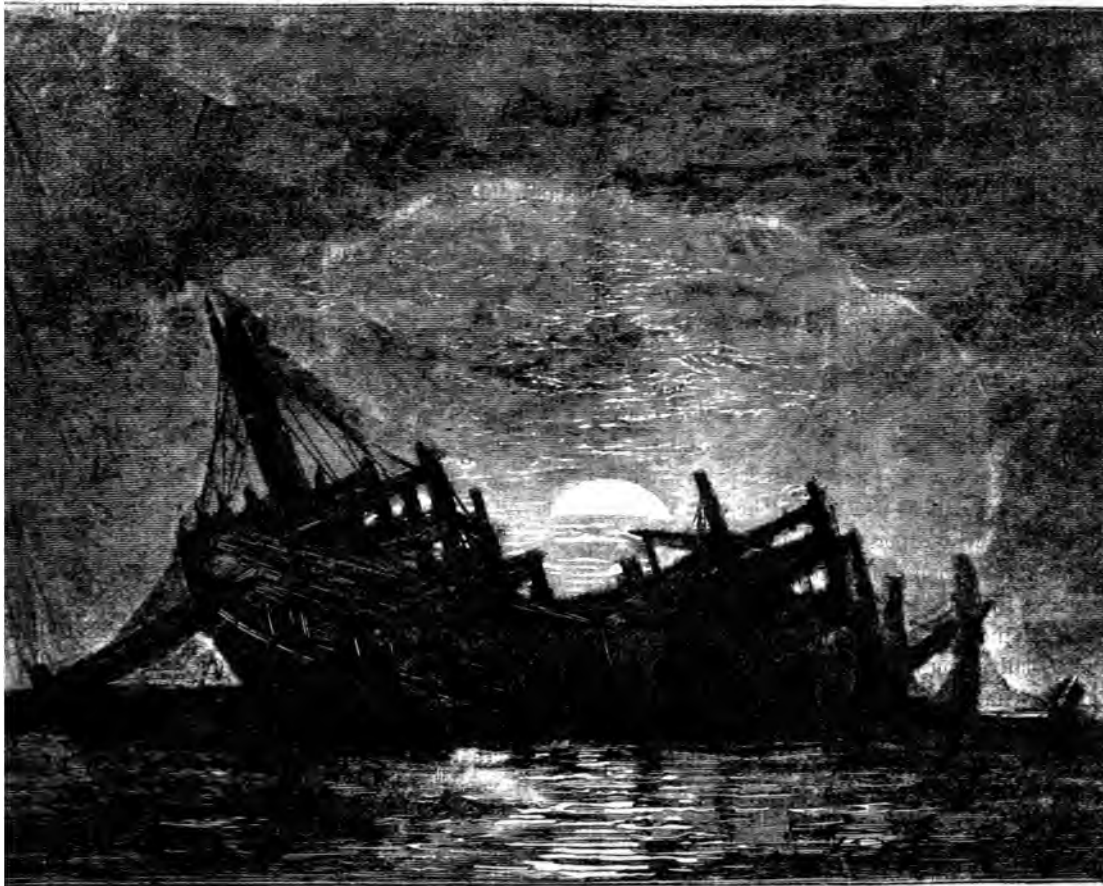
"Well," I said, "she was ready; she has gone to be with the Lord."

Her stay in the hospital had been short, but she knew what it was to trust in that name "which quells the power of death." Very different was the case of another of those three who had died. She was quite young, but attacked with that hopeless disease, consumption. While in the hospital she had never cared to listen to the word of God, and when her end seemed near, and a Christian desired to speak to her, she said, "Not now; wait till I am stronger." That time never came, and she passed from time to eternity without giving any sign of a change. God, who searches the hearts, can alone know what was passing there during her last few moments. How solemn this is, to pass from this scene without a word to testify that she was ready to meet God! How much happier to depart and be with Christ after forty years of acquaintance with Him.

We sometimes hear young people say that they fear to be Christians lest they should die early! What a mistake! By being Christians we are delivered from death; and then, whether we remain here for awhile or fall asleep, it is well with us. As to our life here, we have the assurance that "all things work together for good." Every detail of our path is marked out by the hand of a loving father; in every sorrow we have Christ and His sympathy; all our joys are increased a hundredfold since we can take them from God. Then as to our future. Do we look for death, the only end to all this world's joy? Surely not. We look for the Lord Himself to come and take us to Himself, to that place where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

We may be left here for a long time or a short time, but the end is sure. Should we be called to pass through death, we can say, like my old friend in the hospital, that the name of Jesus "quells the power of death." Do not be deceived by the allurements of this world or Satan's false representations, but seek true happiness in Christ. "He that believeth on me," the Lord said, "though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The Watchman's Message.



STRANDED.

→* STRANDED.*←

IT was a fearful night off the coast of W—. The wind blew terrifically—howling down the chimneys and rattling the doors and casements, so that sleepers were startled in their beds, and breathed a prayer for the poor mariner. The morning dawned, and I hastened to the beach. The gale continued with unabated fury, and the sea lashed the bold cliffs with a magnificence rarely seen. The white foam whirled through the air, and the billows broke high over the pier and lighthouse of the port, in clouds of spray.

The scene was intensely grand and exciting. A vessel in distress was off the coast—no other sail appeared on the horizon. Many an eye was watching her with doubt and anxiety, as she struggled to keep off the rocks and laboured hard to make the port. A glass revealed her condition. The sails were in shreds but one—and only a portion of

that remained—her only hope; her masts were splintered, and her spars dangled among the ropes. For some time we watched her dubious course, as she was beaten nearer and nearer shore. And now on, on she sped, driven by the wind and inward tide! It was a moment of exciting suspense! Will she, *can* she, make the port? Now she stands fair—now—now—she enters! Backward again? *Now!* There! Oh—oh! *Just missed*—and in five minutes more she lay a stranded hulk upon the beach!

Oh, reader, how is it with your soul? *Where* are you bound for? Are you trusting only in the precious blood of Christ? Ah, when it is *too late*, “many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able!” Thousands will miss the port, as it were, by a hair’s breadth. Will you, my friend, be among the *stranded*? Don’t evade the question—it is of the utmost moment that you settle it *at once*. Oh, be wise, and, looking to Jesus, enter through Him into the harbour of safety.

"OH, SIR, HE IS USED TO IT!"



HAVING occasion to go into a blacksmith's shop whilst the smith was lustily plying his sledge-hammer to weld the bright and heated metal, and asking how it was that a spaniel lay so unmoved amidst the shower of burning sparks, it was replied "Oh, sir, he's used to it!" Well, I thought, and so it is with the *unconverted hearers* of the gospel; we often wonder how they can remain unmoved, alike by the fiery denunciation of Sinai, or the bright and melting beams of Calvary. But "they are used to it!" So a man who, when he first went to reside near a rushing impetuous waterfall, could get no sleep for the roaring of the flood, afterwards slept as soundly as if all was as still as death, for "he was used to it." Another, whose master wished him to rise at five o'clock every morning, had an alarum placed in his room, a timepiece which makes a loud rattling noise at any hour for which it is set. At first he was effectually aroused by his clamorous monitor; but after a time he thought, when thus awakened, he would just turn on the other side for a little nap before he rose; and having trifled with it thus, it soon lost all power to arouse him, for "he was used to it."

Unconverted hearers of the gospel, is not this illustrative of your case? You are yet in a careless and unpardoned state, and to you, if you remain so, will pertain that fearful declaration of the Saviour, who now invites you to His cross, but whom you will then behold as your Judge upon His throne: "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." You may trifle with this matter now, but how will it present itself on your dying-bed? The writer not long since was summoned to the bedside of one of his dying unconverted hearers, and never will he forget the fearful exclamation, "Oh, sir, how many sermons have I heard, and I have neglected them all! I shall never hear another!" This proved too true; for the unhappy individual was soon deprived of reason, and in a few days death closed the awful scene on this side eternity. Surely you must be somewhat moved when some of your friends or members of your own family are giving their hearts to the Saviour, and you see them welcomed into the

church of Christ. And then, as the sunbeams melt the wax but harden the clay, the gospel, which has been the savour of life unto life to others, may prove the savour of death unto death to you. Yet—

"While the lamp holds on to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

The Lord Jesus has not yet pronounced the awful sound, "Depart!" but is now saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Fly, then, to the arms of His mercy, and cry—

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."



WORKS UNAVAILING.



I MET an aged man the other day with hair as white as snow, and said to him, "You have made a profession of Christ, more or less, for many years, and yet you do not know that you have eternal life, you are not sure you are justified; and if you should die, you have not the certainty that you would depart and be with Christ."

The poor aged countenance fell. He said, "It is all true."

"Let me then tell you the reason of this. You have never yet seen God's starting-point. You have been striving all these years, more or less, to be godly, believing that God justifies the godly. You have never yet believed that God justified the ungodly; there is the starting-point. Godliness will come after. 'But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the *ungodly*, his faith is counted as righteousness.'"

"I never saw that before," said the aged man.

We ask you, reader, solemnly, Have you ever really seen this, and believed God that justifieth the *ungodly*? You may have striven long to take the place of a godly man before God by ordinances of men, and so-called good works. It often takes a long life of failure to bring a soul to this true starting-place of *grace*. Certainly it must be on a different principle from law that God can justify the ungodly. "To him that worketh not, but *believeth*." (Rom. iv. 5.)

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher wanted to explain to the children what was the gift of God, and how they might have it; so he left his seat, and went round among the scholars with his watch in his hand. He held it up as he passed before them, and said to the first child, "I give you that watch." The boy stared at it, and that was all he did. He went on to the next, and repeated, "I give you that watch." The boy blushed, and that was all he did. And so he went slowly round the class; some of them stared, some blushed, some smiled incredulously; but nobody took the watch. We may imagine one of the older, wiser boys pondering over the subject: "How can he give us his watch? Surely he does not mean what he says; I wonder what he is after." But whilst the wise boy was deep in thought



the watch passed him, and he did not take it. Finally a small boy just reached out his hand, and took the watch. The teacher let go the chain, and watch and chain were in the scholar's hand. As the teacher went back to his place, the little fellow said, very gently, "Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?" "Yes; of course it is." The big boys were fairly roused by this time. "Do you mean to say, sir, he may keep the watch?" "Certainly; I gave it to any boy who would have it." "Oh, if I had known that," exclaimed one of them, "I would have taken it!" "Did I not tell you I gave it to you?" "Oh, yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest!" "So much the worse for you. He believed me, and he has the watch."

Dear reader, salvation and eternal life is the gift of God in the Lord Jesus. Will you receive it, and rejoice in the present possession of joy and peace in believing?

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THERE "might have been" no rock for sin-stained feet,
There "might have been" no golden mercy-seat,
There "might have been" no resting-place in God,
If Jesus had not shed for me His blood.

There "might have been" no Father's heart for mine
To lean upon, no changeless friend divine
To strengthen, shelter, on the pilgrim road,
If Jesus had not brought me nigh to God.

There "might have been" no blessed life of prayer,
With Jesus knowing, bearing every care,
No perfect peace, no precious path of trust,
If Jesus had not raised me from the dust.

O sinner, pause, lest by-and-by you cry,
There "might have been" a place for me on high,
There "might have been" the light of Jesus' face,
If I had hearkened to His call of grace.

There "might have been" the home of perfect rest,
There "might have been" a place on Jesus' breast,
There "might have been" His shelter from the strife,
If I had let His Spirit give me life.

Lest in the terror of eternity you see
There "might have been" His endless joy for thee,
And from the misery of hell's abyss
You cry, "There might have been eternal bliss." A. S.

THE WORD OF GOD TO ANXIOUS SOULS.

SALVATION on BELIEVING, not FEELING.

"**BELIEVE** on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be **SAVED**." (Acts xvi. 31.)

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt **BELIEVE** in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be **SAVED**." (Rom. x. 9.)

"It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to **SAVE** them that **BELIEVE**." (1 Cor. i. 21.)

"These are written, that ye might **BELIEVE** that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that **BELIEVING** ye might **HAVE LIFE** through His name." (John xx. 31.)

"He that **BELIEVETH** on the Son **HATH EVERLASTING LIFE**: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.)

"Whosoever **BELIEVETH** in Him should

not perish, but **HAVE ETERNAL LIFE**." (John iii. 15.)

"He that **BELIEVETH** on Him is not condemned: but he that **BELIEVETH NOT** is condemned already." (John iii. 18.)

"He that heareth My word, and **BELIEVETH** on Him that sent Me, **HATH EVERLASTING LIFE**, and shall not come into condemnation; but is **PASSED** from **DEATH UNTO LIFE**." (John v. 24.)

"He that **BELIEVETH** on Me **HATH EVERLASTING LIFE**." (John vi. 47.)

"By Him all that **BELIEVE** **ARE JUSTIFIED** from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.)

"Whosoever **BELIEVETH** that Jesus is the Christ **IS BORN OF GOD**." (1 John v. 1.)

"Whosoever **BELIEVETH** in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.)

A FEW SOLEMN SCRIPTURES to those WHO BELIEVE NOT.

"That they all might be damned who **BELIEVE** not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. ii. 12.)

"If ye **BELIEVE NOT** that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." (John viii. 24.)

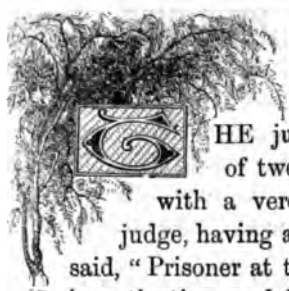
"The god of this world hath blinded

the minds of them which **BELIEVE NOT**." (2 Cor. iv. 4.)

Dear anxious soul, trust the word of the living God; for it is written: "God is not a man, that He should lie; hath He said, and shall He not do it?" (Num. xxiii. 19.)

The above Scriptures prove that FAITH ALONE CAN SAVE, and Satan's delusion about feeling to be saved is never found in Scripture.

May you now rest upon the word of the living God, and pass from death unto life.



"GUILTY."

THE jury, after an absence of twenty minutes, returned with a verdict of GUILTY. The judge, having assumed the black cap, said, "Prisoner at the bar, after a patient investigation, and by the most righteous verdict, you have been found guilty. . . . It is not I who condemn you, it is the law, which says you must die." This was the sentence we all read so lately.

This murderer has since paid the penalty of crime to human law by the loss of his life. He was as good as dead since the day on which sentence was passed. "Damned" (to use a scripture term) by an earthly judge; and the dreadful result of that "damnation" was witnessed when he died by the hand of the executioner.

And YOU who are unsaved are as truly *condemned* as that man was condemned to lose his life; and as certainly as the human sentence against him for his crime was carried into effect, so certainly will the sentence against *you* be executed, and the result of it will be everlasting torment. In one sense you are *damned* "already," for "he that believeth not is condemned already." You may not believe that condemnation is passed upon you; but it *is* so; and your not crediting the fact will not prevent the execution of the sentence. "How shall ye escape the *damnation of hell*," if ye continue to neglect "so great salvation" as that which is offered to you now?

You may *shudder* at the fearful picture of a condemned man, but it is a picture of *yourself*. God says "condemned already;" and there are some of you as certain to be in hell as if you were there, if you only continue as you are. You do not need to do more to deserve damnation, and you are permitted to live only *on tolerance* by the *mere forbearance* of God.

That murderer after his sentence was passed was not put on any sort of *probation*, to see if

he would become a changed man and get pardon on that account. The law took its course, and nothing could have arrested it but *the pardon of the Crown*. So you who are unconverted should not deceive yourself with the notion that you are at large *on probation*, to see whether you will serve God and win pardon and heaven; for you are shut up in your cell for your sins, *under sentence of death*, and nothing can preserve you from hell-fire but the PARDON OF YOUR SOVEREIGN. Now that is the very thing we bring to you; for "through this Man" (Christ Jesus) is offered unto you the forgiveness of sins, and "by Him all that believe are justified from all things." Let us speak to you with all plainness; *and oh, listen as if for your life*.

Have not some of you said inwardly, on hearing ministers preach elaborate sermons, "Oh that you would lay aside your pulpit oratory, and long sermons, and tell me, in a few *plain, conversational words*, HOW CAN I BE PARDONED—saved?" "What must I do to be saved?"

To you is the word of this salvation sent—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." See the blessed readiness of our God to pardon the *greatest sinner*. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*, of whom I am chief."

The whole secret is contained in this: "Christ . . . suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring *us* to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.)

JESUS HAS SUFFERED FOR OUR SINS—died, and has been raised from the dead.

The whole matter of your salvation lies in this. Our sins brought Jesus down from heaven, nailed Him to the accursed tree, and laid Him in the grave. Oh, what love, that He should come to be treated as we deserved!

He suffered for your sins.

The Lord Jesus was holy when He came. He lived a holy life; but He "suffered" as if He had been chargeable with innumerable "sins." And His were *real* sufferings; He endured unutterable anguish in body and soul.

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for *me*.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's *no* load for *me*."

"Jehovah lifted up His rod;
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore-stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for *me*.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth *me*."

He alone, being God-man, could bear the infinite stroke of God's sin-avenging sword. God Himself laid OUR sin on Him, the sinless One!

The death of Jesus on the cross was attended with all the shame and ignominy of a public execution.

"He bore on the tree
The sentence for *me*."

He who had never broken the law was treated as a murderer, as one "accursed." He "hanged on a tree" on Calvary,

In your stead.

What love, that Jesus should take my place, and die that I "might not perish, but have everlasting life."

This then is the good news.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

"His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Rejoice, for

"Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then *again* at mine."



"HAPPY ENOUGH."



HEY sat chatting together in the empty bar-parlour. It was the time of day when business was most slack. He was a little bit of an invalid at the time; she one of the best of good wives. A knock at the door disturbed them.

"May I come in?" asked a lady, who stood there with a basket of flowers in her hand.

"To be sure, ma'am," said the young wife briskly, proceeding to dust one of the seats with her apron.

The seat was taken, and the basket of flowers put down upon the table. Then Mrs. Sinclair spoke: "I thought you would be glad of some flowers—sweet messengers of God's love. I have so often looked in when I was passing, and longed to have a word with you. Something struck me you looked sad."

"Oh, we're happy enough, thank you!" said the husband carelessly. "We have our share of trials, but they don't disturb us much. If we can get bread to eat, and clothes to our back, it isn't much more that we want."

"Food and clothing do not fit your soul for heaven," said Mrs. Sinclair quietly; "at least to fill your possibilities of happiness you need something more than you have spoken of."

"Ah!" said the man restlessly, "if you are thinking of talking religion to us you can spare your breath. My wife and I are not like other people. We are highly respectable both of us; we do right to the best of our ability, and we never do any one an injury."

"What about the things you have left undone?" asked Mrs. Sinclair solemnly. "If you are quite satisfied with the *doing*, see whether the things left undone are quite as praiseworthy."

"I do not know that we have anything to reproach ourselves about on that score," said the man, giving his wife a look which seemed to say, "We are in for a lecture, and no mistake." "I don't just remember anything very particular that I left undone when I should have done it."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.' Have you done this?" inquired Mrs. Sinclair earnestly.

"Well, I suppose scarcely," said the man, dropping his eyes before Mrs. Sinclair's penetrating glance.

"Then, without going any farther," said the lady eagerly, "you are self-condemned. You have missed the mark—the standard that has been set before you; and because of this you are a sinner. The word 'sinner,' you know, means *missed the mark*; and the sinner as such has but one doom—death, eternal separation from God."

"Well, but," said the man, Henry Garlton, fidgeting about a little in his corner, "if I read the Bible correctly we haven't half a chance of doing right when we come into the world. We are born with inclinations to go astray, and whether we wish it or not we get fond of the world, and that of course prevents our doing the thing we ought to do—loving God, I mean, with *all* our strength."

"Ah! now I think we know where we are," exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair, smiling. "So long as you wanted to prove you were *good enough*, and all that sort of thing, there could be no explanation revealed to you of God's way of saving sinners; but when you acknowledge that whatever you might wish you cannot help doing wrong and going astray, why you come at once to the very root of the whole matter. Think of one like yourself—like, I mean, you *acknowledge* yourself to be; think of such an one being at home in heaven. Would the fact of being in heaven remove old feelings and change old desires? No, the light of heaven would only show up the darkness of the human heart to such an extent that to be there would be simply intolerable; anything would be better than that all-revealing light. The semi-darkness of the world made life endurable; but in the brilliancy of heaven's light, life, with the consciousness that we wanted to do right, but could not, would, I repeat, be simply intolerable."

"Well, but if you can't do better, what can you do?" said Mr. Garlton inquiringly.

And Mrs. Sinclair answered simply, "We can trust ourselves with Him who *can* do all things. It was to help us that the Lord Jesus Christ came down to earth, and Himself in His own body bare our sins upon the tree, that we, being dead unto sin, might live unto righteousness."

Then she repeated softly—

"Look, look, if you can bear it,
Look at your dying Lord!
Stand near the cross and watch Him,
Behold the Lamb of God!"

"His hands and feet are pierced,
He cannot hide His face,
And cruel men stand staring
In crowds about the place.

"They laugh at Him and mock Him;
They tell Him to come down
And leave that cross of suffering,
And change it for a crown.

"Why did He bear their mockings?
Was He the mighty God?
And could He have destroyed them
With one almighty word?

"Yes, Jesus *could* have done it;
But let me tell you why
He would not use His power,
But chose to stay and die.

"He had become our Surety,
And what we could not pay
He paid *instead*, and *for us*,
On that one dreadful day.

"For *our* sins He suffered,
For *our* sins He died,
And not for ours only,
But for all the world's beside.

"And now the work is finished,
The sinner's debt is paid,
Because on Christ the righteous
The sin of *all* was laid.

"Oh! wonderful redemption
God's remedy for sin,
The door of heaven is opened,
And *you* may enter in.

"For God released our Surety,
To show the work was done,
And Jesus' resurrection
Proclaimed the victory won!"

"Do you see," added Mrs. Sinclair, her own eyes filling with tears as she noticed both Mr. and Mrs. Garlton were silently weeping, "how sin is put away? Christ died *for you*. You believe in Him—that is, you *trust Him*—take God at His word—and your sins are all forgiven. And more than that, Christ gives you a new heart—a heart that will love what He loves, and hate what He hates; and every day you live, you will love Him more and grow more like Him, and then when the time comes it will be just lovely for you to go home to dwell for ever with Him in His heaven!"

A customer came in at this point, and made a noise with his feet, wanting instantly to be served with "a quart of mild;" then others followed, and the tap-room becoming full, Mrs. Sinclair quietly withdrew—not forgetting to leave a cluster of flowers from her basket on the bar-room table.

"Happy enough," she mused, as she went on her way to do some more visiting—"happy enough, yes, because ignorant, utterly ignorant; but, thank God, they *did* listen!"

It was about a fortnight after this that Mrs. Sin-

clair was told by her servant that a man who seemed in very great agitation was wanting to speak to her. She rose at once from her desk and went to her visitor, whom she recognized as the man Garlton.

"Oh! if you please, ma'am," said he, speaking nervously and with evident effort to control his tears, "I hope you'll forgive the liberty, but—my wife's dying, the doctor has just left; it's inflammation of the lungs. She was took quite sudden, and has been so unhappy. She is troubled in her mind, you know, and she did so beg me to come to you that I've come—and—please," (he was speaking a little more calmly now), "you won't be offended, ma'am, but I wanted to save your strength, so I've brought a cab for you. I wouldn't bring it quite up to the door, lest you might not like to be seen with a publican, you know, ma'am. If you would prefer it, I'll wait until you're off, and I'll follow in a few minutes."

Mrs. Sinclair very warmly assured Mr. Garlton that she would be pleased to drive with him to see his poor wife, and in a few minutes they had started. The noise of the wheels made conversation difficult; but Garlton managed to say, "You know we have both spoken a deal of what you said that day you came to see us. My wife pressed the flowers when they were dead, and they are just within the cover of the Bible. We had been very well satisfied with ourselves until then—happy enough, as we told you; but it seemed as if we had been asleep, and you woke us up, and we've been right down miserable ever since!"

They found the wife propped up by pillows, her breathing terribly troubled, her cough incessant.

"Thank—you—for—coming!" she said excitedly, seizing Mrs. Sinclair's hand. "Tell me more about the good Lord Jesus. My—sins make me—wretched. I see them all—I see them all. I can't drag them with me to heaven. They hold me back. Oh! woe, sorrow, shame! Why did I not become good when I was well, and able to give thought and attention to these matters! It's hopeless now."

She had spoken excitedly, but in gasping tones, the cough interrupting.

Mrs. Sinclair repeated very softly, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Think of the Lord Jesus," she said. "Fix your eyes upon Him, Mrs. Garlton; believe that

He died for *you*. It is here at His cross that you may leave your sins; it is here at His cross that God forgives you for His dear Son's sake. Do you think anything is too hard for the Lord? Oh, no! His word is sure, *it cannot fail*, and He has promised to *blot out our sins*; though they are as scarlet, to make them as white as snow. You know the prodigal Son, when he came to himself, in that far off country, rose and went to his father, confessing his sins; and his father, when he was still a long, long way from home, saw him coming, and ran to meet him; and when the son was telling out his sorrow for the past, the father broke the story in two with a kiss of forgiveness. Now you are like that poor prodigal. You have been living in a far country, quite satisfied with everything until you began to think; and then when you came to yourself, you said you would arise and go and tell your father how you had sinned against Him. Only think—that loving Father has come out to meet you. You were thinking you had still a long way to go; but he is here waiting to forgive you, to clothe you in the robe of His Son's righteousness, and bring you to His home in peace."

"And it's all true?" asked the dying woman, eagerly.

"Quite true. Listen to God's own words."

And Mrs. Sinclair took out her pocket Bible, and read verse after verse.

"Please come back to that one about 'God so loved the world,'" said the dying woman; "it seems so full, so high and deep, and wide across; it's as if it gets beyond, and gathers in everybody's need, so it must be all I want."

And Mrs. Sinclair repeated again and yet again—a gentle pressure from the dying woman's hand speaking her thanks, while her eyes were closed, and her face wore an expression of calm restfulness—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

* * * * *

"I do believe in Him" were the last words of that publican's wife. "I do believe in Him," were the first words of the publican himself as he came through the night of sorrow to the morning of hope. To him was granted *the life* to prove the utterance of the lips. He gave up his public-house. How could he believe for his own salvation, love Him who had saved him, and continue in a trade which tempts men and women to forget

God, and neglect to seek the salvation of their souls?

Dear reader, have you been "happy enough" simply because ignorant of the fact that "heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people," and that for us to live there in the future, we must be *made ready* in the present?

May God's Holy Spirit lead you to the Saviour, and teach you to utter the words of David as our own experience, "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."



TWO DYING-BEDS.

RICH man was dying, but his doctor refused to tell him that his end was approaching. He sent for his housekeeper, and insisted upon her telling him how long he had to live. "Do you wish me to tell you what the doctor told me?" said the woman. "Yes, I want the whole truth; tell me quickly." "Well, sir, he said you had only twelve hours to live." "Then I've no time to lose. Now, do as you are told, and don't remonstrate with me. Send immediately for my solicitor, then go for C——, the undertaker, and bring him back with you." The woman quickly obeyed him. When the undertaker arrived, he was ushered into the presence of the dying man, who said, "C——, I'm about to die, and I want you to manage my funeral for me. I will tell you how I wish it conducted, and the kind of coffin I require; and then I wish you to make out your bill, and I will pay you before I die."

"But, sir," remonstrated C——, "I would rather not undertake this affair." "Nonsense! sit down and make your bill out; and mind, man, don't be extortionate." Thus urged, C—— did his bidding, was paid, and departed.

"Now," said Mr. — to his housekeeper, "make me a glass of punch, and fill my pipe with tobacco, and I will make myself as comfortable as I can while I live." A few hours afterwards he died! Yes, he died and was buried. Was that the end of him? Alas! no. His body was laid in the grave, where it awaits resurrection; but his soul, that immortal soul, where is it? When in health, business and pleasure engrossed his attention, and then to die without any other preparation for eternity

than that I have described. Solemn, awful close to a life spent according to the course of this world. And yet he had been warned of coming judgment; only a stone's throw from his house was the gospel preached. He had heard the world-wide invitation, "Whosoever will, let him take" (Rev. xxii. 17), and, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) But "there are no pardons in the tomb, and brief is mercy's day."

Remember, his was a life spent without God, a death-bed without Christ! Do you say God is merciful? He is; He says so Himself. "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." (Ex. xxxiv. 6, 7.) Perhaps you have never noticed these words, "By no means clear the guilty." How then can man be saved, since "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God"? (Rom. iii. 23.) The only just ground for God's mercy is the atoning work of His only begotten Son. His mercy provided a substitute for the guilty; the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace have carried the glad tidings far and wide, and guilty man, having heard how God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, is left without excuse. Reader, think of the death-bed of the rich man without Christ, and then listen to the dying words of one poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. "Yes, I'm an old man now, and a dying man too, but my times are in His hands; I'm only waiting for Him to take me to His own eternal presence. My salvation is secure; Christ has done all for me. Oh, the mercy of God! On my dying bed I think of His mercies toward me. I was a wild, thoughtless sinner, and many a danger have I been in on sea and land. His mercy kept me, His love brought me to Christ, now I praise Him for it." Soon after he fell asleep.

Do not you see a striking difference, dear reader, in the two dying men? and does your heart say of the last one, "Oh that my end may be like his"? Is there any reason why your end should not be a happy one? Can God do more for you than He has done? Surely not; "for scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 7, 8.) Let me tell you once more, God cannot show mercy apart from the Son of His love; He is the Way to be saved; His is the Name to be believed on; and His is the Blood that cleanseth. *Now* is the time to accept Him. *Now* is the day of salvation. *Now* or it may be *Never*!

E. E. S.

"SOMETHING BETWEEN ME AND GOD."

I WAS asked to call upon a woman apparently dying, and granting the request, I went to her. I found her lying, worn from the rapidly advancing disease of consumption, weak in body, but perfectly clear in mind, and yet not happy. There seemed little hope of her recovery; and she had been brought face to face with the fact that death, which must come some day, might come very soon.

Ah, how little some people realise this! Day after day they live on, and act as if this fleeting life were to last for ever, and there were no endless eternity lying beyond it; an eternity which all must spend somewhere; an eternity which this life is an opportunity to prepare for; an eternity that death will launch them into. And yet they dismiss the thought, and if they think of it at all, they console themselves with the idea of repenting and turning to their Saviour at the last.

But this time may never come. Death may come suddenly; and ah! what will it be if it find them unready, unprepared?

This woman of whom I write was unhappy. She was a respectable person, who, as far as I could gather, had lived an honest, seemly life—happy in her relations with her husband, of patient disposition, and most grateful for all done for her during her illness. She knew death might come soon, and as she looked at me she said how unready she felt to meet it, "for there does seem something between me and God."

What that something was, I tried to explain, was sin; and at first she did not seem to understand how that could be. She said she "hadn't been reckless like some," and altogether Satan was trying very successfully to blind her eyes to the fact that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." However, I tried to teach her, and by the help of the Holy Spirit, who was drawing the veil from her eyes, and gradually showing her herself, she at last saw that she had in many ways broken God's laws. Little sins, big faults, habits of sin indulged in, all came to her mind. And not only that, but she remembered how often the Holy Spirit had striven with her, by suggesting good thoughts, by prompting her to a new life, by seeking to win her to Jesus, and she had always resisted Him—always put Him off.

But now it was different. The Holy Spirit was

speaking to her, and now the language of her heart was, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." And the gentle voice of the Comforter led her on and on, even to the cross of her Saviour. There she brought her sins, confessing to Him that she had indeed sinned against Him, neglected His commands, been careless of His love. She told Him all about it, and from her heart rose a very real and earnest prayer for forgiveness. She knew that she could not hope for heaven with one unforgiven sin staining her soul; she knew that sin must be washed away ere she could enter into His presence, and she had also learnt how that was done.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee:
O Lamb of God, I come!"

And she came to Him to find pardon and peace. His promise remains sure and true, for it is the promise of One who is Himself the truth. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Yes, those words are true, and they were for her. Just as Jesus Christ would have died had there been only one soul to be saved, just as His death was for her individually, so His promise was her own, a royal gift from the King who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

He pardoned her sins, and washed them all away; and never can I forget her thankful words when she said, "Now the load is gone."

Yes, it was gone! The load and burden of sin laid at the foot of the cross of Jesus.

Friends, have any of you felt that there is "something between" you and God?

Is it unforgiven sin? Then take it to Him who alone can forgive it, bring that sin-stained heart to the fountain filled with the precious blood of a loving Saviour, and find there, as my friend did, pardon and peace.

Will you not? Another time will not do. It must be now. For if death comes and finds you with all your sins unforgiven, then indeed there will be "something between" you and God—a something that will remain, not for a day, or a month, or a year, but for ever.

"He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in."

Yes, and the time was allowed to slip. He was there, and you refused to let Him pardon and cleanse you. And then the gate will be shut, and from the face of God your sins will have shut you away to all eternity!

L. E. D.



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THE WEARY HEART.



THE subject of this narrative, after taking his degree at Cambridge, had gone to America, and had obtained a professorship in the college of Charleston. There he married a lovely young wife, and for a time his life was one of prosperity and peace.

But a change soon came. The American war began; and, after the shock of the storming of Charleston harbour, the apprehension of an attack from the army preyed on the mind of the delicate young wife, until she became dangerously ill. Her husband was then advised by the doctors to remove her at once from any connection with the scene of war, as the only hope of saving her reason and her life.

He did so without hesitation; although this step involved the resignation of his appointment, and with it the giving up of his hopes of distinction, and almost of his means of subsistence.

Saddest of all, the sacrifice was in vain. The fragile creature, whom he loved so devotedly, lingered but a few weeks, then passed away, and his heart was broken.

He returned to England a ruined and despairing man; his aggravated trials had shattered his health,

and his despondency prevented him from even caring to make any effort for recovery. Happily for him he had a tender mother still living, and loving sisters; and their unchanged affection was ready to do all that could be done to cherish his declining days.

But their efforts to cheer him were in vain. He resolutely closed his heart against every thought of comfort, human or divine, and would bitterly inveigh against "the cruel fate" that had befallen him; not only rejecting the Bible, but even denying the existence of a God of love.

"And now," added our friend, "you can fancy that in this state of mind the poor fellow will not see anyone who will speak of Christ; nor will he allow even his excellent mother to say a word to him about another life. Would you try to see him? but, above all things, don't let him know that I asked you." I willingly consented.

I thought that a little offering of new-laid eggs, cream, and butter, with flowers and vegetables, might fairly be sent for the poor sufferer's acceptance, with the sympathy of one invalid for another. Our little gift was favourably received; and the mother called to express the pleased surprise of her son. I then asked her if I might venture to send him a book, which she gladly accepted for him; and shortly afterwards one of her daughters came to say that her brother had expressed a wish to see me.

Entering the dining-room, I saw the invalid sitting, wrapped up in shawls, in an arm-chair, almost in the centre of the room. There was a large bay-window, and the sun was shining on a cheerful sea view; but the professor had resolutely turned his

back on both sea and sunlight, and sat facing the blank wall, the very picture of forlorn despair.

He seemed too ill and too miserable to take much trouble in exchanging civilities; but after a time showed some little interest in conversation on general subjects. Meanwhile, during every momentary pause, I pleaded with God for a message of love from Himself for this broken-hearted and dying unbeliever. But when at length I ventured to tell him that my sister and I had been asking God to give him faith in His Son, a look of strong repulsion came over his face. Feeling it probable that he might refuse ever to see me again, before withdrawing I begged him to let me pray with him for this blessing of faith. No answer came; so in fear and trembling I knelt to beseech that the Holy Spirit would teach him that "this is life eternal—to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent." No softening of the austere expression followed that prayer; no sign betrayed any consciousness of what had been asked; nor did he take the least notice of the brief farewell words that were added, with a request to be permitted soon to visit him again.

On rejoining my sister in the drawing-room, I told her of the sad and discouraging result of my visit; adding that I did not think I could venture a second time to risk meeting with that moody silence, as the only response to my efforts.

In the dead of the following night I was startled from my sleep by the sound of fearful groans, and on enquiry I found that the invalid had broken a blood-vessel, and was in the utmost terror lest he should die without further warning.

How was it that this man, who had lost every thing which could make life bearable to him, should be so unwilling to lay down its burden? Did not his dread betray some haunting misgiving of an existence after death, and of a judgment to come? However this might be, the solemn words, "He that hath not the Son of God hath not life," caused me to remain in prayer for that unhappy stranger, until his sister came to the door of my room to say that the immediate danger was past. Knowing the absolute necessity of perfect quiet for a patient after so dangerous an attack, I did not think it right, when I heard that he was going on favourably, to ask to see him during the next day. But the following morning he sent again to request a visit.

He scarcely gave me time, after entering the room, to express my concern for his increased

illness, before he said, in a severe voice, and with an expression almost of contempt on his countenance, "I think you are a hypocrite."

"That is a hard word," I said gently, and scarcely yet believing that he meant it in earnest. "Will you tell me why you use it?"

"Will you tell me why you did not come to see me yesterday?"

"I did not come to you because I knew that any attempt at talking, immediately after an attack like yours, might be at the risk of your life."

"Then," he replied sternly, "I do not now merely *think* that you are a hypocrite; I *know* it. Two days ago you implied that whenever I leave this world I must enter either into infinite happiness or infinite misery, according to whether or no I have believed what you call God's message about His Son. How, if you really believed what you said, could you have left me, in the certainty that I should miss the blessing and receive the curse had I died during those forty-eight hours, which might well have been the last of my life?"

For a moment I could not reply; I had first to ask and receive forgiveness from my Saviour for my failure in my faithfulness to Him, and to a soul He had died to redeem. Then I told the sick man that I felt the justice of his rebuke, but that I did not think his conclusion was equally true; adding, "More careful about the temporary preservation of your dying life than of trying at all risks to save your never-dying soul, I acknowledge I have been; and I am grieved that it was so. Yet still I am *not* a hypocrite, and you would not have thought me one had you known that for nearly two hours in the night of your danger I was praying with all my heart to God for your salvation."

A change came over the sunken face of the dying man—a softened expression; and, though he said nothing, I felt that from this moment the barrier of hard unbelief in the reality of my own belief in what I was urging upon him had given way; and gradually he began to listen, with anxious interest, to short passages read from the word of God; sometimes entering freely into the subject of his difficulties—the chief of which was the doctrine of the divinity of Christ—with an evident wish to have them overcome.

One day I told him of a Unitarian who was asked by a friend to read through the Gospel of St John, pausing frequently to add the words, "And this was a mere man." He gave his promise, and,

opening the New Testament, he began to read as follows :

“‘In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God.’

“And this was a mere man !

“‘The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him ; and without Him was not anything made that was made.’

“And this was a mere man !

“‘In Him was life ; and the life was the light of men.’

“And this was a mere man !”

And thus he continued reading, and adding the promised comment, until, overcome by the perfection and majesty of the character of Jesus Christ, as well as by the divine attributes ascribed to Him, he fell upon his knees, saying, “O Son of man, Thou art in truth the Son of God.”

“I shall try that plan,” said the sick man, almost eagerly. He did so, and it proved a help in leading him to the same blessed faith.

But so tenacious is the habit of nurturing doubts, that long after those about him thankfully trusted that he had passed from death unto life, by believing on the name of the Son of God (John v. 24 to John v. 13), he himself continued to be disturbed by metaphysical questionings as to the nature of his faith.

“Was it the right sort of faith?” “Was it really saving faith?”

It was urged upon him, in reply, that he need not concern himself about the character of his faith ; but that he should be occupied only with its object. Faith is to the soul what eyes are to the body. When we look at the sun, we think how bright it is, how it pours down its light and warmth over the earth ; but we do not trouble ourselves with questionings as to whether ours are the right sort of eyes with which to look at it.

“The Saviour does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him—
And this He meant in saying, ‘Come to Me.’”

At another time the sick man said, “Is this great gift really for me—for me, after I have neglected and despised God’s way of salvation ?

“Is it reasonable to expect it, after I have murmured against God Himself, and all His late dealings with me?” And a shadow from the cloud of his former despair fell upon his face again.

A few days later he began a dreary search for evidences of the reality of his faith. “And there

are none,” he said sadly. “I ought to be so patient ; so grateful to my tender mother and kind sisters, if I were a man in Christ Jesus ; and I should pour forth such tears of shame and penitence for the past to God.”

Meanwhile the mother and sisters of the invalid noticed, with thankful hearts, his constant effort to overcome the irritability of disease ; and that a growing tenderness and deepening humility characterized all his ordinary intercourse with them, as well as his now frequent conversations upon the things concerning his peace.

“I find to my delight,” wrote a friend, “that your sceptic is a humble and repentant believer. I feel assured that he is safe—safe on the Rock.”

The day came for my last interview with the sufferer and his family.

“You may thank God,” he said, “that you were sent here to be His messenger of salvation to a poor lost sinner—lost in unbelief and misery.”

“Then, blessed be God, you know now that you are saved !”

“No, no ! not that exactly yet,” he said with a look of distress ; “how am I to *know* that I am one of those for whom Christ died ?”

“Very easily,” I answered, “because we read that ‘*all* we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on HIM the iniquity of us ALL.’”

After I had taken leave of this dying friend, commending him to the Lord on whom he believed, I went into another room to say good-bye to his mother. Whilst I was with her, one of her daughters came to say that her brother had hidden his face in his hands, and that she was sure he was weeping. “Could you,” she asked, “say anything to comfort him ?”

So as I passed the open door I said cheerfully, “This is my last little lesson to you. Will you learn it by *heart* ?

“‘I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.’”

He looked up with a grateful smile, and then I saw him clasp his hands and close his eyes in prayer.

A few days after my return home I received the following letter from one of his sisters :

“Soon after you left on Saturday he sank into a state of apparent unconsciousness ; but within the

last four-and-twenty hours occasional gleams have flashed across him, and then he has murmured, 'Christ alone! My only trust is in Jesus.'

"Once, when he heard your name mentioned, he made me understand that he wished one of us to repeat the verse you had said to him just as you were going away—

" 'I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me.'

He turned from one to another, wishing each to repeat it separately, and laid his hand on his heart, or clasped his hands with upraised, beaming eyes, as he listened to it again and again, until once more he became unconscious. We all felt that he had witnessed his good confession of faith and love for those true and simple words. My mother bids me tell you that the salvation of her beloved son is the crowning mercy of her life; and, amidst our sorrow, we are praising God for this blessed gift granted to us through Christ Jesus."



THE GOSPEL SUPPER.

"**B**LESSED is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." This was the exclamation, many years ago, of a certain man who sat at meat in the house of one of the chief Pharisees, where the Lord Jesus Christ was a guest. This man had evidently been listening to the gracious words that fell from the lips of the Saviour, and it may be that his heart had been touched by their power and influence. He probably appreciated something of the privilege he then enjoyed in sitting thus at meat with One who taught divinely, and was thus led to contemplate the blessedness of the man who should "eat bread in the kingdom of God." To a Jewish mind this idea would be the realization of complete and lasting happiness. Whatever may have been passing in his mind, his words appear to have been specially taken up by the Saviour in what immediately follows.

"Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." If the concern of this man in this matter went no further than mere words, how many gospel hearers in this day are like unto him. "I trust that I may be saved," or, "I hope

that I shall go to heaven when I die," are expressions every preacher of the gospel frequently hears from the lips of many who by their actions clearly prove that having said thus much they take very little further interest in divine realities. Let us turn to the parable.

A certain man made not only a supper, but a *great* supper. We are to understand that the character of the supper was the expression of the mind of the one who made it. God is great, and His salvation is a *great* salvation. The invitation also was in keeping with the feast. The giver of it "bade many." It did not suffice to say, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God," and to neglect the invitation. The only proof he could give of his sincerity was by accepting the invitation. What a rebuke this is for gospel hearers and gospel triflers. Alas! how many hope to come some day, hope to believe at some future time; but for all that they do not come. Yet all the blessing is secured to those who really come; for the promise is: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." But there was not only a great supper in harmony with the thoughts and mind of the one who gave it, there was a wide invitation in keeping with it—*He bade many*. This is not all, for he sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, "Come, for all things are now ready." Who is this servant? It is the Holy Spirit, of whom God has said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Who is there among men who can truly say, "The Spirit has never striven with me"? How terribly solemn, therefore, is the responsibility of the soul that remains heedless of the gospel message when it is preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Let us see how the invitation was treated by those to whom it was sent. It may be that some who refused then hoped to accept at some future time.

It is abundantly clear that the giver of the feast had done all he could to provide a welcome for those who were bidden. A piece of ground hindered one, a yoke of oxen proved an obstacle to a second, and having married a wife made it quite out of the question for a third to be present. How vain are such excuses. Nevertheless they plainly denote that there was no answer whatever in the hearts of those who pleaded them to the love which provided so rich a banquet, and accompanied it by so cordial an invitation. "Then the master

of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." This is the gospel invitation of John iii. 16 in other words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The supper was the same; but what shall be said about the condition of those who were afterwards invited, and compelled to come in. ? Let us consider their condition and state.

First, *the poor*; i.e. those who had no money to spend on land or oxen.

Second, *the maimed*; i.e. those who were injured in limb, and could render no efficient service.

Third, *the halt*; i.e. those who could not run when they were sent on errands in the path of service.

Fourth, *the blind*; i.e. those who could not see.

Such is the description of those whom God can save. What wonderful love is this that can invite such a company to such a supper! The natural pride of the human heart may rebel at this exhibition of divine grace, but it cannot be overthrown. The Pharisee may turn away with scorn from so needy a company, and the self-righteous man will despise so glorious a gospel; but sinners will receive it, for "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Joyful news!

"Call them in, the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer,
Can we weigh their weight in gold?"

When the truth of God finds an entrance into the heart, and reveals to a sinner his lost condition as seen by Jehovah, then, and only then, is he willing to take his place amongst the needy ones. It is true wisdom to accept God's statement as to our real condition. Have we thus been led to take our places amongst those who are now bidden to the supper? If so, the grace of God has been truly magnified in us. To all who have not yet accepted the invitation we still can say—


"Yet there is room."

W. H. F. C.



THAT DEAR RED HAND.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

 E sleeping lay, but o'er his pallid face
The loving watchers saw dark shadows pass
In quick succession by; e'en as clouds sweep
On some wild stormy day athwart the sky,
And spread a gloomy pall o'er earth and heaven.
But as we erst have seen the glorious sun
Burst through the clouds and spread a radiant glow
Of warmth and beauty o'er the gladdened earth,
So passed away the shadows from his brow,
And rays of glorious light, and peace, and joy,
Beamed forth ineffable. And hark! oh, hark!
What words are those he whispers in his dream?
"That dear red hand." "That dear red hand." Four times.

He murmured o'er the words; and then he lay,
And peaceful slept until the morn arose.

* * * * *

"Brother! What meant those words you whispered oft
The while you slept? "What words?" he feebly asked.
"That dear red hand." "You said them o'er and o'er."
"Stay—let me think—yes, I recall it now,
And gladly would I tell it to His praise.
Methought I stood before the judgment-seat—
A horror of great darkness seized me then.
My sins, the sins of all my life, stood forth
In dread array, by memory summoned up;
The voice of conscience thundered in my soul
And spake of nought but condemnation dread.
Others stood by; they went up one by one;
But I knew nought of what was passing there,
For deep despair had swallowed up my soul.
At length He summoned me before His throne—
I stood abashed! nor dare I lift my eyes,
Fearing to meet the wrath I felt must gleam
Upon my soul from out those eyes of flame.
He spake not. Silence reigned; at length, o'erwhelmed
By dread suspense, I ventured to look up—
Ah! what a sight—instead of burning wrath,
Love and compassion beamed within those eyes.
He spake no word; but lifting up His hand
He dipped it in the fountain of His blood,
And laid that dear red hand upon the page
And blotted out the sins recorded there.
THUS I was pardoned; and when justice scanned
That page with eye impartial, she could find
Nought laid to my account but Jesus' blood—
The blood of Him who bore God's wrath for me.
It is no wonder, then, that I should say
Again, and yet again, 'That dear red hand.'"

* * * * *

Art thou a soul convinced of sin, oppressed
By consciousness of guilt? Oh, turn to Christ!
From ruined self away, and own that thou
Art bankrupt too; that thou hast nought to pay.
Then shalt thou also know "that dear red hand"
Hath blotted out thy sins for evermore.

THE OLD MAN'S FAITH;

OR, "WHOM," "HE," AND "HIM."

BY GEORGE HEFFORD.

IN visiting the country villages and scattered hamlets of our land, one sees and hears much of the social, moral, temporal, and spiritual condition of the people, that is calculated to cause sorrow of heart. Yet in the midst of the darkness, ignorance, superstition, and depravity that exist, there are, now and again, to be met with those in whom the grace of God shines out with unusual lustre, who, having received the Lord Jesus Christ into their hearts, have an unquestioning faith in His *person, work, and word*, that is not always to be found in those who have had greater privileges.

Taking a stroll of two or three miles from a small town in Hants, I overtook an aged man, who, with the aid of a staff, was slowly walking along the well-kept path. Pointing with my finger to the turn-pike road at one side, and then to the footway on which we stood, I said :

"Just as there is a broad and narrow way on which we can travel here, so there is a broad and narrow way spiritually. Do you know of those ways?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "I know something about them."

"Might I ask which you are on?"

Possibly both the questioner and questions had taken him somewhat by surprise; but, recovering himself, he answered :

"I am on *Him* who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

"Then you are saved, and know it?" I remarked.

"Yes," he replied; "through grace, I can say with the apostle, 'I know *whom* I have believed, and am persuaded *He* is able to keep that which I have committed unto *Him* against that day.'" (2 Tim. i. 12.)

From the emphasis laid upon the words "Whom," "He," and "Him," it was evident the old man's faith rested not on doctrines nor creeds, but on a living, loving, present, personal Saviour. One "whom having not seen he loved" (1 Peter i. 18), to whom his soul had been committed, and in whose keeping and guard he felt perfectly secure.

In further conversation, I gathered that he was what the world calls a pauper. The object of his walk at this time was to waylay the relieving officer of the district, and obtain from him his weekly allowance from the parish funds. But though poor as regards *this* world, he was of the blood royal of

heaven, "a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God." (Eph. ii. 9.) Vitality united to Christ, accepted in Christ, daily and hourly receiving grace from Christ, wishing to grow in conformity to Christ, looking, longing for the glorious appearing of Christ, when he would see Him face to face, be *like* Him and enter into the inheritance purchased and reserved for him in the eternal kingdom of God.

As we lingered together, talking of the things "touching the King," the officer came along and stood by our side. "He is one of us too," said our aged friend; and very pleasing it was to find in him also a brother and fellow-worker in the Lord, knowing Christ as his own personal Saviour, and while in his official capacity distributing to the poor the necessary supplies for the body, not forgetting to speak a word as to the needful for the soul also.

"Shall we ever all meet again?" said our new friend on separating.

"By-and-by," replied the other, pointing upward, while a smile irradiated his aged face. "There, where 'the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'" (Rev. vii. 17.)

As we each pursued our several ways, I could but feel how wondrously blessed are they who thus possess and know the Lord Jesus Christ. Apart from this, how dark, lonely, and unhappy this man's lot would have been. Bereft of friends, deprived of external comforts, old age with its many infirmities upon him, but a step between him and death, and then—

"Ah, then the judgment throne!
Ah, then the last hope gone!"

But knowing Christ, he enjoyed a blessedness earthly things could never give, and which all the wealth of the universe could not purchase nor procure.

Dear reader, have you this Saviour? Has *He*—not a creed, a doctrine, a name; but *He*, a living Person—been received into your heart by faith? If so, you know Him, trust Him, and are united to Him. But oh! if not, will you not receive Him now? Then you will be able to say experimentally—

"There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me,
The torment and the fire
Mine eyes shall never see."

For in receiving Christ you pass from death to life, are born again, become a son of God; and He will be your hope, your joy, your strength, your life, your Redeemer, your defender, your all and in all, in earth and in heaven, in TIME and ETERNITY.

The Watchman's Message.



THE ISLAND OF ISCHIA.

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION.



WHEN in the lovely island of Ischia, some few years before the earthquake, in the adjoining house to our hotel a family arrived a few days before for the health's sake of a lady laid low by fever. The balmy air speedily exerted its influence, and dispelled the fever, her appetite returned, and she was able to get up a little each day. Her nephew had set sail in an open boat for Pozzuoli *en route* to Naples to attend a grand ball. The aunt was so much better as to be able to write to her brother fixing the day of her return to England. As she walked round the room, ere lying down again, she took the nurse's arm; but ere she had taken many steps she leant heavily on her shoulder, fell down in a fit, and almost instantaneously died.

If it be thus, O reader, that in the midst of life we are in death, surely it is but common-sense and prudence to *know what comes next*.

You cannot tell but that the next hour may be your last. You are surrounded by dangers on every side. You have no guarantee but that equally sudden death may be your portion.

What then? WHAT THEN? WHAT THEN?

Shall your exit from this world launch you into an eternity of bliss or into everlasting woe?

Strange that this momentous question should be put off! Beside himself must he be who lays his head on his pillow with his eternal destiny unsettled!

And yet there are thousands who live apparently unaware that any moment may fix their irrevocable doom. The miner working up to his arms in the choke-damp is not more surrounded by imminent danger. The gentle lamb that licks the hand which

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

encloses the knife sharpened for its throat is not more unconscious of its fate. The grunting swine that growl in the filth beneath the quivering flitches of their recent companions, afford a striking illustration of the folly of those who in the far country feed upon husks, and disregard the warnings successively trumpeted in their ears.

Be not so foolish, dear reader, but satisfy yourself about your own personal condition, after your mundane career is closed and you enter on an endless future. Rest not until you have had everything *thoroughly settled* between God and your soul. Look the matter straight in the face.

The blessed Jesus, the eternal Son of Jehovah, left the bosom of the Father, descended from the throne of glory and the mansions of unfading light, came down to this world of guilt, misery, and woe. He took upon Him the likeness of sinful flesh. He manifested God, and glorified Him in His life here below. He magnified the law, and made it honourable. He wrought out perfect righteousness. He endured rejection, scorn, indignities, and all the malice of depraved man, instigated by Satan, and bearing the unmitigated wrath of God against sin, He died on the cross under the full weight of His people's sin and transgressions. *He shed His precious blood in the room and place and stead of all who believe on Him.* He died the sinner's death. He became a curse by hanging on the tree; He discharged every claim, paid our entire debt, and satisfied the justice of God. He was buried, He rose again triumphant over death, the grave, sin and Satan, and carried His precious blood as a perfect and all-sufficient atonement for sin into the presence of God, and sprinkled it in the Holiest.

Now *satisfaction has been made*, God testifies to the believing sinner that He is satisfied with the blood shed, that all things are settled in his behalf by the blood of Jesus. CHEYNE BRADY.

"WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER?"



UALKING by the sea I noticed that the attention of many persons was directed to an object on the beach.

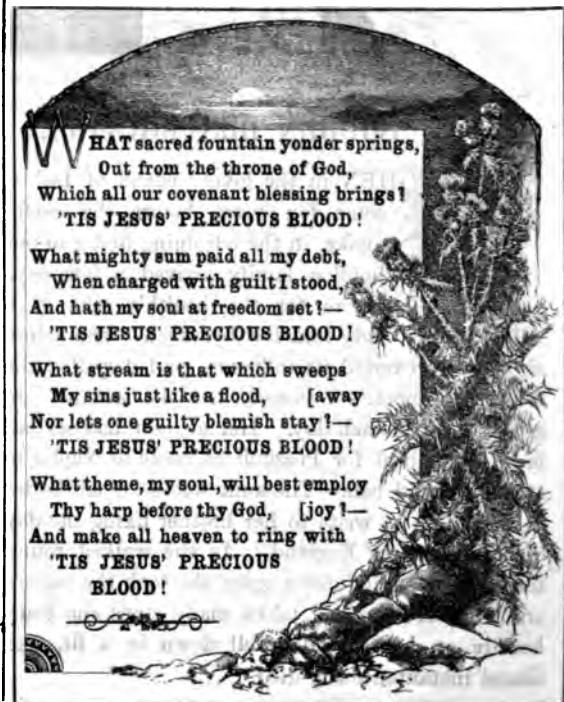
Drawing near, I found this to be a young man, lying on his back, fast asleep, with the sea within two or three feet of him. The tide was rising rapidly, and from the spot on which he lay the water became suddenly deep and dangerous.

Unconscious of all this, the young man lay enjoying his slumber. Others could see there was peril, whilst he lay like one dead. At length a lad leaped down on the beach and ran to him. He called, but this took no effect. The sea now had just reached his feet. The kind boy seized him by the arm. The sleeper tried to shake him off; and it was only by a rather rough shaking that he was aroused; then, rubbing his eyes, he slowly arose, and retreated to a safer spot, without, so far as I could see, expressing his thanks to the one who had so kindly come to his help.

As I turned away the thought struck me, that we are surrounded by sleepers. Perhaps most of those persons who wondered at the young man's folly were sleepers, fast asleep, and would resent any attempt to awaken them.

Reader, are you asleep, utterly unconscious of your danger, which is imminent? "Condemned already," a lover of this present world, a forgetter of God, neglecting the great salvation, the wrath of God abiding on you, because you believe not on His Son, yet happy in this condition. Is not this sleep—deep sleep? "What meanest thou, O sleeper? I pray thee arise." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Awake to your peril, lest you sleep the sleep of death. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

J. B. ISBELL.



GARIBALDI AND THE LAMB.

GARIBALDI, the great hero and deliverer of Italy, was one day crossing an Alpine height, with his men of war, when he met a poor shepherd in great trouble. One of his lambs had gone astray. He had sought for it anxiously, but in vain. Evening was now closing in, and the lamb would die if not put in shelter for the night. The poor shepherd wrung his hands in despair, and almost gave up the lamb as lost.

The noble heart of Garibaldi was ever ready to respond with generous help to the cry of distress.

Immediately, at the command of their chief, the soldiers broke up their ranks, and dispersed in various directions over the mountains, in search of the lost lamb. But even these hardy mountaineers found the work both difficult and dangerous, and when darkness fell they one by one regained their quarters in town, tired and exhausted with their useless search.

One alone persevered until the dawn, and did not return till three o'clock in the morning. It was the general.

Next morning, when his soldier came at the usual hour and knocked at his door, he was surprised at receiving no answer. He knocked louder. Still no response. Alarmed at the silence, and not knowing what to think, he opened the door, and looked in. There was Garibaldi still asleep, and beside him, wrapped in his mantle, the little lost one that he had found again; the head of the lamb resting on the hero's breast.

He had beaten every bush, sounded every precipice, and persevered until the end. The poor little animal was already stiffened by the cold, and half dead when Garibaldi found it. He had carried it in his arms, warmed it in his bosom, and thus brought it back to life.

Is not the tender sympathy evinced in this incident a touching trait in the character of the great hero of Italy?

Is it wonderful to think of the great warrior and conqueror, the giver of kingdoms, thus encountering fatigue and danger, and persevering in effort at the

risk of his life, all for the sake of a lost lamb? Then let it raise our thoughts to something far more wonderful. Let us think of God, the King of glory, the Creator of the universe, yearning in tender compassion over our lost race. Hear His words: "My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill: yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them. . . . Thus saith the Lord God. . . . Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out."

Our blessed Lord left the glories of heaven, the immediate presence of His Father, the homage of countless hosts of angels, and joys such as mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, to come to this our world, "to seek and to save that which was lost." And when His enemies murmured against Him—"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth

with them," He answered in that parable which so beautifully illustrates His tenderness towards our fallen race—"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it,



he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." And again, "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

Dear reader, are you within the fold of the Good Shepherd? There is no safety, no happiness outside it. The tangled ways of the world and of sin may be alluring, but they lead only to destruction. There is no real comfort for the soul but in those green pastures and beside those still waters where Jesus leads His flock. Oh, listen to His voice, and follow those footsteps which alone lead to heaven. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

THE Gospel is good news, for it tells of God's love in giving His Son to die—the Just for the unjust. When it is received it converts or changes, and a new nature takes the place of the old; new desires, new pleasures take the place of the old; for the child of wrath is made a child of God.

“CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE
WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS.”

1 Tim. i. 15.

THE GOSPEL.

ITS POWER.

OUR gospel came not unto you in word only,
but in power. 1 THESS. i. 5.

THE EFFECT.

YE turned to God from idols to serve the living
and true God; and to wait for His Son from
heaven. 1 THESS. i. 9, 10.

MANY that believed came, and confessed, and
shewed their deeds. Many of them also which
used curious arts brought their books together,
and burned them before all men. ACTS xix. 18, 19.

“CALLED OUT OF DARKNESS INTO
HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT.”

1 Peter ii. 9.

OH, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound.

Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

“Whoever will”—Oh, gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise or leave me;
They have left my Saviour too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me;—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

THE JUBILEE.

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.

CHAPTER I.—CLOUDS AND STORM.

JACOB, an Israelite; ZILLAH, his wife; DAVID, his little son;
 ITHRI-ISRAEL, a rich merchant of Jerusalem.

SCENE—*An Eastern farm near Hebron.*

Jacob (aside).—Misfortune is but bent to track my steps. How constant have I laboured, and how anxiously, to avert this dire calamity! Yet loss and disappointment stamp themselves on all my schemes. What I had hoped were gains proved worse than loss, and Ithri-Israel comes to day for satisfaction for the debts that first were left me as an heirloom at my father's death, and have been ever deepening since. To meet him is my dread. My heart turns coward. Fain would I hide the bitter truth still longer from my faithful wife—the truth that I have kept from her as secret stolen treasure. Now all will out, and, I befear me, ruin, which has dogged me as a spectre, will assume a cruel form, and bind us one and all in debtor's chains. But here comes Zillah and my darling boy. Oh that my failures never might be visited in trouble on their heads! Yet let's endeavour to be cheerful even now, though there's the trying task. [*Zillah enters, leading her little son.*]

David (gleefully).—Father, it is my birthday, and to-day I'm come to have my birthday kiss, and my loved father's blessing.

Jacob.—God's blessing on thee, child! And would that I could give thee all that love would fain bestow as easy as I give thee this. [*Kisses him affectionately.*]

Zillah.—Thou seemest not thyself to-day. Methinks thy smile, my husband, but conceals a heavy heart. What is thy weight? May I not share it with thee?

Jacob.—Did I not know thou soon must share it, I would not, could not, grant thee thy request; for sorrow seems more sorrowful when thou, my wife, art partner in the woe. Yet, truth to tell, thou must have known our home and prospects were beclouded with much debt.

Zillah.—Why, yes, I knew there was a something, but could not give it shape nor name. What is it? Nought serious, I hope.

Jacob.—Do you but listen, and the truth shall be thine own, as long it has been mine. Thou knewest, when I wedded thee, the farm I owned was in a measure not my own. My father's habits threw him into debt, and when he died, though all

his property was mine, his debts were mine as well, for so it is in law. I struggled hard to free myself, and thus set free the land and thee from this hard obligation; but fortune, though it seemed to smile on others, frowned on me, and—well, why recount the stages on the road to ruin—my debts increased; and though I fondly hoped to wipe them out, alas! I find them like a millstone. To day my creditor will come, and how to meet him is my fear. I fain would fly, but that would savour of dishonesty. What footstep do I hear? Even now he comes, and I must stand the brush. [*A turbaned Jew enters, carrying a leather satchel. Jacob rises, bids him welcome. Zillah and her boy pass out.*]

Ithri Ben Israel.—According to our promise, friend, we are come on purely legal matters; and as time waits for none, we needs must to our end at once. These bills are all unsettled. [*Opening his satchel, and unfolding sundry documents.*] They clamour for repayment. What hast thou to discharge them?

Jacob.—Alas! good sir, I have but what is thine. My land alone is left.

Ithri Israel.—Then I must have thy land, since thou hast had my gold. I see, on reference to the Sacred Calendar, the jubilee is full a score of years ahead. Thy farm will hence be worth to me as many rents. [*Casts up the total on the writing-table.*] But this I see falls far too short of settlement. Hast thou here nought beside?

Jacob.—Nought, nought, my lord, save what these limbs bespeak.

Ithri.—Then thou and thine must leave the farm. I claim thee for the debt, and I will find thee work on my estate; while others farm thy land, and pay their legal rent to me. [*Ithri Ben Israel leaves. Zillah enters, astonished to find Jacob weeping.*]

Zillah.—What ails thee, Jacob? Thou playest not the man. Trouble should strengthen us the more to fight and conquer; and conquest means a struggle. Come, cheer thee up; we soon will rise o'er all, and—

Jacob.—Ah's me! Thou knowest not; we're sold. Our land is now no longer ours. The home must now be left, and I, a bondman, doomed to serve. Henceforth the brand of slavery will stain our name; and we who heretofore were born to rule, must now begin to learn to serve. The yoke of bondage is already on us. One only hope is ours, though that is far removed by years on years.

CHAPTER II.—THE RAINBOW IN THE CLOUD.

NATHAN, a pious Israelite; OTHNIEL, his nephew from Damascus.

SCENE (twenty years later)—*The Court of the Temple in the reign of Solomon.*

Othniel.—What gorgeous scenes! What buildings! Gold and cedar, brass and silver, seem as plentiful as stones and ashes. This surely is the beauty of perfection, the joy of the whole earth.

Nathan.—'Tis true, my son. But hush! the solemn service now begins. Seest thou that noble viaduct that spans yon deep defile, and joins mount Zion with the temple courts? Such is the path our king elects to tread when he doth come to worship in this place, and distant music telleth his approach. He comes, and with him see a crowned lady. She is Sheba's queen—a stranger visitor, who came from Afric's dusky tribes to prove the truth of that she heard of our good king; his acts and all his wisdom. Retire we to this portico, and view them as they pass.

[*King Solomon, with the Queen of Sheba and Zabud, the king's friend, walk past, followed by Jehoshaphat, the recorder, and Benaiah, the field-marshal, heading a body-guard of attendants.*]

Othniel.—Who is that patriarchal personage just come from out the temple doors, clad in white robes? He leads two bleating goats; and see, they bind them to the altar horns. What means it, uncle?

Nathan.—He? Why that is Zadok, chief of all the temple priests. To-day is one of special import. The seventh month's tenth day is ever holy; but every fiftieth such exceeding so; for then the atonement-day proclaims the year of jubilee. Dost notice how the priests cast lots? One animal is now to die. The blood is poured out. He falls. Watch still. The priest unbinds the living goat; his hands are placed upon its head; and hark! [*Zadok confesses aloud the nation's sins, the vast assembly kneeling.*] Thou heardest solemn words, and these Jehovah hears; and as He hears from heaven His dwelling-place, He graciously forgives.

Othniel.—But what becomes of yonder living goat? Is it to die as well?

Nathan.—Nay, nay, my son. Jehovah needs no second sacrifice; the debt in figure has been paid. The full discharge comes next—Israel's reprieve. [*A man in waiting takes the goat, and leads it away.*] See how it runs! And as it goes away, know thou it takes away our nation's sins with it.

See now the brook is crossed, and next it mounts the hill. The ridge is reached; and lo, 'tis lost to view. Yet onward still 'tis driven, and doubtless will be left to roam at large among the crags of Judah's wilderness, to know return no more. But hush! the king stands forth. The priest from out the holiest has come, where sprinkled blood on and before the mercy-seat of gold proclaims that *all is done*; and hark! what saith the king? [*Solomon, the king, reads aloud from a roll of parchment extracts from Lev. xxv. as follows*: "And thou shalt number seven sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years. . . . Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof . . . and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family." (Lev. xxv. 8-10.)

Othniel.—See, uncle, the priests prepare to blow the trumpets. [*A loud and long blast in unison, echoed and re-echoed among the surrounding hills.*] And did you note that woman yonder? How she exclaimed and clapped her hands!

Nathan.—I did, my son; and every reason hath she. Hard times have been her lot; but better days are hence in store for her. For twenty years they've served as bondslaves under debt; but now she runs to tell her husband, Jacob, that the great atonement being made, the day of their release has come.

CHAPTER III.—SUNSHINE.

The reader is taken again to the scene of Chapter I., near Hebron.

Jacob.—Dost bear in mind, my son, that dismal day that brought thy years to ten? and now thou'rt ten thrice-told to-day.

David.—It seems but as a dream of yesternight; 'tis all so real and fresh. A dark and cloudy day indeed. Egyptian darkness seemed to have blotted all else out. But darkness is God's covering, and clouds the dust left by His feet. The bow was in the cloud and augured well, for sunshine lay behind. But tell us, father, where thou wast, and what thou didst upon the great atonement-day.

Jacob.—Thy mother brought me news of our release, or else I might have toiled to-day as when she found me in Ben Israel's field; for toil had

robbed my faculty, and days and months were unobserved by me. But what I lacked in memory was overplussed in her; for ears and eyes had stood her in good stead.

David.—How so?

Jacob.—She saw the sacred goats—she heard the king's decree, and clapped her hands for joy.

Zillah.—How could I otherwise, since then the yoke of legal bondage fell from off our necks?

David.—A cruel yoke, though law says only just.

Jacob.—And justice sets us free; the law can claim no more. Yet strange it was that when I sought my legal right, because of satisfaction, Ithri Israel feigned surprise that I should press it so; and argued that my bondage was not sore, nor his demands severe. Why, he would make it lighter yet, and planned and promised fair—would give me all I'd ask, except my being free. He used his utmost craft to hold me still.

Zillah.—He would have bored thine ear I ween, and hadst thou but submitted held thee now.

Jacob.—The chains of bondage pressed too hard. I knew and loved my liberty too well for that, and claimed and got my full discharge that day by righteous law—the king as witness.

David.—Nothing more sure and certain than our present tenure. No need to fear to face the world.

Jacob.—None dares to hold our right and liberty in question. We're justified by law, not pardoned merely, all is paid. We stand exempt from all reproach, though we may well reproach ourselves for what is past.

David.—Ben Israel's son cast scorn at me to-day, or thought to do.

Jacob.—How so forsooth?

David.—He had not heard of our release it seems, for business wants had taken him to Egypt. To-day he reached our farm, returning to his home, and claimed the fruits, the best of all, and called me slave, as erst his way, and bid me do his will as I was wont to do.

Zillah.—And then?

David.—Why then I simply told him I was free—the land was ours, the fruit, the sheep—and he had no control.

Jacob (smiling).—How relished he such savoury meat? Not much I trow.

David.—At first his wrath o'erleaped all bounds; but cooling down, he sought for *proof* of what I said.

Zillah.—How didst thou prove?

David.—Convincingly I ween; for when he saw, his speech seemed lost, and turning on his heel he left.

Jacob.—What saw he to convince him so?

David.—Only the king's sign-manual, declaring us as free. What more *could* he?

CHAPTER IV.—REFLECTED LIGHT.

LEVITICUS xxv., GALATIANS iii., 1 PETER i. 18.

SCENE: *Everywhere.* TIME: *Nineteenth Century.* PERSONS: *Believers in Jesus with an open Bible.*

SOLILOQUY.

How wonderful the truth of God! How simple, yet how sure! I see it all as clear as day. I'm free! Yes, free! True, I was once the willing slave of sin, and Satan bound me fast in captive chains, but now I'm free. The jubilee has come—the year of my release. I see it now, though all so dark before. This Book reveals my state in sin. 'Twas I that was in debt, and cursed by broken law. 'Twas I that could not pay; and though I tried and tried again by doing good to counteract the ill, 'twas but to sink in deeper debt, to find myself more helpless still. The law cried, "Pay!" and I, who had not aught wherewith to bless myself, cried out, "Forgive." Yet righteous law could not forgive; it left me only where I was—accursed—to wait my doom. But, glorious truth! I read still more, that "what the law *could not*" (Rom. viii. 3), One *did*, by being made a curse instead, I see. The goat in ancient days prefigured Him who bore the load of sin, died in my place, and thus discharges me. Oh, God be praised, I'm free! Who shall accuse again? or who condemn? (Rom. viii. 33, 34.) I'm justified by God, who now is on my side. My soul exults in this, that Christ hath from the curse redeemed me, by being cursed instead. (Gal. iii. 13.) "Sold for nought" I truly was, but now "redeemed without money." (Isaiah lii. 3.) How "blessed are the people who know the joyful sound!" (Psalm lxxxix. 15.) My tongue must praise and shout for very joy, "I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed through the blood of the Lamb that was slain; I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

To the reader.—Have you "received the atonement"—claimed, through grace, your discharge? If not, why remain in bondage under the curse, when, by accepting by faith God's testimony concerning His Son, you may be "free indeed"?

THE BROAD WAY AND THE NARROW WAY.

MATT. vii. 13, 14.



HIS is a very solemn Scripture, viewed in connection with the truth which it illustrates most forcibly. The broad way leads to destruction. Oh, what an awful word that is—*destruction*! Just to think of a person spending years upon this beautiful broad way, and then just as they are nearing the end to find that his portion for ever is to be destroyed, “both soul and body in hell.” God grant that such may not be the end of any one who reads these lines. Enquire, reader, whether you are on the broad or narrow way. You can easily find out. On *one* of them you *must* be. We find that at the entrance to the broad way there is a wide gate which will admit you and all your lusts and pleasures; and not only so, but you have entered following the “multitude to do evil,” “for *many* go in thereat;” and when you are on the way you have plenty of company—the ungodly, the sinner, the scornful (Psalm i.) are there. And Satan, the god of this world, has been busy there, and decorated it with all that pleases the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life; and everything goes pleasantly and happily, and the end is reached before the soul is aware of it. Oh, sinner, stop! *Why will ye die?* Why will ye be lost and damned for ever, shut up to spend eternity with the devil and his angels? There is time yet for you to retrace thy steps, and find out the strait gate which leads into the narrow way, which ends in *life*—life beyond death, life in the presence of God and the Lamb for ever. God grant that you may find it. You must look for a strait gate; and, sorrowful to say, you will not find many people about, for you must enter in singlehanded. Christ is the door, and by Him if *any man* enter in he *shall be saved*. And then the pathway is narrow, no room to turn to the right hand or the left; and there are no attractions on the way. The attraction is *at the end*, even the Saviour, who sheds a bright light on the path, beckoning us forward to *Himself*. And He has also sent His Holy Spirit to conduct those who are on the narrow way, and not to leave them until He present them to their Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Reader, bear with me while I again ask you,

Where are you going—

To destruction or to life?

To hell or to heaven?

To the devil or the Saviour?

To darkness or glory?

To weeping and wailing, or to sing songs of praise?
To the worm that never dies, or to fulness of joy?
To the lake that burneth }
with fire and brimstone } or to pleasure evermore?

WHICH?

WHICH?

WHICH?

You must answer!

ANSWER NOW! WHY NOT?

T. R. W.

ARE YOU BORN AGAIN?



R. Leifchild once met among the mountains of Ireland a lad about eleven or twelve years old. He was poorly clad; no covering for his head, no shoes or stockings for his feet. The boy had a mild and cheerful countenance. He stood keeping the gate of entrance to one of the richest and most magnificent views, with the New Testament in his hand.

Said the doctor, “Can you read?”

“To be sure I can.”

“And do you understand what you read?”

“A little.”

“Let us hear you;” and his attention was turned to the third chapter of the Gospel by St. John, which he seemed readily to find. “Now read.” He did so with a clear, unembarrassed voice: “There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him, Rabbi.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means Master. ‘We know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with Him.’”

“What is a miracle?”

“It is a great wonder. ‘Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee.’”

“What does ‘verily’ signify?”

“It means indeed. ‘Except a man be born again.’”

“What is that?”

“It means a *great change*! ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.’”

“And what is that kingdom?”

He paused, and with an expression of seriousness

and devotion, placing his hand upon his bosom, he said, "IT IS SOMETHING HERE!" And then raising his eyes, he added, "AND SOMETHING UP YONDER!"

This is a truly excellent definition of "the kingdom of God." "*It is something here;*" for it is "Christ in you, the hope of glory." (Col. i. 27.) "*It is something up yonder,*" "whither the Fore-runner is for all believers entered, even Jesus, who is made a high priest for ever." (Heb. vi. 20.)

Reader, do you know anything of "the kingdom of God"? Jesus tells you to "seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness;" and promises, if you do so, that all other "things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi. 33.) "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," that is, with outward show; but, "behold, the kingdom of God is within you." (Luke xvii. 20, 21.) Those who have "the kingdom of God" within them have the empire of Satan destroyed, and the throne of Christ Jesus established in their hearts. All such are dead, and their life is hid with Christ in God; and "when Christ, who is their life, shall appear, then shall they also appear with Him in glory." (Col. iii. 3, 4.) "Except a man be born again," be born from above by the quickening power of God the Holy Spirit, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.) This being "born again" is indeed "a great change." It turns a man right round. It is a deliverance from the power of darkness and a translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son. It is salvation from sin, from its death, power, and penalty. In a word, all who are "born again" are in Christ; and of them it can be said, "He is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.)

If you, dear reader, trust in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, you are "born again." I, therefore, beseech you, "be ye reconciled to God; for he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) Listen to the glad tidings. Jesus was sinless; He took our sins away by bearing the punishment they deserved, when He shed His blood, and so died upon Calvary's cross; and now all who put their trust in Him are accounted righteous by God for His sake. We have no righteousness of our own; but the moment we believe in Jesus, we are "made the righteousness of God in Him." Would you enter the kingdom of God? then "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)



CHRIST has given Himself for us that He might redeem us from everything that was between us and God. We were condemned, the slaves of sin, and Satan, and the world; but the blood-shedding of Jesus sets us free. And in redemption what have we? We have—

1. Freedom from *the law*. The law could only condemn us for our sins; it said, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. . . . But Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law that we might receive the adoption of sons." And then not only are we redeemed from the law, but—

2. We have redemption from *the power of sin*. There is not only the pure and holy law against us, but there is *sin* having dominion over us, and we cannot emancipate ourselves from its fearful tyranny; but we know that through the blood and death of Christ we are made free from sin, having our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. We are made free from sin; and in the same chapter we read, "*Sin shall not have dominion over you.*" (Rom. vi. 14.) Is not this a glorious thing, that through the redemption work of Christ we are delivered from sin, which was having dominion over us by our being transgressors under law, and was bringing destruction upon us? for it is said, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them;" and we were continuing in nothing. But we are in Christ, and have died with Him to sin, and sin shall not have dominion over us, for we are "not under law, but under grace."

Through redemption we get more; we get emancipation from sin itself, in principle. Before knowing redemption, you are not the master of sin, but

sin is your master, and you cannot do as you like; but sin, your master, says, Do this or do that—and, “as one under authority,” you do it. This goes on from day to day and from year to year in the case of the whole human family; and they “cannot cease from sin” until redemption in Christ is believed and known. But “he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin; that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.” (1 Peter iv. 1, 2.) “Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under law, but under grace.” Being “in Christ,” His blood and death set free from sin. We have now redemption from the power of sin, and by-and-by we shall be free from the hateful presence of sin, for we shall be in that holy city where sin shall never enter: “And there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they that are written in the Lamb’s book of life.” Oh, what a blessing it is to be now free from this lawlessness—this self-will—the very principle of sin, that brings about our enslavement, and keeps the race in chains, the very drudges of the devil, and slaves of passion, lust, and sin! We are by nature the slaves of sin and children of wrath. “But God be thanked that ye were the servants of sin”—that it is now only a thing of past history—“but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine into which ye were delivered. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness. But now, being made free from sin, and become servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.” (Rom. vi.) And it is true of every Christian soul that you are delivered from sin by dying to sin in Christ’s death, and that you have now dominion over sin, and can be thus addressed: “Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but yield yourselves unto God . . . and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.” The cross of Christ has been the end of sin’s dominion. We have ended our existence of sin in Christ dead for us. As says the apostle, “*I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.*”

3. We have also redemption from the world. “Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil age.” We are taken

out of Satan’s world, and joined to Christ by the Holy Ghost, and are thus members of His body; and instead of having Satan working in us, “it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure.”

4. We have redemption also from death. Death is a thing that is feared, and it should be feared by the ungodly, because there is nothing so sure to come upon them as death. “It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment.” Sinners are dead already—dead in trespasses and sins, and there is no prospect possible to them but death. There is to believers, “for we shall not all sleep;” but to the unsaved there are only death and the grave certain now—a fearful looking for of judgment; and then there is “the second death” in the lake of fire to all eternity. If the first death is so terrible to the unsaved that they are often in horror and despair as they are passing through it, what must “the second death” be, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched? It is a terrible sight to stand by the dying bed of a careless, godless worldling, and to see the dying one dragged, as it were, as a criminal, before the bar of God, crying out, “I cannot die! I cannot die!” and would part with all he has to gain time to get deliverance. We would give anything to be able to deliver such an one, but “none can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.” (Psalm xlix. 7-9.) But the things that are impossible with men are possible with God, for when there is none to help, “then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.” (Job xxxiii. 24.) There is One who can redeem, who has obtained redemption—He who entered the lists against Satan; the Lord Jesus Christ has delivered us from death, and “from him who has the power of death, even the devil.” He descended into Satan’s stronghold—the dark regions of death and the grave—and ascended up, leading captivity captive—Satan is in chains! He has also received gifts for men; and through the Holy Spirit He has bestowed these gifts in varied ministries of grace (Eph. iv. 11, 12), so that saved and gifted ones are now, in the power of the Holy Ghost, the means by which poor sinners are getting delivered from Satan’s kingdom and the power and fear of death, and are translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son, and built up in Christ.





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"THE BLOOD OF CHRIST CAN DO EVERYTHING!"

A TRUE STORY. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



and were condemned to death.

I was one of the priests whose office it was to be with those unhappy women during their last days.

One of these women, surnamed "La Navarraise," was put under my care. Her despair was painful to witness. She was tormented by the thought of her approaching death, and the judgment which would follow. I tried in vain to calm her, by reminding her of the confession that she had just made, of the cruel death by which she was going to expiate her crime, and, above all, of the extreme absolution which I should give her at the last. The anguish of her face only disappeared for a moment; then she wrung her hands again, exclaiming, "How can

I tell that that is enough for my pardon! Oh, what can I do to obtain pardon from God—lost and miserable as I am?"

The night was passing away, and it was nearly dawn. I could not give any more comfort; and I felt bitterly how powerless human words were to allay such grief. At last, not comprehending the full meaning of the words, I said:

"But the blood of Christ ought to do something!"

"Ah!" said she eagerly; "yes, the blood of Christ ought to do something!"

"Not only *something*, but *everything*," I replied; "for the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Is that true?" she asked in a tone of mingled hope and fear.

"Yes," I answered; "the apostle John declares it in God's name."

"Oh, why did you not tell me this before?" she exclaimed, as a calm expression spread over her pale face.

After a moment's silence, she continued:

"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; but what must I do that it may cleanse me from mine?"

"My daughter," I said to her, "look to Jesus on the cross, and say the words which fell from His divine lips: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Jesus died thus; you can die in the same way."

The poor woman threw herself on the stone floor of the dark chapel, and repeated several times: "Pardon me for the sake of the blood of Jesus which cleanses! Receive my soul, O Lord!"

Some hours after I stood with the poor penitent woman by the fatal gibbet. Terror of God's judgment again seized her as she cried :

"But I have sinned, and must meet God! Oh, what will become of me!"

"Jeanna," I replied, "*you* can do nothing; but the *blood of Jesus* can do everything!"

Then, encouraged by this assurance, she murmured :

"The blood of Jesus has washed away my sin; I commend my spirit into His hands."

A few minutes after, human justice was satisfied.

II.

In 1869, relates the same priest, as I was crossing a street in Madrid, I was accosted by a stranger, who, after a few friendly words, put a little book into my hands. I asked him what it was about, and he replied, "*The precious blood of Christ!*" and quickly walked away. Looking at the book, I saw the title was, "CERTAINLY THERE IS A SAVIOUR FOR YOU TOO!" But while I was scanning its contents, another person, who had observed us, approached, and said in a sharp voice, "Do you not know that that is a Protestant book, and that you run the risk of excommunication, if you are caught reading it?"

I was struck by the words, and not desiring to make myself a victim of the Holy Office, I hastily tore up the pages that were in my hands, and threw them away. I continued my way with the relief of one who feels that he has escaped from an impending danger. But there still sounded in my ears the gentle, grave voice of the stranger. Those words, "The blood of Christ," had awakened old memories; and the details of the dark story of crime, which led to judgment and the gallows, came vividly before my mind. They made me ask myself, "If that woman was comforted by the assurance of the virtue of the blood of Christ, why should I tear up the book which spoke of this truth?"

I retraced my steps, but the leaves had been blown away; I only found a little bit of the red cover, and with deep emotion I read the title again—"CERTAINLY, THERE IS A SAVIOUR FOR YOU TOO!" I said to myself: "Did I deceive that woman, on the threshold of eternity, by making her believe that pardon is through the shed blood? Could my words have been only commonplace comfort, a *souvenir* of my cold and barren studies? But this word strengthened her in the dark valley, on the

threshold of eternity; and if it is true, why do I reject it myself, and seek my own pardon in another way?"

I could not rid my mind of this thought; and the words of the little book were constantly ringing in my ears. Not being able to get rid of them, I went, a few weeks after, to a Protestant service. God so ordered it that the preacher took for his text, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

My conversion dates from that day; and these words, which only with my lips I spoke to the poor condemned woman, have, by the grace of God, become the foundation of a faith which fills me with joy, and rest, and confidence in God.

And now, dear friend, will you believe God's word, and trust in Him for the cleansing of your sins in His most precious blood?

ARE YOU READY?



THE end of Lizzie O—— is drawing nigh; but, praise the Lord, Lizzie is ready. Yes, quite ready. Death has no sting for her. The sting is gone, and she is not afraid. The great judgment-day has no terror for her. The language of her heart might be expressed in the verse of the hymn which says—

"What about death? it hasn't a sting.

The grave to a Christian no terror can bring;

For death has been conquered, the grave has been spoiled,
And every foe and enemy foiled."

We stood by Lizzie's death-bed the other night, and our hearts were made glad to see her resting sweetly in Jesus, and to hear the bursts of praise ascending from her heart to Him who loved her and gave Himself for her. Within the very borders of eternity, twice over in our hearing she cried, "*Hosanna to the Lord!*" She requested us to sing that hymn (written by Macleod Wylie, who is now with the Lord), the chorus of which was—

"Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide,

Which from my Saviour flowed;

And still in heaven my song shall be,

The precious, precious blood."

After we sung it she said, "That's sweet, and that is just what I have—'Nothing but the blood of Jesus;' and it's plenty, I need nothing more. Oh,

I will be glad to see the One who died for me! Just to think that I am going to see His sweet face!

"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
Happy in the Lord;
Home to Jesus, home, sweet home,
Happy in the Lord."

We asked her if she did not feel weary lying in bed so long. Her reply was: "Who can make a bed sweeter than Jesus? I would not give up lying here for anything. Jesus makes a nice pillow and a queer, sweet bed; but I'm not going to die, but live. My life is hid. I have been rightly saved." Looking up into our faces with an expression of delight she exclaimed, "That was a happy morning."

What morning, dear reader, do you think she referred to? I will tell you. On the morning of the 28th of July, 1877, at about nine o'clock, standing upon the Ormeau Bridge, in the town of B——, Lizzie was born again. So this was the morning she referred to, and this is what gave her such calm rest and joy on the very borders of eternity. She was born again, and going home to be with Christ. We will never again meet her on earth, but we will meet her yonder, where parting shall be no more. Her last words to us were, as she held us by the hand (with weeping eyes), "You are going away, I'm going home, but we shall meet again and praise Jesus together."

And now, my dear reader, what are your prospects for eternity? Would you have anything to comfort you on the borders of eternity? Would you be able to rejoice? Could you look back to a time in your history when you had a meeting with Christ and were born again? If so, *all is well*, and may you live only for *Him*. But if not—*solemn, awful* thought—a dark hell will be your portion. The worm that never dies, and the fire that never shall be quenched, will be eternally yours. But even now, if you take your place as a sinner, *guilty before God*, and receive Christ, heaven will be yours, and instead of joining the wail of the lost you will sing the song of the redeemed—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." "Christ died for the ungodly." (Romans v. 6.)

"What about judgment? I'm thankful to say Jesus has met it, and borne it away;
Drank it *all up*, when He hung on the tree,
Leaving a cupfull of blessing for me."

Praise the Lord!



"I CAN TRUST HIM NOW."

AMONGST others who remained for conversation and prayer, at the close of a gospel meeting, there was one whose furrowed brow and silvery hair betokened that he might be a few years on the shady side of sixty, and therefore, according to the course of nature, not far from the end of the journey of life. (Psalm xc. 10.) On seeing him proceeding toward the door, with a view to leave, and fearing lest—having heard the gospel, and although dealt with as an anxious soul—he might still be unsaved, I felt my heart singularly drawn out towards him, and towards God on his behalf.

Stepping up behind him rather hurriedly, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, I asked, in a subdued tone of voice:

"Where are you going, friend?"

"I'm going home," he replied rather sharply.

"You had better put an 'if' in there, would you not?"

After a brief pause—for he did not seem to catch my meaning just at once—he said, "Well, if I'm spared."

"And if you are not spared, where are you going?"

"Oh, well, as to that, I cannot say."

"My friend," said I, "it's pretty far on in the afternoon; in fact, it's gloaming with you now, and your earthly sun will soon be set. Do you not think it high time you knew where you are going? After your brief day is done here, where are you going to spend eternity?"

After breathing a deep-drawn sigh, he replied:

"I would like very well to know that if it be possible to know this side the grave."

"Our knowledge of that, to a certain extent, depends upon our entire consent to one condition—our willing obedience to God's command," said I.

"And what is that?" he eagerly enquired.

"Simply what you have very frequently heard to-night already; namely, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" (Acts xvi. 31.)

"Yes; I know that is what the Book says, and we must believe it to be true; but"——

He stopped here; and this is where thousands stop. They profess to believe all that is written in "the Book." But they are not saved, and the reason is very obvious; for believing on "the Book" never saved anyone yet, and never will. It is Christ alone, not "the Book," who saves. No doubt it is absolutely necessary to believe the Bible to be the Word of the living God, in order to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom that Word speaks; but to stop short of believing on Him (whatever else is believed) is to stop short of pardon and of peace—of salvation here, and of heaven hereafter. Looking that aged, anxious man full in the face, I said:

"For a good many years I read and believed the Bible (as I thought), but that effected no change in either my heart or life; for I only believed about Christ, and still lived in sin. But when I came to know myself (as described by God) to be a ruined, guilty, lost sinner, on my way to hell, and believed on Christ, He saved me; and I have the fullest confidence in telling you that if you believe on Him He will save you too."

Quite perplexed like, he said:

"But I do believe; I have always believed."

"If so, then I suppose you have always been saved. Have you?"

"Oh, no, I cannot say that; for I am not saved yet. But I hope"—

"But you have *never* believed; for all who believe are saved, and you must *believe* first, before you can *hope*."

"I cannot understand it," he said; "there must be something about that 'believe' that I do not fully comprehend."

"But supposing we change that word *believe*," said I, "in order to help your heart, if possible, and also relieve your mind of an apparent difficulty."

He appeared startled by this proposition, and looked very suspicious like at me, as if he thought me "unsound;" then, pointing to the Bible I held in my hand, still open at the sixteenth of the Acts, he said, "If that be the word of God, how dare you change it?"

"I would not dare to alter any word of His, my friend," said I; "but for once we may use another instead, without in the slightest degree altering the meaning. And, for instance, here is the Old Testament word 'trust,' as we find it in *Psalms* xxiv. 22; xxxvii. 3; lxii. 8, &c., &c., which means just the same thing as 'believe' in the

New Testament. And you know what it is to trust a friend, don't you?"

"I once had a friend I could trust," he said, his voice trembling with emotion, while his soft gray eyes became suffused with tears; "but my friends are all dead, and I have no one left to trust to now."

Without waiting to enquire who this friend was to whom he referred, I said, "Yes, there is One still living. 'He was dead, but is alive again'—the best Friend you ever had, or ever can have. His name is Jesus. He is the Friend of sinners. (Luke xv. 2; xix. 7, 10.) A Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. (Prov. xviii. 24.) Will you trust Him to save you? and He will." (Acts xvi. 31.)

After a few seconds he joyfully exclaimed, "That view of it relieves my heart. It has lifted my load. My burden is gone; and I can trust Him now."

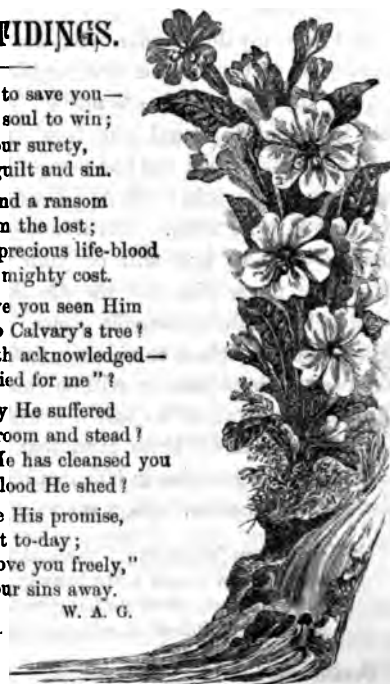
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" was all I could utter; for although I had been a believer for nearly fourteen years, I felt at that moment as if I had only newly trusted Christ.

Dear unconverted reader, if you trust Him now, He will save you too; but if you put it off, you may die the next moment an unbeliever, and be lost, and lost for ever. (Mark xvi. 16.)

GLAD TIDINGS.

JESUS died to save you—
Died your soul to win;
He became your surety,
Bore your guilt and sin.
He was found a ransom
To redeem the lost;
'Twas His precious life-blood
Paid the mighty cost.
Sinner, have you seen Him
Nailed to Calvary's tree?
And by faith acknowledged—
"Jesus died for me"?
Can you say He suffered
In your room and stead?
And that He has cleansed you
By the blood He shed?
If not, take His promise,
Rest in it to-day;
"He will love you freely,"
Wash your sins away.

W. A. G.



FAITHFUL WORDS.

BY W. H. F. CROOKSHANK.

John.—Why, Henry, I am glad to see you again! It is some years now since we met, and you are about the last person I should have thought of running against to-day.

Henry.—Well, John, I am equally glad to see you. We were very much thrown together several years ago, and I have frequently thought of you since that time, and often wished to come across you again somehow and somewhere. Time flies very quickly, and brings many changes with it.

John.—Yes, indeed, that is so. However, I am pleased to see you looking well and happy, because it was only the other day that I heard from our old and mutual friend, Mr. Dash, that you had greatly changed from your former self.

Henry.—What did he mean by that?

John.—Well, Henry, you will pardon me I am sure for repeating what he did say; but as you have asked me, I may as well tell you frankly. He gave me to understand that you were suffering from melancholy, or something of that description, having taken up with a religious craze, which had completely altered you.

Henry.—I thought so. If our friend Dash described me as a melancholy man he made a very great mistake, for I was never so happy in my life—praise the Lord!—as I am now. Truly there has been a great change—and a very real too—because I have been “turned from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan to God.”

John.—But you were always a very jovial sort of fellow, and quite the life of our little set when we were abroad. I never thought you were anything else but happy in your mind. I suppose we all suffer sometimes from the blues, as people say.

Henry.—Yes, John; no doubt I was merry enough in those days; but, thank God, I know now what true happiness is, because I have peace with God, and all is well with me both for time and for eternity.

John.—Then it is true that you have turned religious? Yet, if I remember rightly, you were always what I should call a religious sort of fellow. You were very particular about going to a place of worship once a week, and all that sort of thing. Indeed, I considered you a model man, and certainly I do not think there was any need to distress yourself on that score.

Henry.—That may be, John. But not very long after our paths diverged I became very much distressed, and this was caused by the work of the Spirit of God in my soul. I may have been outwardly religious, but I was not a Christian at that time, because I had not Christ. I knew this to be the case; and although I was as merry and seemingly as happy as anybody, still it was not so. There were times when I felt very keenly that things were not right between me and God. I feared death and dreaded the thought of the judgment that must follow. I tried to persuade myself that I was a Christian, because I formally regarded the observances of Christianity, and flattered myself that I was, after all said and done, as good as my neighbours. When I was brought to realize my true state and condition, I need hardly say the revelation was a painful one, so much so that for days, and even weeks, I was in great distress of soul.

John.—Why, Henry, I cannot bear to hear you speak thus of yourself. One would think you had been a murderer, or some forsaken outcast, instead of the highly-respectable man I have always known you to be. If you go on talking like this you will go far to make me think that Mr. Dash is right, and that you are the victim of a delusion.

Henry.—Not so, John. The delusion is a thing of the past. I am living now, through mercy, in the joy of a bright reality. In my unconverted days I was full of self-righteousness; but when I was led to see myself as God saw me—to be lost, ruined, and undone—so great was my anguish that I was like the man in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with the heavy burden upon his back, who could only cry, “Life, life, eternal life.” All my supposed righteousness appeared to me like a heap of filthy rags, only fit to be discarded for ever.

John.—Well, how did all this end? It is a wonder that you did not go out of your mind at once.

Henry.—Now we come to the blessed part of it all. The process of ploughing up the fallow ground of the natural heart of man is not a pleasant one to the carnal mind; but I can realize now that nothing short of such an experience would ever have brought me to a true sense of my need. I began to feel that I was indeed a sinner by nature, and I trembled at the thought of a sinner's doom.

John.—I suppose this is what you call being converted?

Henry.—One step at a time, John. But do not sneer at conversion. It is a real thing, and the Saviour Himself said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." A great advance towards true conversion is to feel your need of it; and I was just brought to this point. Although I passed current as a Christian, I knew full well that I had never been converted; and the words of Christ to Nicodemus came home to me with much power: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye *must* be born again."

John.—Well, go on.

Henry.—So I will; and I am thankful that you are willing to listen to my story. When I was ready to take my place before a righteous God as a guilty sinner, I gladly fled for refuge to the sinner's Friend. I saw the great mistake of my past life. I had often been to a place of worship, but I had never been to Christ. I had embraced what I considered an enlightened form of religion of which Christ was a revealer; but I had never accepted Him as a personal Saviour. I had neglected the gospel invitation, "Come unto *me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Although I was dead in trespasses and sins, and therefore needed life, I had not as yet availed myself of the only way by which I could obtain it; that is, by coming to Christ.

John.—What do you mean by "coming to Christ"? The expression seems to me so vague. If Christ were in the world now it would be intelligible enough.

Henry.—True it is He is not here now. But where is the difficulty? Although He has been raised from the dead, and has been glorified at God's right hand in heaven, His heart is unchanged. "The chief of sinners He receives." He can still hear the feeblest call for mercy. He knew when Cornelius was engaged in prayer. His promise has not yet been withdrawn. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." In this spirit I came to Him, as really and truly as if He were in the world, and I was the only one who needed His love and the manifestation of His saving power.

John.—I suppose then you prayed a great deal. How did you feel then?

Henry.—I not only prayed really and truly for myself for the first time in my life, but I believed; and consequently I had joy in believing.

John.—What did you believe?

Henry.—I believed what the word of God tells us about Christ. That "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." Accepting Him, therefore, as my divine substitute, I could rejoice in a present consciousness of sins forgiven.

John.—Now you are going too far, I think. It seems to me dreadfully presumptuous for a man to say his sins are forgiven. No man can be sure of that until he dies. The best of us can only do what we can, and hope that all will come right in the end. That is my view.

Henry.—Those are the natural thoughts of the human mind. I used to think and say the same. It is far wiser to believe what God says, and to accept God's thoughts as revealed to us in His Word. Do we not read therein, "There is therefore *now* no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus;" and again, "In whom [Christ] we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" and once more, "Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God." The language of scripture is emphatic as to the present happy portion of the believer; and it is real presumption to doubt the word of God. "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness."

John.—Then that is where faith comes in, I suppose; but how do you know these happy feelings will last? "Frames and feelings fluctuate," as the poet says.

Henry.—Quite so. But, you see, I am not building upon my feelings. You must discriminate between cause and effect. My soul is just resting upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. That can never fail; and He never changes, as I said before. I am daily rejoicing in His love to me, and not in my love to Him. "We love Him because He first loved us." Hitherto I found it hard to love God, because I ever regarded Him as one who was exacting the payment of a debt I was totally unable to meet. Now in the gospel I see that God is a giver and a justifier, because "He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever, John, means you and me. If you will only believe, you will be able to say, as I can—

"Praise God for what He's done for me.
Once I was blind, but now I see;
O'er ruin's brink I almost fell,
But Jesus has done all things well."

The Watchman's Message.

"A MIGHTY MAN IS NOT DELIVERED BY MUCH STRENGTH."

PSALM XXXIII. 16.



"THOU HAST DELIVERED MY SOUL FROM DEATH."

PSALM CXXI. 8.

DEATH AND DELIVERANCE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

No. 95.]

[Price 2/- per 100.]

⚡ DANGER

AND DELIVERANCE. ⚡



SOME years ago a soldier in a drunken state laid down to sleep in a small barge, hoping thus to hide himself from his superior officer, and so far he was successful; but from some unknown cause she slipped her moorings, and drifted out of the harbour to sea. He slept on, unconscious of his danger, the restless waves rocking him faster to sleep. Night was drawing on apace, and the rippling waves were giving place to a rough sea, and then one tremendous splash and roar awoke the sleeper, who, starting to his feet, exclaimed, "Where am I?" No comrade was near to answer; that was not necessary. He had but to look around to assure himself that he was in the greatest possible danger! His memory recalled the scenes of the previous part of the day—how he left "The Snap-dragon" drunk and incapable, and just laid down to sleep; and now, without provisions, he was going he knew not where. In hopeless despair he scanned the horizon, in hopes of seeing that he was drifting landward, but nothing could be seen but one vast expanse of water; not even a ship could he see in the distance. "O God, what shall I do?" he exclaimed. Like many others, he was careless and indifferent until there was danger, and then was he willing to call upon God. But how gracious and merciful is the God of heaven. He does not treat us like we treat Him, or we should be hopelessly lost; but He does say, "BEFORE they call I will answer."

Again the terrified man peers into the distance. He fancies he sees a ship. Nor is he deceived, for the sails are getting more distinct. She comes nearer, and taking the newspaper out of his pocket—that which has been his Bible for years past—he waves it in the hope of its attracting attention.

This attempt proved futile, and taking his last match out of his pocket, he lights the paper and waved it. The signal was seen by one of the crew and soon they were alongside to take him on board.

Reader, has not this little narrative a voice to you—you who are sleeping in sin, rocked in the cradle of ungodliness or pleasure, unconscious of the danger you are in? Awake, awake you to a

sense of your danger! "Flee from the wrath to come."

Friend, you are drifting on to eternity. Let the voice of God and the warnings of heaven arouse you. Put up a signal of distress—"Lord, save me or I perish," and Jesus will hear that cry. He will save you, for He is willing, and He alone has the power to snatch you from the arms of the destroyer. Do not go on any longer in the condition you are in, for "to-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." To-morrow you may be eternally lost. Think of it while you have the opportunity, and you, by taking Jesus as your Saviour, shall know the joy and happiness of the one that is saved; if not, oh, how terrible will be your doom when you wake up to the fact that it is too late, and you have lost your last opportunity of salvation.

To die without hope, hast thou counted the cost?
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost;
So near to the kingdom, oh, come we implore,
While Jesus is waiting, come, enter the door.

F.

"IT DOES NOT MATTER WHAT ONE BELIEVES IF HE IS SINCERE."



HIS is what many of the "mock-charity school" say; but let us see if it is true.

A man, feeling unwell, went to the cupboard, took by mistake a bottle of poison, drank some of the contents, and died in great agony an hour afterwards. Did his *sincerity of belief* save his life?

Two young men went to skate on a pond. They *sincerely believed* that the ice was in good condition, but they were both drowned. *Sincerity of belief* did not preserve them from a watery grave.

A man's salvation or damnation depends on his *belief*. If he believes the lie of Satan, he will eternally perish; but if he believes the truth of the living God, he will be eternally saved.

The Scriptures are very plain on this point. "There is a way that ~~SEEMETH~~ RIGHT UNTO A MAN, but the *end thereof are the ways of death*." (Prov. xiv. 12.) Sincerity of belief in that way ends in everlasting destruction. "HE THAT BELIEVETH ON THE SON hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36); "ALL THAT BELIEVE are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) But, "HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL NOT SEE LIFE" (John iii. 36); "HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT is condemned already." (John iii. 18.)

UNBELIEF.



THE sin which kept Israel out of Canaan was the same that now keeps hundreds out of the kingdom of heaven; it was the sin of unbelief. The apostle tells us they could not enter in because of unbelief; and many to-day are outside the Ark—Jesus—because of unbelief. Israel knew that Canaan was a place to be desired; they had a sample of its fruitfulness brought back by the spies—such huge bunches of grapes, that it took two men to bear one bunch upon a staff; yea, and they brought back figs and pomegranates, and showed them to all the congregation. Caleb said, "Let us go up and possess the land," but the others were afraid of the giants.

Reader, you have heard of heaven, and you know that it abounds with happiness, love, joy, peace, and pleasures which last for ever, and yet you are undecided as to whether these things shall be yours. God offers them, and only one condition is placed in the way, and that is, You must have Jesus as your Saviour, for He is "the way, the truth, and the life: and no man cometh to the Father, but by Him."

Most persons probably hope to go to heaven when they die, and yet it is awfully true that they do not know the way which leads thither. One

man is walking in the broad way of sin and iniquity; this cannot lead to heaven, for the word of God assures us that nothing can enter there "which defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie."

Another is walking in the delusive path of self-righteousness; this cannot be the right way, for Christ Himself has said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A third is pursuing the path of formality; vainly supposing that because he is regular at a place of worship, and punctual in the other outward forms of duty, he must be in the right way to heaven; whereas our Lord has solemnly declared, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Amidst the various and delusive paths which so many are eagerly pursuing to their eternal ruin, how may a poor bewildered sinner know the right way? Listen for a moment while Christ Himself, the faithful and true Witness, proclaims the delightful truth—"I am the way." This, reader, is the right way; the only true, safe, and holy way of God.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." By believing you will slay that great enemy—unbelief.

I beseech you, my reader, let not unbelief shut you out of the kingdom of heaven.

D.



MY SAVIOUR.



I HAVE found a precious Saviour,
He has washed my sins away;
Now, rejoicing in His favour,
I am happy all the day.

Sweetest joy my heart is swelling,
Joy the world could never give;
While in sweetest strains I'm telling
How He made my spirit live.

Lost in sin I wandered weary,
Far from Jesus, far from home,
Till He came in love to cheer me,
Sweetly calling, "Wanderer, come."

Pardon full and free He offered,
Showed His bleeding hands and side;
Told me how for me He suffered,
For my sins was crucified.

Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,
Yielded to His gracious call;
At His feet in sorrow bowing,
Gave to Him my life, my all.

Now I'm His, yea, His for ever,
Safe within His happy fold;
Jesus' lambs can perish never,
Love like His can ne'er grow cold.

The Grace of God

that bringeth salvation

hath appeared to all men.

TITUS II. 11.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."

EPH. II. 8.



"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

ROM. V. 20.



"Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

HEB. IV. 16.



"Justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

ROM. III. 24.



"My grace is sufficient for thee."

2 COR. XII. 9.



"Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

EPH. I. 2.

GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reached our ears, [frowned,
When conscience charged and justice
'Twas grace removed our fears.

'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terror from the grave—
From death its victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth,
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health;
'TIS LIFE FOR EVERMORE.

Of grace then let us sing!
(O joyful, wondrous theme!)
Who *grace* has brought shall *glory* bring,
And we shall reign with Him.

Then shall we see His face
With all the saints above,
And sing for ever of His grace,
For ever of His love.

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

SAVED BY GRACE.



A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

HAVE been one of the most self-righteous men that ever lived. For years I groaned under my folly, expecting to find peace by regulating my life according to the word of God. I could not but believe the Bible true which told so plainly the secret evils of my heart. So I sought carefully for all the commandments of the New Testament, but I found no commandments as I understood the word. Oh, yes, I read, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer;" or, "For every idle word which men speak, they shall be brought unto judgment," and others of the same character, but they terrified me. I sought quickly to forget them. I read also—

"Seek not what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink," but it did not seem to be for me; my daily labour brought in abundantly. I read also—

"Sell what ye have, and give to the poor," and then I wished, oh, that I were only rich, that I might sacrifice all!

Then I found baptism and the Lord's supper; and, in my anxiety to *do* everything, I took them for commandments. But after doing all, and living an irreproachable church-life, I got no settled peace. The "rejoice evermore" of the Bible was a mockery to me. When I was baptized I expected some mysterious change, but there was none. I wept at the Lord's table, but there was no peace. I prayed in secret and in public, often so earnestly that others thought me mighty in prayer, but there was no peace. "O Lord!" I cried in my agony, "why hast thou not been plain in thy Word, that I might know exactly what to do? I would run and do it even at the peril of my life." But there was no answer. I now visited the sick, and spent much time in reading the word of God, and still more time in prayer. I preached too—yes, dear reader, I *preached*! I pretended to be a bearer of glad tidings, while my own heart writhed in agony. What did I preach? What others had preached to me—"Do thy best, give all the glory to God; be a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, and then He will save thee." But no peace, no peace! In spite of all this supposed duty fulfilled, there was no peace!

One day I called on a sick man, and quickly

introduced the subject of religion, as that was my object in calling. "Ah, sir," he said, "they used to tell me to do my best, and I tried and tried, until I found there was no best to be reached. When I examined myself I found I was still the same old sinner. Then I watched my instructors to see if I could detect in them what I found in myself; and they failed so visibly to live up to what they taught and professed that I set them all down as hypocrites, and turned infidel. But here, read this;" and he passed to me a Testament open at Romans iii. I had often read it before, but now the declaration, "There is none righteous, no, not one," was strangely solemn to me. I read on, "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. . . . Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." And as I read the Holy Ghost opened my blinded heart, and I beheld it all. Then and there in that log-cabin I got what Cornelius got, when Peter told him that remission of sins was by believing in Jesus. (Acts x. 43.) But oh, the shameful pride of the natural heart! I felt like breaking forth in "glory, glory, glory to the Son who has met all the requirements of justice against me, and has given me eternal life by simply believing that 'it is finished!'" Yet I stifled it. What, I—who had been a church member for years, and a good one too—I acknowledge that I was then only brought to the knowledge of the truth! It was too humiliating; it is not so *now*. Jesus, the mighty Saviour, is also a sweet and meek teacher, and when we get acquainted with Him, we learn the sweetness of hiding our poor, mean self and showing Him only.

And you, dear reader, where are you? Are you praying too? Are you seeking after the commandments, to do them? Are you proposing to make Jesus your model, before you know Him as your Saviour, your peace, your righteousness, your sanctification, your all? You may try and try again, but at last you will look back and say with me, "What a bottomless pit this doing is!"

But I have a brother whom I loved as my own soul. My soul went after him. My treasure was too great to be hoarded. I wrote to him and told him that I had been blind, but now I saw. I told him of that man that is called Jesus, of the work which He finished on the cross, and of the wonderful results of simply believing on Him. He replied "that he was in great distress sometimes, and did

not know whom to believe. One said, Do this; another said, Do that; and all earnest. It was very puzzling." I blessed God for this, for it showed that the Holy Ghost was dealing with his soul.

One day he wrote, "All you tell me is true; I have compared it with the Word. One thing only I cannot understand. You say, 'It is useless to try to better that which cannot be bettered;' and add, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh.' Surely you do not mean to say we must not strive to improve ourselves, else how could the Lord have said, 'Except your righteousness shall exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven!'"

I prayed to the Lord that He would guide me in my answer, and thought of the joy of being made the instrument in bringing my dear brother to Jesus. I then replied, "Yes, that is just what I meant to say. I meant that it is useless and even folly to strive to better what cannot be bettered. 'Ye must be BORN AGAIN.' We are completely lost, without hope, desperately wicked. Nor does the Lord anywhere promise, as so many pretend, the strength needed to do anything toward our own salvation, and you have no right to pray for it. You certainly have never understood the words, 'For by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight,' or you could not expect ever to accomplish more in that way than the scribes and Pharisees. The Lord takes them for examples because they were the leaders of the people. You will never be able to accomplish more than they did, pray and strive as you may. Your only hope is in what another, even Jesus Christ the Son of God, has done for us. This is humiliating, but there is no other way. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' This is the testimony of the whole Word. Believe, and you are saved."

A few days after I received this answer—"Give glory to God, my beloved brother (doubly so now). I see, I see! Jesus, and Jesus alone, saves me! He is now my all. Since yesterday it seems I understand more than half the Word which before was all darkness. I received your letter yesterday morning, and as usual I read it over and over. I read the passages you mentioned, and they were there; I could not deny it. But I was miserable; I went to my task heartlessly and insensible. Towards evening a gleam of hope reached me. I fell on my knees and prayed, and while there the whole redemption, which is through Christ Jesus, was

opened up to me. I desired to see and feel it with such force that my heart might leap high for joy; but I got only a deep, solemn, strange peace within. My wonder is that, in view of such a salvation, I can remain so calm. I almost tremble lest I should lose such a precious rest."

Yes, glory to thee, O my God! Glory to thee for such a salvation! Glory be to thy name for ever, that in Jesus my brother is safe! We are safe for evermore!

Dear reader, are you safe? Some will say, "I think so," when they have undergone some strong emotion or excitement. But can you say "Yes" in the depth of your soul—a quiet, happy "Yes" in the presence of Him who has seen you from your first breath, and has known your most secret thoughts, because you know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin? Alas! how many there are who, in the face of the repeated declarations of God's Word, that they are not only "condemned already," but are "dead in sins," go about to establish their own righteousness. Conscious that they cannot render a perfect obedience, even to their own estimate of it, they make up a code of their own, and call it their duty. And in doing what they call their duty, they are smoothly, religiously sliding to hell. Reader, have you ceased from your own works, and taken the place of "him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly"? Then also do you assuredly know "the blessedness of the man unto whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works."

"For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For *Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that BELIEVETH*. . . . But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." (Rom. x. 2-4, 8-11.)



THE FARMER'S CONVERSION.



DURING Napoleon's wars in Germany, a French regiment, on its march through the country, was quartered on the inhabitants of a certain village. Among the soldiers was one of a remarkably fierce and savage aspect, with a black beard, surmounted by an immense quantity of bristly hair, who, in his gestures and whole demeanour, affected to personify the wild man of the woods. The farmer upon whom he happened to be billeted was terrified at the sight of his guest, and told the officer that he would agree to take, in the place of such a savage, two of a less ferocious appearance. The officer agreed, and took the soldier to other houses; but receiving the same answer, he turned him into the street to find a lodging for himself.

This happened on an evening when the few members of the society (Moravian) met for edification in the hall of one of their number, who acted as their leader and kept them together. He was standing at his door, and saw the poor man passing by more than once. At length he asked him on whom he was quartered. The soldier answered that no one would take him in. The brother, though somewhat alarmed by his fierce looks, on being assured that he would behave decently, feeling pity for him, showed him into his house.

On seeing the benches placed in order, and a little organ in the hall, he asked if it were a church, and was answered that he would soon see the use to which these things were applied. He sat down in astonishment. The company assembled, a hymn was sung, a portion of Scripture read, and a prayer offered up. The poor man was deeply affected, and exclaimed, "You are a happy people. Would God I were like you! But I hear none of these things. I am a poor wretch, and shall be shot in the next battle."

The brethren spoke kindly to him, and directed him to that Saviour who will cast none out, not even the worst. By the kindness of his charitable host, he now got a good supper and a night's lodging.

In the morning early he went out and sought the farmer who had first thrust him away, whom he demanded to see, and then informed how and where he had found much more comfortable quarters. The farmer laughed him to scorn; and, being a great enemy of the brethren, replied that he was very welcome to join those wretched pietists, but as for himself, he would never enter their house.

"But you shall, though," cried the rough soldier, enraged at hearing his hospitable friends abused; "you shall attend this very day at their evening worship, and I will come and fetch you, and take no denial."

The soldier was as good as his word. At the proper time he appeared at the farmer's door, who, terrified by his determined manner, accompanied him, and, to the surprise of all present, was found seated next to his conductor, who fairly mounted guard over him.

But now the Lord's time was come. The wrath and fright of the poor farmer vanished, and, touched by a divine power, he sought and found forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Jesus. He went home in a very different state of mind from that in which he entered the house, and by his testimony his wife and family were awakened to a sense of their lost estate by nature, and with prayer and supplication sought and obtained the same mercy.

The conversion of this man and his family created a great sensation in the village, and proved the means, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of the conversion of many souls.



A LIVING SAVIOUR.

NOT long ago I called upon a lady, and, after some conversation, I asked her how long she had been a Christian. She replied, "I have been a believer for years, I might almost say from childhood; but I never knew 'peace with God,' or my place as a Christian, till this summer at one of your preachings, when I saw for the first time in my life that there was a *real living Man* in the glory of God, and that *Man* was *my Saviour*. I had been accustomed to think of Jesus as a Spirit, but never realized till then that He was a real living Man, alive in heaven."

Are there not numbers in the same condition? Believers in Christ they undoubtedly are. Their hearts have really trusted Him. They believe He died for them; but there they stop; they have never seen Him alive in heaven. They often sing—

"Cling to the cross, the burden will fall;"

yet somehow the burden does not fall, in spite of their clinging to the cross; and time after time they are disheartened, and cast down in despair, and even doubt their conversion, and groan and sigh for deliverance.

I feel sure this is really the experience of numbers of believers in the present day; and what passes current amongst them as real Christian experience—groaning in bondage, clinging to the cross, and longing for deliverance.

But is "clinging to the cross" the gospel? Does it rid believers of their burden, and give them "peace with God"? Does it bring them deliverance? Most certainly not.

It reminds me of a dear young Christian in Scotland, who was met one day by a very worthy man who had long known her, but had not seen her for some time. After the usual salutations of the day had passed, he very kindly inquired, "Are you still clinging to the cross?"

"Oh, no!" replied the young woman. "I'm not doing that now, sir."

"Indeed!" said he. "And can you do without the cross then?"

"Oh no, sir!" she answered. "I cannot do without it. It is the foundation of all my blessings. But the cross is nothing without Him, sir; and I have found out that Christ is neither on the *cross*, nor in the *grave*, but on the *throne*; and I've got my Saviour up there. It is only giving the cross its right place."

Yes; everything depends upon whether Christ is on the *cross*, in the *grave*, or on the *throne*. Where is He? "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain . . . ye are yet in your sins." (1 Cor. xv. 14-17.) So said the apostle. "But now *is* Christ risen from the dead." (v. 20.) Then believers are *not* in their sins.

When the blessed Lord hung on the cross He bore the believer's sins. He "bare our sins in His own body on the tree." (1 Peter ii. 24.) He "was delivered for our offences." (Rom. iv. 25.) At that moment Jehovah made to meet "on Him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 6.) Then the sword of divine justice awoke against Jesus, the Man who was Jehovah's fellow. "He who knew no sin was made sin for us," and treated as sin. Darkness covered the earth; and the Son of God, in deepest fathomless sorrow, cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46.) Christ at that moment was forsaken of God, and bowed His head and died.

Where is He? The resurrection morning dawned on the women at the grave, and the angel proclaimed the glad tidings, "He is not here; for He is risen, as He said, Come, see the place where the Lord lay." (Matt. xxviii. 6.) The vacant cross and the empty *grave* alike repeat the blessed news, "He is risen."

Look up, believer; look up! Stephen "*looked up stedfastly*" into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus." (Acts vii. 55.) See yonder throne, occupied by the Son of man, Christ Jesus! The glory of God shines in His face. Could He be there if the sins were not gone? Could the glory light up His face if the sins were still upon Him? No! no! A thousand times, no! Mark, then, the contrast between Christ on the cross, in the distance and darkness bearing our sins and forsaken of God; and Christ on the throne, without our sins, accepted by God, "crowned with glory and honour," the glory of God shining in His blessed face. Now, say, is it clinging to the cross, or is it looking up to the throne where Christ is? I know your heart replies at once, "It is looking unto Jesus."

Why was He raised? Let Romans iv. 25 answer. He "was delivered for our offences, and *was raised again for our justification*." After Christ had glorified God at the cross about the question of sin, it was positive righteousness on God's part to take Him out of the grave, and put Him up in the glory. It was the divine answer to His work. And is it not due to Christ, who did that work, that God should give everyone who believes in Him the same place as He has given Him? Certainly it is; for Christ died not for Himself, but for us; and God has raised Him for *our justification*. Therefore every believer is justified in a risen Christ. Christ in the glory is the believer's ever-subsisting righteousness.

The cross has closed the believer's history as belonging to the first Adam, under condemnation, and exposed to death and judgment. For not only has "Christ died for our sins," but we have died with Him. We can say, "I am crucified with Christ." (Gal. ii. 20.) And if crucified with Him, God sees us no longer as men alive in the flesh, but associated with a risen Christ—"the last Adam"—in life and everlasting blessing.

This is the standing of every believer in Christ; and the knowledge of this, received into the soul by faith, gives not only peace about the question of sins, but deliverance from the power of sin; so likewise from the world, and from law. For if associated with Christ in resurrection, united to Him in heaven by the Holy Ghost (and faith receives this on divine testimony), then we are done with the world in all its varied forms; our interests and hopes are all above, where Christ is. (Col. iii. 2.) Meanwhile, our path *through* this scene is marked out by Himself, and we are set here for a while to display what His power can do for us, till He return to receive us to Himself.

Then spread the news far and wide, there is a real living Man in the glory of God to-day. At the same time, He "is over all, God blessed for ever." (Rom. ix. 5.) He is not finishing the work of salvation on the cross, but alive in the glory, as the everlasting witness of its accomplishment.

W. E.



A WORD OF STRONG CONSOLATION.

WHAT is the definition usually given to these words, "According to"?

In agreement with, in proportion to anything. We speak of a man's giving according to his means; of an individual exerting himself according to his strength; of influence used for the benefit of others according to a person's power and position; and of ability to perform various duties in life, being according to the knowledge of the parties concerned. These words are often met with in the word of God, especially in the Psalms and the New Testament; and for the strengthening of our faith, and encouragement of our hearts, let us ponder over a few of them.

We are apt too much to look at the surface only without digging deep into the mine, afraid, it would almost seem, to appropriate the treasures which we know are there; but to whom are the "exceeding great and precious promises" of God's word given, and are they not "all yea and amen in Christ Jesus"?

If we confine our thoughts more particularly to one or two passages in the New Testament where these words are used, we shall, by the aid of God's Spirit, whose office it is to enlighten, see something of the force and beauty of the expression, as it is applied to the resources of God being made available to us. That well-known and oft-quoted passage (Phil. iv. 19), "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," seems, from our feeble faith, to be but little understood. We think of our need being supplied but barely. How little do we realise that our supply is to be in proportion to "His riches!" Who can imagine the boundless, illimitable, "unsearchable riches" of Christ? And are you and I, dear fellow-believer, to be supplied according to *this*? Then let us rejoice with exceeding joy, and not doubtingly mistrust that it is our "Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom;" and having

given us His Son, "with Him also freely to give us all things."

If one of our wealthy noblemen promised to supply us with all we needed according to his means, satisfied with his kind intention and of his ability, should we not be relieved of immense care? But what would this be to the promise which we have, if we only put out the hand of faith to take it, from Him who is "Lord of lords and King of kings"? "Riches and honour are with Him; yea, durable riches and righteousness" (Prov. viii. 18); so that well might the apostle exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" Do we want righteousness? He has a robe ready for us. Do we "lack wisdom"? We have only to ask it of Him; for He "giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich."

But we want *strength* as well as riches, and St. Paul tells the Colossians (chap. i. 10, 11) that he prayed "that they might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; *strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power*, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness."

Oh, do we want strength for our spiritual warfare, strength for our daily duties, strength to suffer and to bear? Need we, with such a storehouse to apply to, where "all might" is given in proportion to the "glorious power of the Giver, who is the omnipotent-Jehovah"? "Will He plead against us with His great power?" says Job. No; but He will put strength in us. He has promised that they who "wait upon Him shall renew their strength." He has promised, "I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee;" and, "Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." In all ages we have the testimony of those who have received it.

David says, "Because thou *hast been* my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." (Ps. lxxiii. 7.) Isaiah says, "Thou *hast been* a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress." (Isa. xxv. 4.) And St. Paul tells king Agrippa that, having "obtained help of God," he continued to that day; and in writing to his son Timothy, he tells him that, when falsely accused, "the Lord stood with him and strengthened him."

and having received the assurance—"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness"—well might he add, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the *power of Christ* may rest upon me; for when I am weak then am I strong." And have you not, dear fellow-Christians, experienced this infusion of strength which has caused you to say, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me"? And will you not then "trust in the Lord for ever: for with the Lord Jehovah is *everlasting strength*"?

And now, having thought a little of the "depth of the riches," and the magnitude of the power of God, what shall we say of His mercy, of His love? It seems too exalted, too profound a subject to touch, and yet it comes nearest to our wants.

"According to His mercy He saved us." Not according to our *sins* has He dealt with us, "not by works of righteousness which we have done" has He saved us, but *according to His mercy*." Oh, the "length, and breadth, and depth, and height" of this mercy! Who can fathom it? Who can tell its bounds? It is "from everlasting to everlasting." It "passeth knowledge;" and time would fail in attempting to reckon the proofs of this great love. St. John, in chap. iii. of his first epistle, produces evidence after evidence of its greatness and all-sufficiency. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "We love Him because He first loved us." And St. Paul, in Romans v., says, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." If interested in this great love, this great salvation, shall we not also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement, and rejoice that nothing can separate us from the love of Christ—neither death nor life, things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature? "for in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

But what is it which *secures* these inestimable privileges and blessings to us?

David, in Psalm cxix. and elsewhere, prays to be "*upheld*," to be quickened, to be enlightened "*according to God's word*." Yes, "faithful is He that

promised," and herein is our security. "Hath He said, and will He not do it? hath He spoken, and will He not make it good?"

Even when thinking of His mercy we too often overlook His faithfulness. Not one jot or tittle shall fail. "His promise is yea and amen," and never was forfeited yet. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but Christ's word shall not pass away." "It is impossible for God to lie." "For what if some do not believe? shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar."

"Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David." "He cannot deny Himself," but is ever "faithful and true." "My command will I not break, nor alter the thing that has gone out of my lips." And having promised us strength, riches, mercy, "according to" His boundless store, let us seek them more earnestly and believingly than ever, remembering that He is honoured and glorified by our unswerving trust in His faithfulness and power, and has said, "According to your faith be it unto you."

"In having *THEE* we *all* possess
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete."

SEEDTIME.

DOES a mournful sense of failure
Gather deeply round your soul?
Has your golden seed been wafted
Where the foaming torrents roll?
Cast your bread upon the waters,
God will keep it in His hand;
Seeds, now sown in faith, will meet you,
Blooming in a happier land.

Have long years of patient sowing
Clad your wrinkled brow with grey?
Do no flowers spring to greet you,
Casting sunshine on your way?
Be not weary in well-doing,
Faint not, though the way be drear;
Faith can paint the distant harvest,
Perfect trust can cast out fear.

Have long years of untold suffering,
Years bedewed with many a tear,
Kept your longing hands from sowing
All the seeds you hold so dear?
Weep not, weep not, trust your Saviour;
Years of grief and suffering here
Fit you for a glorious mission
In a happier, nobler sphere.

Have you lost some golden chances?
Do you mourn for words unsaid?
Does remorse for sinful silence
Haunt you with a feverish dread?
Fear not, for no soul can perish
Through your sad unfaithfulness;
God will guide them every moment,
Though you lose them in the press.

W. K. LEWIS.



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"I BELIEVE WE MUST DO SOMETHING;"

OR, THE COACHBUILDER'S CONVERSION.



SOULS were being saved at the gospel meetings held in —. Entering the workshop of a coachbuilder in the place, the preacher asked if he had attended any of the services. "No," was the curt reply, "and I don't mean to."

"Why not?"

"Because you are teaching false doctrine."

"What false doctrine are we teaching?"

"You are telling the people that they can be saved by simple faith in Christ, and I believe *we must do something.*"

"What then can you do?"

Thinking for a little while, he replied, "Well, really I don't know."

The preacher noticed two wheels lying on the floor—one painted, varnished, and ready for use; and the other in a half-finished condition. Seizing a spokeshave which lay near to him, he placed it close to the finished wheel as if he were about to scrape the paint and varnish off, when the coachbuilder firmly grasped his hand, and asked him what he was about to do.

"I am going to finish this wheel."

"Why, man," said he, "it's finished."

Raising his hand again, as if he had not heard or understood what he was told, the preacher seemed

about to repeat the experiment, when the coachbuilder impatiently, if not angrily, exclaimed:

"Did I not tell you that that wheel was finished? If you wish to use the spokeshave try it on the other one."

The servant of Christ looking into his face spoke thus: "You objected to my doing anything to the wheel for the simple reason that it was ready for use, completed, finished. I could not improve it, and I could not add to it. Now, let me ask, What were the last words of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, *IT IS FINISHED.*" (John xix. 30.)

"When the Lord Jesus uttered these words, was everything that was necessary for your soul's deliverance completed? Or was something left undone? Have you to add to Christ's finished work?"

The conversation was blessed to the coachbuilder. He was led to see that God was perfectly satisfied with what Christ had done, and that no works, prayers, or happy feelings of his were necessary to obtain salvation; and by resting on the "finished work" he had the assurance of the living God that his sins would be all blotted out.

Reader, do you imagine that you have something meritorious to do in order to be saved? Have you been thinking that Christ has done His part of the work, and you have to do yours? If so, be undeceived. Your "part" is to cease working to obtain forgiveness, to cease praying for salvation, to cease looking into your heart, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ who suffered and died for you. *God is perfectly satisfied with the finished work of Christ; He is not satisfied with your works or prayers, your*

church attendance or religious observances, but He is satisfied with what Christ did for you on Calvary's cross. "This is the work of God, that ye BELIEVE ON HIM whom He hath sent." (John vi. 29.) The great work by which sin has been put away is finished, and God asks you to believe on Him who did it all and paid it all. It may seem to you to be "too easy" a way, but it is God's way, and His only way of saving lost sinners. Though an "easy way" it is not "too easy," since it is obtained through believing in another who suffered the penalty of our sins, and died in our stead. No longer hesitate. Time is passing, and eternity is nearing.

"Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toll you so?
CEASE YOUR DOING; ALL WAS DONE
Long, long ago.
It is finished; yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, is it not?"

A. M.

A LIFE-BELT FOR SINKING SOULS.

NOT long ago I was called to visit a man in sore soul trouble. I found him looking into the dark future with considerable dread and anguish. His conscience had been aroused from a long sleep, and the voice of God was ringing in his ears. A woman who was present appeared to be in somewhat similar circumstances. She said:

"He be cruel afraid. He stares at the wall all day long, as if he saw something before him, and he don't speak, but cries and sighs. I be miserable like with seeing and hearing him. Do you know what sort of trouble that is, sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have known something of that sort of trouble. But I found a sure cure for it long ago." The man looked at me, and seeing I had got his attention, I asked what he feared?

"I fear my *sins*, and I fear death, and God, and——"

"And the *bad place, hell*," I replied.

"Yes, sir;" and the tears flowed freely from both.

"You are like a man who has fallen into the water," I said, "and is in danger of drowning. He sees the waves rolling in upon him; he feels that he is sinking; for there is nothing that he can cling to for support, and if no help comes he will surely be *drowned*."

"*That's just it, sir*," he replied.

"I am very glad you feel like that," I said; "for when a man sees the danger he is in, it is then he gets anxious to escape from it. Your sins are rolling in upon you like waves of the sea, and they will surely overwhelm you unless you can be rescued. But there is a little word here," I continued, opening my Bible, "that has chased away my fears many times, and that always cures *me*: 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.'"

"And, sir, bean't you never afraid? Don't you get tossed upon the billows sometimes?"

"No," I replied; "I am not afraid *now*, though the billows rise high. I always wear a *life-belt*, so that the waves cannot drown me."

I had got their earnest attention; they had forgotten their fears while I was telling them about my life-belt.

"A life-belt, sir; what is that?" exclaimed the woman.

"I replied, 'It is something worn around the body that will save a man from drowning. I wear a life-belt which is proof against all the waves of sin and trouble which Satan and my conscience cause to rise up.'"

They both looked to see it around my waist, but it was invisible to them. I told them it was not worn outside, but *inside*, in the heart.

"You say you are greatly afraid?"

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you afraid?" I asked.

"Why, sir, 'tis my sins."

"Yes," I said, "this is the cause of fear, and the cure for it is, *trust* in God. Now, to *trust* in God is to *believe* what God *saieth*. I am not afraid, because I wear a *life-belt*, and my life-belt is made up of some beautiful scriptures." I then read to them, dwelling upon the words, "'and the Lord hath *laid upon Him* the iniquities of us all.' God tells me I am a ruined sinner, and cannot save myself, and I *believe* God, and rejoice to see what *He* hath done with sins. 'God *condemned sin in the flesh in Christ*.' God put my condemnation upon His Son, and He died, the just One, for me, the unjust, to bring me to God. He *put away* sin by the sacrifice of *Himself*. That which stood between me and God is removed by *Himself*. I can come to Him with all my guilt and sins, and He has pledged Himself to cast out *none* who come to Him. I put my finger upon these scriptures and say they are *mine*, because they are the declarations of God; they are written for our faith to lay hold

of, and when we *believe* God, we honour Him, and this is to be *saved*. And because this *is so*, see what next God does with *sins*.

"Be it known unto you, that through this Man is preached unto you the *forgiveness* of sins: and by *Him* all that believe are justified from *all things*." Having accepted this great and glorious message from God, what follows is *mine*, '*justified from all things*.' Thus my sins are *gone*, and my fears are *gone*; sins and fears gone *together*. Where are they gone to? '*Cast into the depths of the sea*.' The sins and fears go to the bottom of the sea, while I can *ride* upon the waves in perfect safety. As the sins and fears sink deeper and deeper, so I rise higher and higher. So far apart are my sins from me, that, 'as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.' Those are the two extremes of God's great universe, *east* and *west*, and that is just what the cross of Jesus teaches me. It points far back into eternity, the east of God's love in Christ, and it points on to the west of the eternity to come. The death of Jesus is the centre, the great centre, of God's manifested love to His people, and His manifested judgment upon sin. And now there is one beautiful verse which closes the door against all my fears, 'And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.'"

Their eyes were opened; they saw and believed, and their tears fell fast; their hearts had been broken by love, wondrous love. The joyful exclamation was:

"I never heard such beautiful words put together before."

So we went over them again. Sin laid on Jesus (Isa. liii. 4-6); sin condemned in Jesus (John i. 29; Rom. viii. 3); sin *put away* by Jesus (Rom. iv. 25); forgiveness of sins preached *through* Jesus (Heb. ix. 28; Acts xiii. 38); sin *buried* in the depths of the sea (Micah vii. 9); sin *removed* as far as the east is from the west (Ps. ciii. 12); sins remembered *no more*. (Heb. x. 17.)

"Now," I said, "these scriptures are written for the joy and comfort of such poor sinners as are in trouble about their sins, and who wish to be delivered from them. Faith is believing God, trusting His word; and the more simply any one takes God at His word, the less will he dread to meet God. There will be no waves to harm the soul who rests in Him."

"Well, sir, the fears be all gone now. I can trust in Jesus now."

"Then," I said, "you have put on the life-belt?"

"Yes, sir; I can believe all my sins are forgiven, because Jesus had them, and *God says so*."

"Now," I said, "there is something better still than this."

"Better than this, sir?" was the exclamation of surprise.

"Yes; let us look and see what God does for the person He forgives. 'Yea, I have *loved* thee with an *everlasting love*: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.'

"Now He draws me to Him to bestow something upon me; to make me *rich*. The first thing He gives me is *everlasting life*, a life like His own; not a life that can be taken away, or stolen, or *lost*, but one that is 'hid with Christ in God.' Next He brings me *nigh* by the blood of Jesus; as near as a son can be to the Father. A little while since I was far off and an enemy, but I am now a *son of God*, and loved with the *same* love that God loves Jesus. His everlasting love has provided for me *everlasting* mercy; this is my daily enjoyment, *mercy, mercy*, till I go and see His face, and be like Him. Another precious fruit of His great love is the clothing He has put upon me, which will never *wear out*, or *grow old*, nor can be defiled; it is called *everlasting* righteousness; *Christ* made unto us who believe wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

"Again, *everlasting joy* is *mine*, to fill my heart with."

The exclamation of delight at these precious truths to these new-born souls was expressed in words like these:

"Oh, how beautiful! I never knew there was such beautiful words in the Bible; no wonder, sir, you be so happy, with such beautiful words in your mind."

Dear reader, all these things, and ten thousand times more, are treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ for faith to draw from. Do you know anything of these things in *reality*? Can you walk about all the day long in the name of the Lord and say, All these are mine now, mine for *ever*, because I am "Christ's, and Christ is God's"? Accept Him humbly, *truly*, as God's love-gift to you, and all that God hath will be *yours*. Reject Him, and you secure all that is reserved for the devil and his angels.


Which shall it be? Don't turn away, but *say* which. The Lord *Himself* is coming quickly; He is at *hand*. But what shall His coming do for you, reader? When the door of glory is opened for those who look for Him, that will be the signal for closing the door of mercy to you, unsaved one, if found *still* unsaved.

MABEL'S DEPARTURE.*

BY J. W. JORDAN.

"And Jesus called a little child unto Him."—MATT. xviii. 2.

"Let me go to my dear Saviour,
For I see His lovely face;
He has called me home to glory,
Where I'll rest in His embrace."

 HE was the eldest of a family of seven children, only eleven years and eight months old, quiet and rather shy and retiring in her manner; but she showed a sweet, childlike affection for her precious Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Her favourite hymn, which she always loved to sing, was—

"Fade, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine!"†

One day she was out playing with some of her brothers and sisters, when she was bitten by a rabid dog. It was a very severe wound on the leg; and whilst laid up with it I visited her, and found the dear little sufferer so patient, and not complaining in the least.

The wound healed up, and two months having passed by since the accident, it was thought that she had fully recovered; but one evening she did not appear to be so well, and early the next morning she was stricken with that terrible disease hydrophobia.

Earnest prayer was offered for her recovery; or, otherwise, that the Lord would spare her a long season of suffering. This latter request He granted by taking her to be with Himself in the glory on the morning of the next day.

During her sufferings she asked the doctor if he could do anything for her; but learning that he was unable to help her further than he had, she looked up to her loving Saviour, her countenance brightened, and she committed herself to Him in such precious utterances as: "Dear Lord, help me! I shan't be long, only a little while. I'm coming, Lord! Dear Lord, I'm coming; I shan't be long. I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Lord! Don't hold me! Let me go; let me go, I say! I see His lovely face! I see His loved face! I shall soon be in the glory. Don't cry, mamma, don't cry; I shall soon be in the glory."

Then, seeing her mother about to leave the room, she said, "Don't go away, mamma. Wait and see

me go to the glory; I shan't be long. I see dear grandma. Oh, do take me, dear Lord; take me! He is such a dear, loving God!" And remembering her pains, she remarked, "Jesus suffered more than this for me. Yes; oh, yes, yes, yes!"

After this she bade an affectionate good-bye to her parents and brothers and sisters; and thinking of her unsaved friends, she said, "O God, save all my unsaved relations. Bless them, bless them all. Bring them all to glory; bring them all, dear Lord, for Jesus' sake—oh, yes, for Jesus' sake. Give my love to all at M——. Tell them I'll meet them in the glory."

She then began to sing her favourite hymn—

"Fade, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine!"

And then quickly she added, "And I am His! I am His!"

Her father asked the doctor if she would die like this. She at once heard him, and said, "Die? Never die! Live for ever in the glory! I can hear them singing. I see His lovely face. They are waiting for me. Don't hold me! Let me go! Bless dear mamma. Do not let this make her ill. There'll be six and two, dear Lord; six and two, dear Lord"—which meant six children, papa and mamma. She omitted herself, which would have made the seventh, because she was passing away.

Again being reminded of her pain, she said, "I am in no pain. Don't cry. He is such a loving God! I can't suffer as much as Jesus did. Oh, no! oh, no! No more sore legs, no more pain, in the glory, I'm going to be with Himself, His own dear self."

And then, as she became unconscious, her last words were—

"I'm getting nearer, nearer, nearer."

Such, dear young friend, was the blessed and happy departure of this beloved child, to be for ever with the Lord.

And now let me affectionately ask you, Are you ready to meet the Lord? and, if called away, have you the joy of knowing your sins forgiven, and your soul saved?

Remember, you cannot prepare yourself, or make your peace with God. But Christ Jesus has "made peace through the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20); and that precious blood also cleanses from all sin. (1 John i. 7.)

* Published separately in enamelled covers, 6d. per doz.
† Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 189.

You are therefore exhorted to believe in this wondrous love of God; that Jesus suffered, bled, and died for you—receiving Him as your own precious Saviour, and committing your soul to Him for salvation.

Then you have His blessed word for it, that “he that heareth and believeth hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment; but hath passed out of death into life.” (John v. 24, R.V.)

And when the Lord calls you away, it would be, like dear Mabel, to see “His lovely face”—that face which was so marred more than any man’s at the cross, when He suffered for our sins—and to rest in His love, and abide in His presence for evermore.

“There shall we see His face,
And in His glory shine;
There sing the wonders of His grace,
And dwell in love divine.”

BRIEF TIME.

THIS but a speck of time at best,
A quickly-measured span, so small
That in that long eternity of rest
’Twill cease, ’twill fade far past recall.
We surely shall look back and trace
Our footsteps in the wilderness,
Wond’ring at all His patient grace,
At all His love and faithfulness.
’Twill but add fulness to our praise
In learning then His guiding hand,
Which led us in our pilgrim days
Right onward to the looked-for land.
And there we may look back and meet
A child who oft would sigh and say,
“How long, O Lord! These bleeding feet
Are weary with the rugged way.”
For here we cannot always know
His ways; but there Himself shall tell
How that in days of weal and woe
He led us, doing all things well.
And now we look beyond brief time,
Counting its griefs as nought compared
With joys unknown, save in yon clime
Of gladness now for us prepared.
And what though griefs and cares oppress?
Look up, and catch His tender smile,
Telling, in all thy weariness,
“’Tis only for a little while.”
A little while, He’ll come again—
A little while to serve Him here,
And then the King Himself shall deign
To serve thee, wiping off each tear.
E’en now at times we catch a gleam
Of glory from the living light,
And hail with joy that star whose beam
Heralds a dawn that knows not night.

THE UNMASKING DAY.



HE theatre rings with shouts of laughter.
It is the Christmas pantomime.

The clown is playing his part well, when suddenly he staggers, he cries, and falls. Is this a part of the play, or is it something more than acting? The audience scarce know whether to applaud or to rush to his assistance, till, carried back behind “the scene,” he passes from their gaze a raving maniac.

Screaming, foaming at the mouth, and desperately struggling, he is conveyed in a cab to the nearest hospital.

Here the fit increases in intensity, as, with glaring eyes and gnashing teeth, he tries to bite all who come within his reach.

The poor fellow remains in this sad state until a strong electric shock brings him to his senses, and immediately standing upright upon his feet, he wonders what has taken place.

The stage, with its dazzling gas-lights and merry crowd of the theatre, has been changed for the quiet and sombre hospital, with a few grave and anxious faces.

Trembling all over, he walks that night through the streets of London, dressed in his clown’s curious garb, with the patches of red paint still upon his face. He is only, however, to enter his home, for scarce crossing its threshold he falls down to die. His wife and daughter rush to his aid, the bystanders start aside with horror; restoratives are vain, and there, upon his own floor, he lies a corpse—a corpse arrayed in a clown’s wig and chequered clothes, with the deceiving daubs upon his cheeks, preventing the truth being discerned of their pale bloodlessness.

Death, that grim monster, with his icy hand, got a grip of his vitals, and the noise of the theatre could not drown the voice of his summons, nor could its brilliant lights exclude the dark enemy. For death cares not for fancied costumes, and speaks to the pantomime actor and the pantomime admirer, that there is something *real* behind the scenes, in spite of the shams played before them. Oh, what an unmasker death is!

Such a scene may fail to amuse, but let it not fail to instruct. He that hath ears to hear let him hear the voice that speaks and warns us that the unmasking day is at hand. So suddenly may it

come that you will not hear the noiseless tramp of the steel-clad hoofs of "the pale horse" till his rider has cut you down with his sword, already whetted for you. Then a great ransom could not deliver you. "Man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish. Their way is their folly. . . . Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them. . . . for when he dieth, he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him." (Pa. xlix.)

It may be you reject theatre-going and outward worldliness; you are looked upon as a Christian, and you like to be thought such by man, no matter what God thinks. It is only the garb of profession; you are acting a part that is not true; and the painted cheeks hide your real lifelessness, for you have not Christ, in whom alone is eternal life.

But with prayers and religion, good works and profession, with amiability and benevolence, you are hastening at a fearful rate to that day of unmasking—that great day of realities, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Take heed lest even from the communion-rails you descend into that pit which, though unseen by your blinded eyes, is yawning beside you—then for ever to drink of the wine of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God.

You may deceive your fellow-men, but God is not so easily mocked; and *it is with Him you must have to do.*

PEACE, GRACE, GLORY.

LONG time I strove and prayed,
My striving was in vain,
But Christ the mighty debt has paid,
And, rising, burst the chain.

Like music in mine ear,
His accents sweet and low,
"Tis finished," banished every fear;
He bore my weight of woe.

I saw that all was done,
And through His precious blood
My soul can stand before the throne,
Nor fear the eye of God.

Doubt, darkness passed away,
I seek the Father's face,
For night I have the glad some day,
The sunlight of His grace.

And glory, too, is mine,
For Christ, my Lord, shall come
And raise His saints by power divine,
To dwell in rest at home.

A MOST REMARKABLE THING.

BY J. B. ISBELL.



GENTLEMAN on crossing a bridge in a picturesque part of South Wales met a labouring man, who from his begrimed appearance might have just

emerged from a coal-pit.

"Well, my man," said the gentleman, "can you tell me what is the most remarkable thing in the neighbourhood?" meaning, no doubt, old castles, mountains, or waterfalls, &c. To his amazement the man promptly answered:

"I am, sir."

"You—you are? How can that be?"

"Well, sir, not very long ago I was a drunken, swearing fellow in yonder town; and now, through God's grace, I am His dear child. And I say, sir, *I am the most remarkable thing to be seen here.*" And the man spoke and looked as if he meant what he said.

"And so you are, my man," said the gentleman, who was a true Christian; and his heart filled with gratitude and praise to God for having plucked this poor sinner as a brand from the fire, and made him an heir of glory. It was cause for thanksgiving indeed. Men may educate and help their fellow-men to lead outwardly respectable lives, but the heart still remains "enmity" towards God. The man who has only turned over a new leaf, as men term it, has still *the wrath of God abiding on him*, is still under condemnation. Those solemn words of Him who is the faithful and true Witness, "Ye must be born again," may well be laid to heart, because without this all-important change there is no entrance into the kingdom of God. (John iii.) The poor man alluded to above knew this mighty change, and it was all brought about by the Holy Spirit of God leading him, as a lost sinner, to trust entirely and only in the Lord Jesus Christ, "who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.)

The Watchman's Message.



THE BRAVE FIREMAN.



SOME time ago the daily papers all rang with praise towards one who had gallantly gone through the smoke and flames of a burning house to rescue some of its inmates.

It was a noble deed. He had ascended the fire-escape, and entered the window of the house amidst the acclamations of an assembled crowd. One by one he had brought six persons to his ladder, and they were all safely landed on the street below. The last one was brought, exhausted though he was with his brave task, and put safely down the escape; but his foot caught in part of the netting at the top, and he was precipitated with violence to the pavement below, and was killed. This brave act was not forgotten. Thousands, from the poorest to the richest, contributed to a fund which was afterwards

opened for the support of his widow and children. Never perhaps for many, many years was there such a scene witnessed as when the poor fellow was buried. Such a deed could not be forgotten. On the coffin were placed the dented helmet and his axe. Thousands were willing to follow his body to the grave, and pay the last tribute of respect to one so truly noble. All could understand it. That dented helmet told the story—he had died in saving others.

But what of the Lord Jesus, who by no accident died, but gave up that precious life to save a guilty world of sinners? He was numbered with transgressors, and bare the sins of many. "Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 6.)

I can fancy I hear one of those six persons saying, as they look at the coffin being lowered to its last resting-place, "He died for me; he came to save and rescue *me* from that burning house;" and the tears of gratitude would flow down. No love like

this could be forgotten by them. He who saved them must live in their memory as long as life can last. Is the Lord Jesus treated so? Ah, no! He who could willingly die in our stead on a cruel cross of wood is forgotten by a world now lying in the wicked one. We speak of God's love; but herein is *His love* seen; for "He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Can love like this be treated lightly or despised? It is so; the gory stream which flowed from those five bleeding wounds He bore is trampled upon by multitudes who have heard again and again that it cleanseth from all sin. I trust it is not so with you, my reader. Believe that word of His (John iii. 16) as including you, and be saved. Bring nothing but an empty heart—no merit, no goodness, nothing, but come just as you are. "*Fly, FLY* to those dear wounds of His." Think not of others when your own safety is at stake; waste no time in useless speculations; the escape is at your hand; the loving arm of the Saviour is near, you are in awful danger of the loss of your precious soul. The grave could not hold Him. The Lord of life rose, and is now at the right hand of God as a Prince and Saviour. (Acts v. 31.) From that place of glory He speaks to you—He invites you to come—He could not do more. He gave Himself a sacrifice, and the blessed work is done: accept Him who did it *now*, and yours is a saved soul.

Reader, have you met, and has the Saviour spoken to you pardon and peace? Think not to hide from Him; He knows your state; but He comes to save you; offer no objection to His love; slight it not. Say not, like Israel of old, "*Wherein hast Thou loved us?*" (Mal. i. 2) when the cross of Calvary is presented to you *now*. Can you forget that? Heaven cannot; angels cannot; devils cannot; the saints of God brought nigh by that precious blood cannot. How can you? "He who was rich for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich"—rich for ever, rich with the glory of heaven, rich with a crown that fadeth not away, *rich* in companionship with our loving Lord!

Think on these things, and above all "BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"—saved from a burning hell, saved from your besetting sins, saved to live a life of usefulness for *the glory of Him who died!*

H. R. F.

THE CROSS AND ITS STORY.



OW strange that poor sinners, so wretched and dreary,
And living in scenes of confusion and strife,
Will not come to Jesus, who calleth the weary,
And giveth them rest, and salvation, and life!

The Lord in His mercy has done all that's needed
To put away sin, and to open a way;
Shall the message of mercy be longer unheeded?
He waits to be gracious, why longer delay?

Our God in His mercy has met our condition
By giving up Jesus, the Son of His love;
And Jesus came down from His lofty position,
To "pick up companions" for glory above,

He found them in bondage, in sin, and in blindness,
Not *one* having strength from His captor to part;
So He gave up Himself, in His pity and kindness,
To rescue and ransom the loved of His heart.

He is gathering fast, to His bosom and glory,
The wretched and lost from this sorrowful place;
Yea, those who believe in *the cross and its story*—
All those who have tasted His marvellous grace.

And now He's in heaven, with glories surrounding,
And hosts without number His praises declare;
And I, through the grace that is ever abounding,
Am one with that glorified Jesus up there!

G. C.

SAVED IN THE HOSPITAL.



OME years ago, when a visitor in a London hospital, I became acquainted with a little girl named Eliza, who was a patient in the ward. She was very pale and thin, and lay quite still on her bed, except when a violent cough shook her feeble body. There were many persons very ill



in the same room, and I had not spoken to her personally, when I observed her large dark eyes following me from bed to bed, with an almost vacant stare. Sitting down by her side, I soon found that the sufferer was nearly ignorant of the simplest truths of the Bible. She had

heard of the name of Jesus, but knew little of His work of mercy, or of her own state as a sinner.

Yet, as she related her history, it was plain to me that the Holy Spirit had shed some ray of light on her mind. Eliza did not remember her father; and her mother had been dead two or three years. The poor widow had lived in a crowded district near the city, and worked hard; but she had often been in great want, and Eliza was nursed in poverty and sorrow. She was still very young, when her mother's health failed; and on her dying bed the poor woman wept over the little girl, soon to be left alone without earthly friend or helper.

What could she do for Eliza? The widow had nothing to bequeath save her mangle, and Eliza was too young to support herself with that hard work. But the mangle was to be Eliza's fortune; for a woman who lodged in the house wanted one, and she agreed with the widow to take charge of Eliza, in return for the mangle being given to her. Death had no sooner closed the mother's eyes than Eliza and the mangle were brought into the lodger's room, and the desolate child's earthly wants were for the time provided for. Shortly after this Eliza's guardian married a careless, ungodly man. Misery followed, poverty increased, and the husband's fearful oaths and violence terrified the helpless orphan, who used to hide herself from his sight.

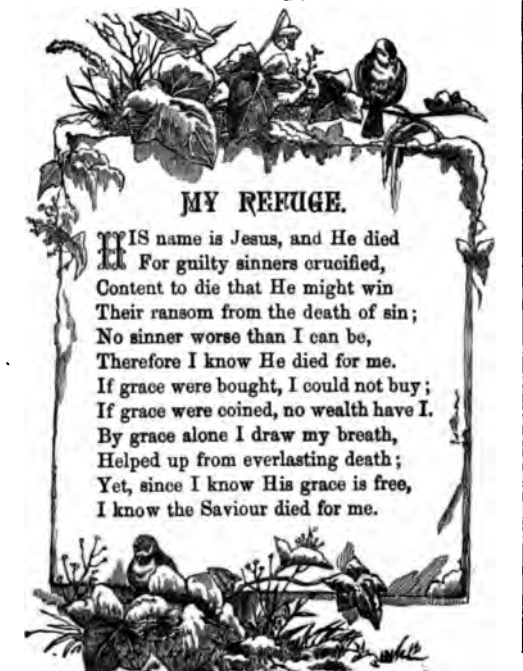
Harsh treatment, scanty food, and bad air, soon brought on sickness, and Eliza was sent to the hospital, where I first saw her, and learned from her these few particulars of her history. I talked to her of her sin and danger, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, who so loved and pitied sinners as to die on the cross to atone for their guilt, and to save from misery all who would come to Him. She was told also that the Holy Spirit alone could teach her to believe in Jesus, and change her sinful, hard heart. Eliza always listened attentively, fixing her large eyes on her visitor, but seldom spoke. She suffered much from her cough and from weakness; but was very patient, and grateful for every little help and kindness; and it soon became evident to all in the ward that a change had come over her. Yes, on that sick bed she learned to love the Saviour, and trust herself to Him who was able to keep her; but it was not long before the angel of death stole into that hospital and took away the tender, fragile plant to adorn the palace of the King.

Reader, where will you be when that messenger calls at your door? Jesus has accomplished an eternal salvation. Will you not come to Him, believe Him, and trust Him?

"SO MANY DIFFERENT OPINIONS."

"**I** REALLY don't know what to do. There are so many different opinions as to how a sinner is to be saved that I am quite perplexed to know whom to believe." Reader, if this is your thought, let me strongly impress upon you the importance of being *guided entirely by the bare word of God*. There is only *one* way of salvation, and it is very clearly stated in *the book*.

A lady, dying of consumption, was anxious about her soul. She had asked many persons their "views" of salvation, and had received different replies. One told her to "pray," another to "work," and so on. A servant of Christ visited her, and she earnestly urged him to state his "views." "I have no views," was his reply. The lady was amazed. "Madam," said he, "you seem astonished; but supposing I had, what good would they do you, seeing they would be but the views of a fellow-mortal? I can, however, give you something better; I can give you **GOD'S VIEWS**." The result of the conversation was, the lady was led to search the Scriptures, and shortly afterwards she found peace to her soul by learning that the question, "What must I do to be saved?" was answered thus, "**BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.**" (Acts xvi. 30, 31.)



MY REFUGE.

HIS name is Jesus, and He died
 For guilty sinners crucified,
 Content to die that He might win
 Their ransom from the death of sin;
 No sinner worse than I can be,
 Therefore I know He died for me.
 If grace were bought, I could not buy;
 If grace were coined, no wealth have I.
 By grace alone I draw my breath,
 Helped up from everlasting death;
 Yet, since I know His grace is free,
 I know the Saviour died for me.

THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

Dost
thou
believe?

JOHN ix. 35.

BELIEVE

HE THAT
Believeth
ON
THE SON
HATH
EVERLASTING LIFE.

JOHN iii. 36.

I
Give
UNTO THEM
ETERNAL LIFE;
AND THEY
SHALL NEVER PERISH.

JOHN x. 28.

He received
Him
joyfully.

LUKE xix. 6.

RECEIVE

READER, have you in Jesus Christ believed?
Have you into your heart His word received?
Are you renewed and sanctified by grace?
And are you longing to behold His face?

You must be born again, or die the death:
There's no salvation but by living faith.
Examine! Is the Saviour in your heart?
Do you from every evil course depart?

If you should live in sin, the Saviour slight,
Presuming that at last all will be right,
Eternal judgment must your portion be,
And black despair to all eternity!

LIFE.

"The gift of God is eternal life."

ROM. vi. 23.

"He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

JOHN vi. 47.

"Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

JOHN iii. 16.

DEATH.

"The wages of sin is death."

ROM. vi. 23.

"He that believeth not is condemned already."

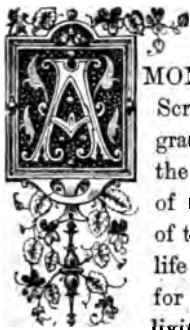
JOHN iii. 18.

"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

JOHN iii. 36.

"He will not come to Me, that he might have life."

JOHN v. 40.



LIVING WATERS.*

AMONG the many emblems used in the Scriptures to illustrate the love and grace of God, in order to convey to the mind the fulness and suitability of salvation, "Living Waters" is one of the most suggestive. As to natural life water is essential to existence, so for spiritual life there is a need of living water—first to quicken, and afterwards to sustain life. In eastern countries this symbol is the more striking, as the scarcity of water in the extensive sandy wastes gives freshness and point to this gospel emblem.

Not only do we find the expression used by most of the writers of the Old Testament, but our Lord Himself refers to it in speaking to the woman at the well of Sychar, when He declares to her that He is able to impart that which should eternally satisfy the longings and thirst of the human heart.

Let us notice, first, that the *source* of the living waters is God Himself. He is the spring and fountain of life and love; *He is love*, and *He imparts life*. Before ever the sin of man had blighted the fair creation of God His counsels of love had devised the wondrous plan of redemption, of which He unfolded the first bud of promise before man was driven forth out of the fair garden he had defiled by sin. In Eden also a river was made to flow, which divided itself into four heads, thus irrigating the land in every direction—a type of that river of grace that should flow into the four quarters of the world, vivifying with its healing streams the nations of the earth. The fulfilment of this we see in the visions of Ezekiel, and of John in Patmos. The former, as he portrays the millennial blessedness in store for this earth, tells of waters issuing from beneath the threshold of the temple, which expand and deepen as they flow onwards, until they become a river deep and broad, "waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over."

The apostle John beheld the same river coming from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb, and both writers speak of the tree of life growing on its banks, with its wonderful leaves for the healing of the nations. Thus we trace the source

of these living waters to the throne of God. He is the One from whom all blessings flow; it was because He loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die. His love was not purchased by the sufferings of Jesus; but that love was the cause of the Gift unspeakable, who became, through death, the *channel* whereby that love might flow out to the children of men.

When the children of Israel had come out of Egypt, and were crossing the desert to the land of promise, they were in danger of perishing for lack of water; and when Moses, at the command of God, smote the rock in Horeb, and "the waters gushed out, they ran in dry places like a river." The smitten rock became the channel through which Israel received the life-giving supply; so has Jesus, the Son of God, smitten by the rod of Jehovah as the atonement for sin, become the channel whence the wondrous streams of love and grace might flow forth in all their infinite fulness to a lost and guilty world.

This *fulness* is inexhaustible. The abundant streams afford a supply without any limit. The river of God "is full of water," and through the centuries of this day of grace have the living waters flowed on and on in ever increasing volume, imparting life to all who partake of them; and still they flow on, running in the dry and arid deserts of a weary, sin-blighted world, cheering the sad, dispelling sorrow and gloom, and making the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the waste and desolate places of the earth to resound with the sweet melody of the name of Jesus.

These waters are as *free* as they are plenteous. To men of every land, to rich and poor, to free and bond, they come in their healing and life-giving power. The Book of God closes with a promise, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life *freely*," and an invitation universal in its application, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*;" while Isaiah, the prophet of good tidings, cries with a loud voice, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Again, these waters afford full *satisfaction*; while the streams of earth always fail to satisfy, and those who drink the deepest prove the most how shallow and vain they are, the river of God never fails to fill the heart of those who drink thereof. David again and again speaks of God as the One who satisfies the longing soul; and in Psalm lxxiii., after

* Extracted from "Living Waters," a chromo-lithographed text-book. Price One Shilling.

expressing his thirsting desire after God, he says, "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;" and again he speaks of being abundantly satisfied because he had been made to drink of the river of God's pleasures. Truly the believer's cup runneth over—his heart is filled with the living water; and, according to the word of the Lord, out of him flow rivers of living water to others. (John vii. 37.)

J. E. H.

LIFE, HOW SHORT!

A WORD FOR THE CLOSE OF 1885.

"SEVENTY YEARS ARE SOON
OVER AND GONE!"

SUCH are the opening words of a remarkable placard on the walls of the Waverley Station, Edinburgh—a peculiar, and yet a fitting, place for such a silent, truthful preacher. Daily are the platforms of that busy railway station crowded with human beings, many of them in the midst of their cares and business, having no thought of death and the judgment.

In the age before the deluge the life of man on earth extended to an almost fabulous length, the days of Methuselah being well-nigh one thousand years. After the flood, the period of man's existence on this terrestrial sphere seemed gradually to lessen, until, in the days of David, we learn that "three score and ten years" was the almost universal limit.

In our day, those who have been at the trouble to carefully calculate, tell us that the average "measure" of man's days may be now roughly estimated at thirty-five years. From those pressing facts there speaks a voice which says, "It is appointed unto men once to die," and "we must needs die."

Reader, whether your life be protracted or short, whether you live to a mature age or be cut off in the spring or prime of life, yet you "*must needs die*." It is only a question of days or years, and your allotted span will close. The question demanding your instant and most earnest attention is not, Will your life be long or otherwise? but the urgent question for your soul is this, Are you *ready* to die? are you prepared to meet God? Your sins and sinfulness are sufficient to sink you into "the lake of fire;" and "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." You are even now nearing the brink of hell or the gate of heaven.

"Prepare to meet thy God!"

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SINS?



WOW wonderful are the ways of God in bringing poor sinners to Himself! Losses, sickness, and dreams (Job xxxiii.) are all used by Him, who willeth not the death of a sinner, in breaking down and humbling the proud heart of man. One thing, however, is certain—all must enter by the same door—Jesus Christ, and know the cleansing power of His precious blood. On the Cotswold Hills I visited a man who had been bedridden several years—one side paralysed, and his hearing quite gone; a complete wreck, as far as the poor earthly house was concerned. Within this tottering tenement, however, dwelt a spirit, so calm, so satisfied, so resting in a Father's love, and so rejoicing in Christ Jesus, that it was good to be there. The blessed condition of this soul seemed to be described by that scripture (Col. i. 11, 12), "Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness, giving thanks unto the Father."

Oh, how the power of God was seen here!

Reader, if you had heard that afflicted one speak of Jesus, you would indeed have said that He was unto him precious. Is He so to you? (1 Peter ii. 7.)

Not being able to hear, the only mode of communication with others was a slate and pencil; and before leaving I wrote, "Shall we pray?" And you should have seen the glow of joy on this dear man's face as he gave an empathic "Yes;" adding, "I cannot hear a word, but" (pointing upwards) "He can."

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Yes, blessed in every sense. And in this afflicted yet rejoicing one this was strikingly illustrated.

Before leaving the cottage the wife gave me a brief account of her husband's conversion, which struck me as very remarkable.

She said, "Some years ago my husband, a thoroughly careless, unconverted man, had a most remarkable dream. One night he awoke me, trembling and in great fear. I asked him what was the matter. 'Oh,' he said, 'I have seen the recording angel, and he held in his hands a great book; and as he stood before me, he turned over

page after page; and so he went through the book. It was filled with my sins.' His terror and agony of mind was very great. After this he heard about the precious blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin; and such is the love and pity of God to those who are out of the way, that He spoke through a dream, a vision of the night, once more, healing the wound that the first had made."

A second time the wife is awakened, not now by her terrified, conscience-stricken husband, but by one knowing the blessedness of sin forgiven, transgression covered.

"Oh, wife," said the man, "the same recording angel has appeared to me with the same book; and he opened the book, and he went all through, page by page; but there was not one sin against me recorded there—all gone, all gone." And now his joy, thanksgiving, and praise were greater than his agony of mind and terror had been before. Peace through the blood. And this was the right peace—God's peace, a lasting peace, an eternal peace; and resting here, I found him."

Passing the cottage the other day, I enquired for this precious one—this sinner saved by grace, and I found that his happy redeemed spirit had departed from the frail tenement "to be with Christ, which is far better." Dear reader, how about your sins? Are they thus blotted out? or do they still stand against you?

HOLINESS.



AY, what can save from sin,
Its present power in me?
What give the holiness within,
Of one divinely free?

Between the world and me
The Lord Himself must stand;
My path below must ever be
One guarded by His hand.

Between the flesh and me
The Lord—His death—must come;
Through Him is gained the victory,
Through Him the fight is won.

Between the foe and me,
What refuge but the blood?
I must be clad, O Christ, in Thee,
Thou armour of my God.

Thou spotless one, mine own,
Glorious without, within;
'Tis whilst I live to Thee alone
That I am safe from sin.

J. DENHAM SMITH.



THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.*

BY LADY HOPE.

IN front of one of the hotels at which we spent some weeks in Switzerland,† there was a long covered verandah or terrace, containing a fascinating variety of cushioned seats. On these seats we could enjoy an ever-changing view of mountains, fir trees, dazzling snow, and brilliant foliage, heights and depths of rock and valley, with the delightful foreground of spreading hay-fields; while in addition to the range that was visible to our eye-vision, there lay the possibility of a *telescopic* one. For, close within reach of our hands, poised upon a machinery of its own, there was an excellent glass, that had the power of showing us a great deal that stretched beyond the points that our natural sight could reach. By means of this telescope we could look into far distances, and see many 'points of interest and detail, that without its aid were lost in the great masses of light and shade.

We often amused ourselves by taking long looks into the mountains; but sometimes we would come back from our walks with flower trophies, which had to undergo a process of careful examination. Their names and classes must be discovered, and their colours arranged with ferns and leaves, so as to make bouquets for the decoration of our rooms.

One day we were busily engaged in this occupation, when a lady, who was also staying in the hotel, came up to us, and said:

"Would you not like to have the loan of a microscope?"

"Yes, indeed!" her suggestion supplied a want we had already felt. Our flowers were well worth the aid of the tiny magnifying glass. It helped to reveal to us new worlds of beauty hidden in miniature recesses, and buried under soft veils of leaf and petal; whilst we learnt new lessons of "far distances," and "nearer things still nearer."

* From *Pictures of Silver*. Price 1s. Just published.

† The Hotel Schweizerhof, in Interlaken.

We thought of the *revealing* power contained in God's own word. Surely we find the double action there! And by the aid of this sacred light we may discover much of the fulness and the riches that are stored up for us *in* Christ Jesus. We are taught much about this earnest "LOOKING" in Scripture. We are shown all through the Bible the importance of this subject. Shall we trace out a few of these passages?

Looking to	} CHRIST.
Looking at	
Looking for	

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." (Isa. xlv. 22.) "They looked unto Him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed." (Ps. xxxiv. 5.)

Here we have the "look" of salvation. One true look to Christ, one look to the cross of Him who suffered for us, brings relief to the sin-burdened soul; because there we see our load carried, our sins put away, our guilt expiated. When the Israelites looked towards the serpent on the pole, the poison in their veins ceased to flow, their death was turned to life. At the same time, there is in professing Christendom so much distant looking—so distant that it seems to those who have had, or are having, the nearer looks, vague and uncertain. "He is the only One we have to look to," we constantly hear the poor people say, though really, as far as we can judge, their words amount to nothing; for they seem to derive no peace, no consolation, no contentment, no holiness from the "look" they speak of. It is a phrase, a meaningless supposition, with too many. It is not a heart reality. Hundreds of ladies, and gentlemen too, at this moment in London, who would be shocked if you were to suggest a doubt as to whether their eye of faith was resting upon the Saviour, are all professing "to look to Him." This is the expression they use. How much of reality there may be in it we cannot tell. But one thing is certain, that a great deal of this "looking," as it is called, is a very indefinite thing. When the prodigal was in the city, "a great way off" from his father's home, it may have lingered in his memory sometimes. In imagination he may frequently have seen the well-spread table, the well-known faces, the different rooms, the faithful servants; but still he went on sinning, rebelling, going farther and *farther every day* from those who loved him, and *would have had him with them all the while.* On

the journey to Bethlehem, from the land of Moab, Orpah's heart was behind her, though her eyes were towards the city of blessing; and on the first opportunity she forsook for ever its golden prospects. I suppose Peter was "looking to Christ" when he "followed Him afar off," but the look was an unsatisfactory one; for at that very time, even though he was a disciple, he was denying his Saviour. There was a distance intervening between him and the Lord whom he professed to serve. In the hour of sorrow the distant look is a very sad one; it brings no comfort, or very little. It generates such phrases as these—how often we hear them!—"It is all for the best, I suppose;" "We must submit;" "It is of God's good providence, no doubt;" but does not bring the solid comfort, the depths of peace, the wondrous alleviation, and tangible definite support, and actual help, that the nearer looks bring. A lady, who was talking of past bereavements, once said to me, with a sad, inexpressible, hopeless look on her face as she spoke of those who had been taken from her, "But where are they now? I cannot find them!" and the words were said as a question that time could not answer; a weary searching was implied in them that rent love's very heart. They struck a key-note of desolation that at first it was impossible to answer. There was but one—only one—comfort surely under such a grief, and that one literally a "strong consolation;" so it seemed to me at least. "They are with Christ," I said, "and Christ is with us—the Immanuel." He is very near. Neither "life nor death" can separate us from Him. The presence of Christ, the nearness of our Lord, is the reality amidst all that passes and moves around us. Do you know the Lord? Does your heart draw nigh to Him? In the hour of anxiety or sorrow, have you the comfort of the truer, nearer look? In the days of peace and rest, in the hours of enjoyment, do we rest content with a distant Saviour?

Looking AT Jesus. Ah! this is something very different, is it not? If we look *at* our friends, we must be near them. If we look *at* a face that we love, we must be within the range of a touch—very near. I think that Thomas understood this privilege of drawing near when he cried out, in renewed faith and holy boldness, "My Lord and my God." His doubts had been swept away; his fears had gone to the winds; his scepticism had died a natural death in the presence of the Lord.

He saw the Saviour near him; he looked upon that face, the wounded side, and hands marked with the nail-prints, and then a rush of earnest faith filled his poor doubting soul, and made him praise, and utter testimonies of his belief. How wonderful it all was! But it was the nearness that did it. Man's testimony brought him within reach of Jesus; but it was the look, and then the words, of Jesus that did the work, and made him a new man. The woman of Samaria, who said, "Sir, give me this water;" the father of the demoniac, who said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;" the man Zaccheus, who climbed into the tree to "see Him who He was;" the lame man waiting at the pool—these, and many, many others, knew something—indeed much—of this closer look; and each one could testify that he had not looked in vain. "They looked unto Him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed." Stephen looked, and was transformed, till his "face shone" with the glory of the Lord. We are told that the eagle is the only bird that can look at the sun. Its eye is strong, and its flight direct, as it mounts up and up towards the sunlight above. It rises as it looks, and cleaves the air with its swift pinions, drawn, as by some mighty magnet, into the heavens above. And the eagle is spoken of as the type of the believer travelling on his upward course. "They shall mount up with wings like eagles." "His strength is renewed as the eagle's." The runner looks at his goal while he runs, and finds himself moment by moment drawing nearer and nearer to it. "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed," the psalmist says. "Looking stedfastly," the apostle teaches. When Peter kept his eyes resting upon the Saviour, he trode upon the waves; but when he looked at the waves, and thought upon the wind that raged beside him, his footing failed, and he began to sink. So it is with us now. When with the eye of faith, the searching, seeking glance of patient enquiry—the eager gaze that David describes when he says, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after . . . to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple"—then we derive benefit upon benefit, comfort upon comfort, strong and lasting blessings, daily fresh and precious blessings, from Christ Himself. We should have missed them all, or very much of them, had our look been an indirect one, distant, indefinite.


Then there is the "looking for" Christ—the looking forward, expectancy, the "hasting unto His coming." This bright hope cheers and brightens our lives; it lifts us upward to the glory that is beyond, and that so soon must dawn upon our sight. Are we amongst those who "look for His appearing"? Do we say, "Lord Jesus, come quickly"? I pray that we may know the *reality* of these looks. May our Saviour be very present with us! may He smile upon us! may His look of love and the "favour that satisfies" return upon us in rich blessing to-day!

It is true that here we see through a glass darkly, but **THERE** face to face; that here we are often in darkness or in clouds, but that **THERE** we shall see the Saviour's brightness, and need no candle, neither light of the sun. But in our hand *now* the Holy Spirit places a telescope of faith, and bids us see afar; while He brings us into living, near relationship to our Christ, and makes us one with Him, showing us His tender love, and removing our chaos of doubts, and shining away into daylight the cobwebs and films of human thought, or rather human ignorance. Mary lost for a time the vision of joy that was prepared for her at the sepulchre in the dimness of her tears. She could not see life in the terrors of the grave. Nothing but death lay before her. She saw the tomb, the stolid sleeping faces of the Roman soldiers, the desolation of the garden that surrounded it. The brightness of the angels was there; but the glory only pained her, and added to her loneliness, until she could drink in the comfort they spoke. Their words were reassuring indeed, and formed a passage-way, as all true words may—to the joy that was coming; but it was the sight of her Saviour, and *His* words spoken to her heart, that brought the daylight at last. "Rabboni!" she said, and then she was at His feet, and five minutes later we find her "running to obey His will." There was no separation now. Death had been changed into life; sorrow had become joy; the stagnation of grief had turned to swift obedience.

And now nothing remained for Mary and the other disciples but the last long look that is possible to us on earth—the "looking for" His glorious return when He should "so come in like manner as they had seen Him go into heaven."

So let us *look forward*! Let us "look for" His return, praying Him to make us ready for that blessed day when He shall return with His saints to reign in power and great glory.

SWIFT JUDGMENT.

 **OUNG**, earnest evangelist was in the country preaching concerning the solemn events which are at hand; namely, the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ for His people, when the dead in Christ shall rise first, and then we (believers) which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air (1 Cor. xv. 51-58; 1 Thess. iv. 13-18; John xiv. 1-3), and go with Him into the Father's house, so that we shall ever be with the Lord; after which God will pour out the cup of His wrath upon the ungodly. Immediately he had spoken the above words, there came out of an adjacent public-house a man with a glass of beer in his hand, and called out, "I am going to drink the cup of God's wrath." God's judgment was swift and sure, for directly he had uttered the words he fell dead at the feet of the speaker, ushered into the presence of that God whom he had mocked. Unsaved reader, has this any voice to you? Were God's long-suffering mercy to have reached its limit with you, and He gave the word—"Cut it down," where would your eternity be spent?

"I NEVER DID ANY HARM IN MY LIFE."



MUCH an excuse has often been given. Reader, is this *your* excuse? Do you really *mean* that you have never done any harm? Have you never sinned in thought, word, or deed? Have you never cherished an impure, unkind, or wicked thought? Have you never spoken a hasty word, told a lie, or attempted to mislead any one? Have you loved God with all your heart, soul, strength, and mind? Have you loved *your* neighbour as you have loved yourself? "Oh, no," you reply; "no one can say that."

Never mind *others* just now. You admit that *you* have *sinned*. If one were found guilty of breaking the laws of this country, who would believe that he had done no harm? Reader—there is no use in concealing the fact—you have not been what you ought to have been; you have done what you ought not to have done; in other words, you are a sinner, and the word of God declares, "THE SOUL THAT SINNETH, IT SHALL DIE." (Ezek. xviii. 4.) "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)



TO OUR READERS. * * * *

At the close of another year of our monthly message of the glad tidings of the gospel, we desire to make an earnest appeal to our friends to assist us in spreading the good news more widely by increasing our circulation. The Lord continues to own our *Watchman* to awaken sinners, and to lead to Christ; and during the past year we have had many testimonies that it has been blessed of the Lord to the salvation of souls. We therefore appeal confidently to our readers to help us further.

- 1st. By sending for *gratuitous* sample packets to circulate among those who have not hitherto seen it.
- 2nd. By taking a certain number of copies monthly, and giving them away among the *unsaved* in their locality. They will be found to be valued more than tracts or small books, and are often taken great care of, and read over many times.
- 3rd. By sending us gospel articles, especially authentic and original narrative papers, for insertion.
- 4th. By continued prayer for blessing on our pages.

THE LORD'S POOR.

FOR some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying *any* gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the *inclement season now approaching*, are needing sometimes *the very necessities of life*.

FREE CIRCULATION OF TRACTS.

WE have continually applications for Grants of Tracts from those who are unable to buy as largely as they would, but who have great opportunities of circulating them. While we send out a very considerable number free, we are unable to meet the demand, and if any of our readers feel led to send us any donation for this purpose, we shall be grateful, and will send out Tracts and Books to the fullest value for the money.



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